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April 4, 1931

Collier's

THE WEEKLY

It's time to read

Spring *in the* HEART

A short story by **Richard Connell**

Sax Rohmer - Alan Le May - Roark Bradford - Harris Dickson

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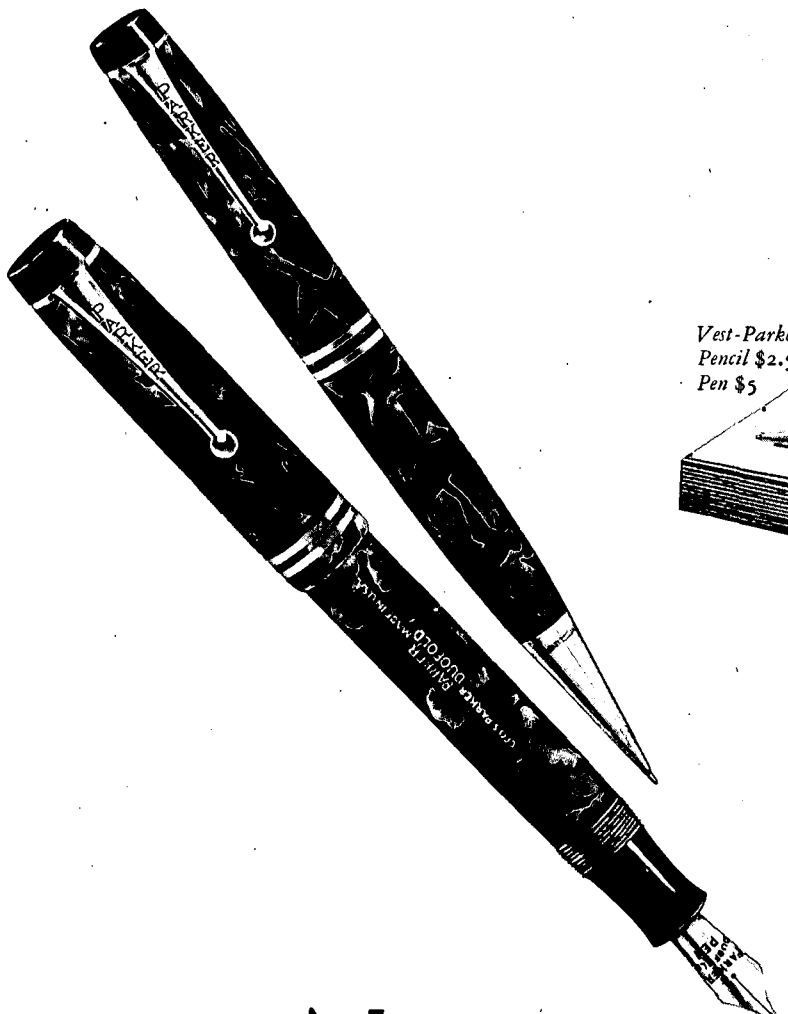

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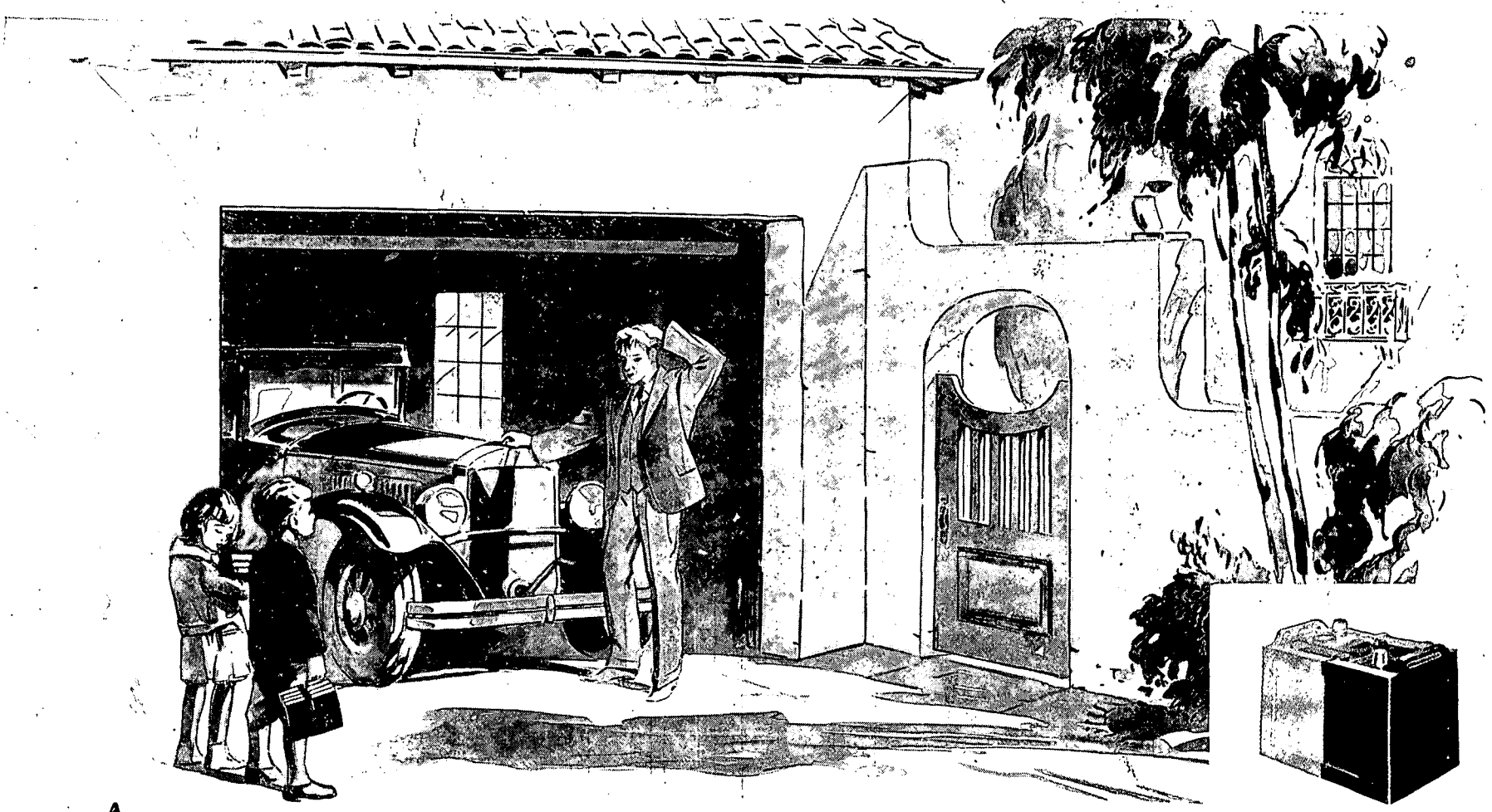

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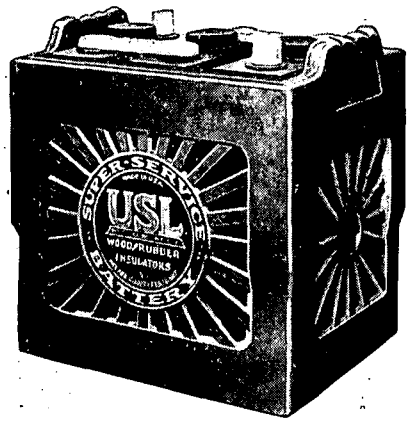
Don't wait for tomorrow's battery trouble! See the nearby USL battery man TODAY!



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

April 4, 1931

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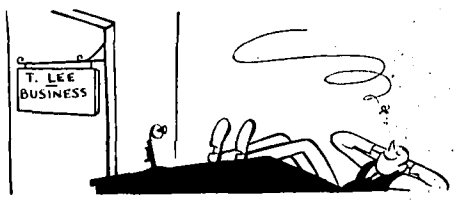
Next Week

THIS, we are told, is an age of specialization. Terry Lee thought there was too much of it. He refused to be confined within the narrow limits of any trade or profession. And so when he decided to go into business he simply hung out a shingle:

TERRANCE LEE
Business

By itself the shingle might have been insufficient to get him started. But Terry, besides being lazy, had other marked characteristics—for example, the absent-minded habit of stepping on people's feet. He stepped on Janie North's the first day he was in Penfield and made so sharp an impression upon her that almost immediately he found himself with a client. The resultant story is called "Business is Business" but that doesn't give an adequate idea of the part played by Janie. Clarence Budington Kelland tells you the facts in full.



"WHOOPEE! The racket is moving west. You'd better come across." That's a quotation from a blackmailer's letter sent not long ago to a Colorado banker. In this particular instance the racket was thrown for a loss, but the fact remains that the writer was right; the racket *is* moving—not only west but in every other direction as well. No city is safe from it. And the danger increases in exact proportion to the citizens' ignorance of just what a racket is and how it works. To clear the matter up once and for all, William G. Shepherd has undertaken to define this word, coined to the rattle and snap of sub-machine guns, and to describe the system fostered by graft and corruption. The article is called "What's the Racket?"

—

CURIOSITY about "how the other half lives" has its parallel among soldiers. There it takes the form of wondering what's going on in the trenches opposite. In "Beyond the Wire" Will R. Bird tells what happened to a German soldier who wandered over to find out. It's a war story of a kind you've never read before.

—

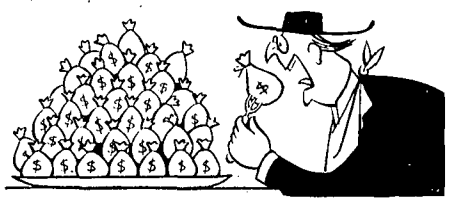
FOR a long time now it has been an open secret that the plot of a play may be less dramatic than the lives of its actors. Alexander Woollcott brings a striking proof of this in "A Ship Comes In." It's the amazing story of Eugénie Leontovich, member of the Imperial Theater in Moscow, victim of the revolution, chorus girl and star of "Grand Hotel."

—

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM describes a new adventure of Peter Hames "In the Strongroom." Marie Beynon Ray tells you how to maintain "Position in Life" and what position. Odgers T. Gurnee contributes "Moonlight on the Water." Frederick Skerry writes the Short Short Story. The serials by Sax Rohmer and Alan LeMay increase their hair-raising, pulse-quickening pace. And, last in mention only, Messrs. Rice, Foster, Work and the omniscient Gentleman at the Keyhole do business at the old stand.

Any Week

WHEN we get plenty of time we are going to count the number of letters we have received from readers who, after reading that it costs the taxpayers $1,400 an hour to maintain Congress in session, protest that it isn't worth it.



AND without any trouble at all we find ourselves able to agree with Miss Margo Thick of Lombard, Illinois, who doesn't love writers who, on behalf of their heroes, say: "And sensing her unspoken question, he said—" Come to think of it, maybe that is one of the things that has been making us tired too, lately.

—

MR. C. LEWIS WILSON protests from Parkersburg, West Virginia, against Dr. Fassett Edwards' recent article in Collier's—"Tonsil Tricks." He is frankly against "this wholesale slaughter of tonsils" and informs us that "up to ten years ago you never heard of a tonsil operation." If for no other reason, Mr. Wilson may be interested to know that we had a couple removed more than ten years ago and can produce others who gave theirs to a surgeon even earlier.

—

WE HAVE given up all efforts at secrecy. Recently we got lost in the lovely village of Williamsburg, Virginia. Arriving there early in the morning and finding the Colonial Hotel closed, we put our luggage in a boarding house.

A few hours later, returning from a motor trip to Yorktown, we suddenly realized that we had no idea where that boarding house was. We enlisted the help of Big Three, the large and courteous colored gentleman who drives the village taxicab. After covering the village several times and getting nowhere, we suggested that we interview the police.

"Well, suh," said Big Three, "I will if you all say to, but I wouldn't expect too much if I was you. Him and me ain't on speakin' terms goin' on a week."

But we did eventually find the boarding house and returned home resolved to say nothing about it. Since then seven readers of the Newport News Press have sent us clippings from that alert journal, telling all.

—

WE STARTED broadcasting Collier's Radio Hour from the roof of the New Amsterdam Theater, New York City, just about a year ago. The studio accommodates only 700. Yet more than 30,000 persons from every state in the Union, to say nothing of Alaska, Mexico, Central America, Cuba, Canada and Europe, have filled it. We receive applications from as many as 2,500 people a week, many of whom offer to buy tickets. The tickets cannot be bought. They are free. But the house is usually filled up five or six weeks in advance. We mentioned this to the head of a large theater-ticket agency.

"Nothing curious about that," he said. "You've got a better show than some of the producers have. And the producers want people to pay for a peep at theirs."

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MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

WHERE INTERESTS MEET, FRIENDSHIPS START

The bond of a common interest is something you see every day in human relations. We feel it keenly as we watch the growing favor for our cars and realize how they are making friends. For evidently a great many people are interested in owning just the kind of cars that we are interested in building.

We are interested in cars of utter dependability, of course . . and so are they. We are interested in cars with something more than average performance; apparently the public is, too. We realize the importance of style and beauty; we have a healthy respect for the value of safety; a conviction that economy counts; a love of comfort; a weakness, we confess, for many little things that may seem trifles, but in the long run mean so much.

If you feel as we do you ought to see and drive the Oakland Eight and the Pontiac Six. We refer you to owners for some idea of what you may expect. We'd like to tell you about the new engines, the new Fisher Bodies, new wheelbases, new rubber cushioning of the chassis and many other features. But after all, what you find out for yourself is what counts.

OAKLAND 8 — PONTIAC 6

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A WARNING

to men who would like to be independent in the next five years

YOU CAN tell a $30 a week man how to make $40 a week.

You can tell a $50 a week man how to make $75 a week.

But you can't tell a $5,000 man how to make $10,000. He's got to know.

Between $5,000 and $10,000 a year is where most men of talent stop.

Health, youth, good appearance, brains will carry a man far in business.

But you cannot draw forever on that bank account unless you put something else in. Somewhere between $5,000 and $10,000 a year you will stop dead.

Those who go on add something to their equipment at the same time they are drawing on it.

Profound changes are taking place in business—this year, this month, *now*. The man who sees in these changes his opportunity for independence and power is the man who will make his fortune in the next five years.

BUT this opportunity, like all great opportunities, is fraught with danger. Business today is new and complex. The old rules will no longer work.

A whole new set of problems is presented by production.

Foreign markets have become a vital issue. An entirely new conception of selling is replacing the old hit-or-miss way.

The man who would take advantage of opportunity today dare not grope. His experience is a dangerous guide. He has no time to figure out all the possibilities and pitfalls. He lacks contact with the big, constructive minds of business. How can he seize the *opportunity* and escape the *dangers?*

Men who are satisfied with $5,000 a year *will not be interested in this Announcement*

FOR two years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been laying the foundation of a new Course and Service for the leaders of tomorrow.

The ablest business minds—the men who have had most to do in shaping present-day tendencies — have contributed. Never before has such a group of authorities been gathered into an educational enterprise. Here are a few of them:

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., *President*, General Motors Corporation.

WILLIAM F. MERRILL, *President*, Remington Rand, Inc.

HON. WILL H. HAYS, *President*, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc.; formerly U. S. Postmaster General.

BRUCE BARTON, *Chairman of the Board*, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., Advertising Agents.

FREDERICK W. PICKARD, *Vice-President*, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc.

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DAVID SARNOFF, *President*, Radio Corporation of America.

COLBY M. CHESTER, JR., *President*, General Foods Corporation.

Men who are satisfied with departmental jobs and small earnings will not be interested in this type of training. It is offered to the kind of men who want to become officers of their companies or go into business for themselves.

Representing the condensed experience of the best business brains in the country, it offers real help to executives in meeting the difficult business conditions of today.

A BOOKLET has been prepared which tells about this new Course and Service. Its title is "What an Executive Should Know." It should be read by every man who faces the responsibility of shaping his own future.

We will send you this booklet free if you will simply give us your name and address on the coupon below. But we do not urge you to send for it. If you are the type of man for whom the new Course and Service has been constructed, if you are determined to take advantage of the rich opportunities of the next five years, you will send for it without urging.

* * *

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Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

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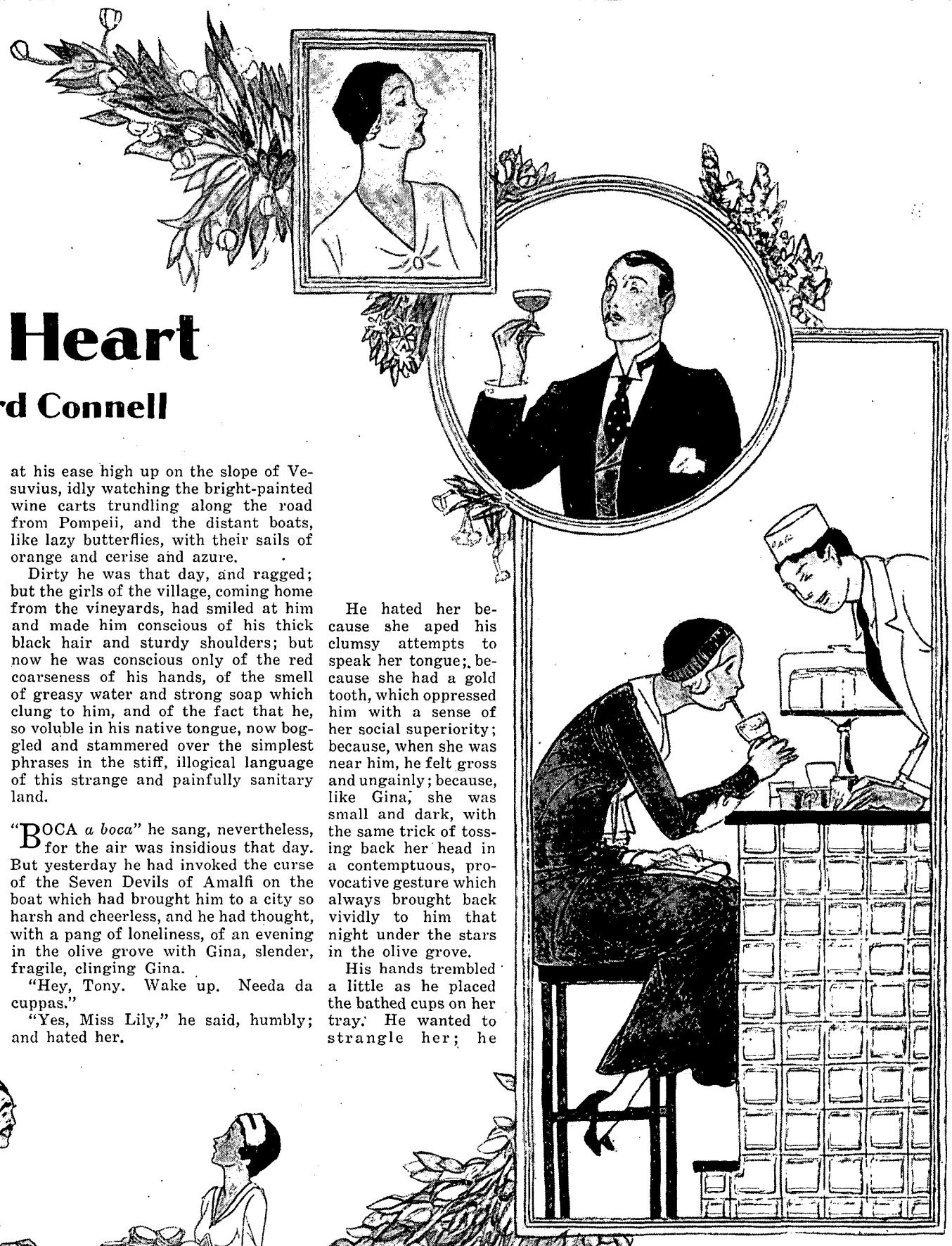

A story like none you've ever read before—

Spring in the Heart

By Richard Connell

SPRING burst on the city like a rocket. Yesterday—gray, shivering streets; but today, suddenly, the sun smiled benignly, the air was mellow and friendly.

In Central Park the crocuses and bears popped out of their winter lairs; along Second Avenue grubby, happy little girls danced while the hand organs played Kiss Me Again; Mr. Brownell (West 119th Street) left off his woollies; Mr. Poole (Grove Street, Greenwich Village) pawned his overcoat and started to work on a new sonnet; Miss Clancy (East 39th Street) smiled archly at the pleasing bulk of Officer Fitzgerald (Traffic B); Mr. Weisskopf (The Bronx) held hands with Miss Kleinhaus (The Bronx) on a park bench, and got green paint on his new trousers and did not mind it at all; the first robins were seen here and there; and the soul of Tony Galento (De Luxe Soda Shoppe, Madison Avenue) was so elevated by the magic of the day that he sang softly *"Streti, streti,"* as he washed cups and dishes in his stuffy, steamy den.

Tony Galento

There lived again in his mind another spring day, when the sky was as blue, almost, as the Bay; when Capri was an emerald brooch on the horizon; when he, overlord of his father's few sheep, lay at his ease high up on the slope of Vesuvius, idly watching the bright-painted wine carts trundling along the road from Pompeii, and the distant boats, like lazy butterflies, with their sails of orange and cerise and azure.

Dirty he was that day, and ragged; but the girls of the village, coming home from the vineyards, had smiled at him and made him conscious of his thick black hair and sturdy shoulders; but now he was conscious only of the red coarseness of his hands, of the smell of greasy water and strong soap which clung to him, and of the fact that he, so voluble in his native tongue, now boggled and stammered over the simplest phrases in the stiff, illogical language of this strange and painfully sanitary land.

"BOCA *a boca*" he sang, nevertheless, for the air was insidious that day. But yesterday he had invoked the curse of the Seven Devils of Amalfi on the boat which had brought him to a city so harsh and cheerless, and he had thought, with a pang of loneliness, of an evening in the olive grove with Gina, slender, fragile, clinging Gina.

"Hey, Tony. Wake up. Needa da cuppas."

"Yes, Miss Lily," he said, humbly; and hated her.

He hated her because she aped his clumsy attempts to speak her tongue; because she had a gold tooth, which oppressed him with a sense of her social superiority; because, when she was near him, he felt gross and ungainly; because, like Gina, she was small and dark, with the same trick of tossing back her head in a contemptuous, provocative gesture which always brought back vividly to him that night under the stars in the olive grove.

His hands trembled a little as he placed the bathed cups on her tray. He wanted to strangle her; he wanted to feel that soft throat between his fingers; he hated her.

Voicelessly he breathed a prayer to his patron saint—St. Anthony of Padua—that some day she might know his language that he might tell her eloquently what he thought of her. Rapidly he planned his speech; but the words which came to his mind that spring day were not words of hate, but words of love. Yet all he could do was gulp and drop a cup.

"Butter-fingers," said Miss Lily Korn.

She was as impersonal, as remote as the Milky Way. But there were germs in the mild air that day, so small that the most powerful microscope of man has as yet been unable to discern them; they were pervasive and powerful germs and Tony Galento had breathed them in.

"Miss Lily?" he said.

"What?"

"You like peectures?"

"What pictures?"

"Peectures that talk."

"Talkies? Sure."

He filled his deep chest with that inspiriting air.

"We go—perhaps—tonight—you and me?"

He looked at her, his eyes diffident, yet bright with adoration. He reached out his hand toward hers.

"Keep your dirty paws off me, you—you foreigner," said Miss Lily, sharply, and stalked out of the kitchen.

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His heart heavy with hopelessness, Tony Galento scraped the chicken à la king (special that day) from a score of plates, and prayed for a miracle. It was that some day Miss Lily Korn would know Italian, and that he and she would walk together in an olive grove lit only by the amber glow from Vesuvius.

Lily Korn

She marched out to the gleaming marble fountain, and on the way thought of the run in her stockings; of stout Harry Stepp, with his eight-cylinder coupé and asthma; of the pointed rebuke she had administered to him the night before; of the really smart fur coat she had seen at Slepkin's, on 14th Street, quite chic and minky-looking, and an astonishing buy at $37.50; of the cleft chin and courtly manners of Basil Mayne, whose latest picture, The Riddle of Love, she had seen twice that week; of the pain in her instep; and of the crooked, sardonic smile and impeccable garb of Leo Healy. Mostly she thought of Leo Healy.

IN approximately the manner of society ladies she had seen in films she approached him and addressed him:

"Here are fresh cups, Leo."

"Thanks so much, Lil," said Mr. Healy.

He always said "Thanks so much" and "Pardon" and "It's a pleasure, I'm sure," and he was so composed, so aloof, so efficient as he created a sarsaparilla malted milk for that party, a cherry phosphate for that party, and a ham-on-rye, toasted, for still another party. Not one of his ginger-hued hairs was ever a fraction of a millimeter out of place and his precise, discreet ties seemed to have been tied by machinery.

Just that morning a truth had struck Miss Lily Korn with the velocity and devastating effect of a high-explosive shell. Here was a man worth a dozen Basil Maynes and all the cleft chins in the world. Out of the blue had come to her the realization that this man, so calm and businesslike behind his shining shrine, would, if some loafer like Harry Stepp insulted her, annihilate him in as cool and competent a manner as he blended a tomato-and-cream-cheese on whole wheat.

"Sort of quiet after the lunch rush," she remarked. Would he notice how refined her voice was?

"Always is," Leo Healy conceded.

"That dishwasher is a pretty fresh egg," said Miss Lily.

"Is he?" said Leo Healy, absently scanning his unimpeachable finger nails.

"I'll say so. Why, he actually tried to date me up to go to the talkies with him tonight."

"Did he now?" said Leo Healy. "Well, y'know, Lil, he isn't such a bad skate. No dresser, maybe, but he wouldn't be such a bad looker if he was washed up. You shouldn't high-hat him. Maybe he's a count or something."

Lily tossed her head.

"Him a count?" she said, scornfully. "Nurse to a gang of sheep—that's his speed. He admitted it. But even if he was a count, if he thinks I'll go out with him, he's crazy. I got plenty of chances to go out with boys—"

He gave some thought to the tying of his tie, and he frowned, for his mirror showed him that his hair was beginning to grow a little thin

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"YOU'RE lucky," said Leo Healy, still searching for some blemish on his nails.

"Funny him asking me to go out tonight," said Lily. "It just happens I haven't a date. I did have one but the boy had to go to Boston on business. Just my luck. It's the last night of The Riddle of Love at the Bijou-Dream, and my girl friend says it's swell."

"I don't doubt it," said Leo Healy.

"Don't you care for talkies, Leo?"

"Not a lot. I like stage plays better."

"So do I. But I don't get to go often."

Mr. Healy detected a lilliputian flaw on his thumb nail and remedied it.

"Ever see an actress called Miss Hope Nelson?" he asked.

"No. I'd like to."

"She comes in here once in a while for a lettuce on whole wheat and a cup of tea, no sugar," he said.

"Is she that stringy blonde that looks like somebody had poked her in the stummick?" asked Lily Korn.

"Some people consider her very beautiful and aristocratic-looking," said Leo Healy, stiffly. "Pardon. I've got to wait on a customer."

Leo Healy

He shared a room on Tenth Avenue with a riveter who snored and left his underwear about; but this saved three dollars a week, and that meant two extra trips to the remotest regions of the Regal Theater, where Miss Hope Nelson was appearing in a minor rôle in a smart comedy in which denizens of Park Avenue talked very wittily and wickedly about nothing much. The play annoyed Mr. Healy.

As with expert, almost automatic hands he fabricated a chocolate nut sundae for a tumid matron with hennaed hair, Leo Healy's mind roved away in reverie.

Midnight. He passes through an unsavory section hard by the Hudson. He has recently issued from the gallery of the Regal, and his pale blue eyes hardly see the shabby street. Into his dream a scream cuts, terrified and patently feminine; and, heedless of danger, he rushes to the source of the scream—a lady, blond and in evening attire, who is beset by a trio of hoodlums with jaws like piers. Into the thick of them he rushes, intrepidly, a knight-errant with muscles made steel-like from slicing sandwich bread. He lashes out with hooks and uppercuts which send the embattled varlets reeling; and, cowed, they flee into the encircling gloom.

"It was nothing at all, lady," says Leo Healy, lighting a cigarette from a case which looks almost like silver. "Any gentleman would have done the same."

"You were wonderful," gasps the lady.

"A pleasure, I'm sure, Miss Nelson," says Leo Healy. "Pardon. May I see you to your home?"

Of course, this was only the beginning—

A NEW customer took her seat at the fountain. He approached her and spoke in professional accents:

"What do you wish, please?"

"A pick-me-up," said Miss Hope Nelson, and thought of the poisonous penthouse party she had attended the night before, and hardly noticed the pale and earnest-looking young man who served her, until she heard him say:

"Miss Nelson?"

"Yes—I'm Miss Nelson."

"Pardon; but I saw you last night."

"Did you?"

Leo Healy had often rehearsed this scene; but, until this day, he had never had the courage to play it. Familiarity with customers was frowned on by the owner of the De Luxe, and dismissal was the penalty; but the air that day made Leo Healy reckless.

"I've seen you before," he said. His tongue felt monstrous and thick.

"Really?"

"I don't mean in here, although I have seen you in here, but I mean

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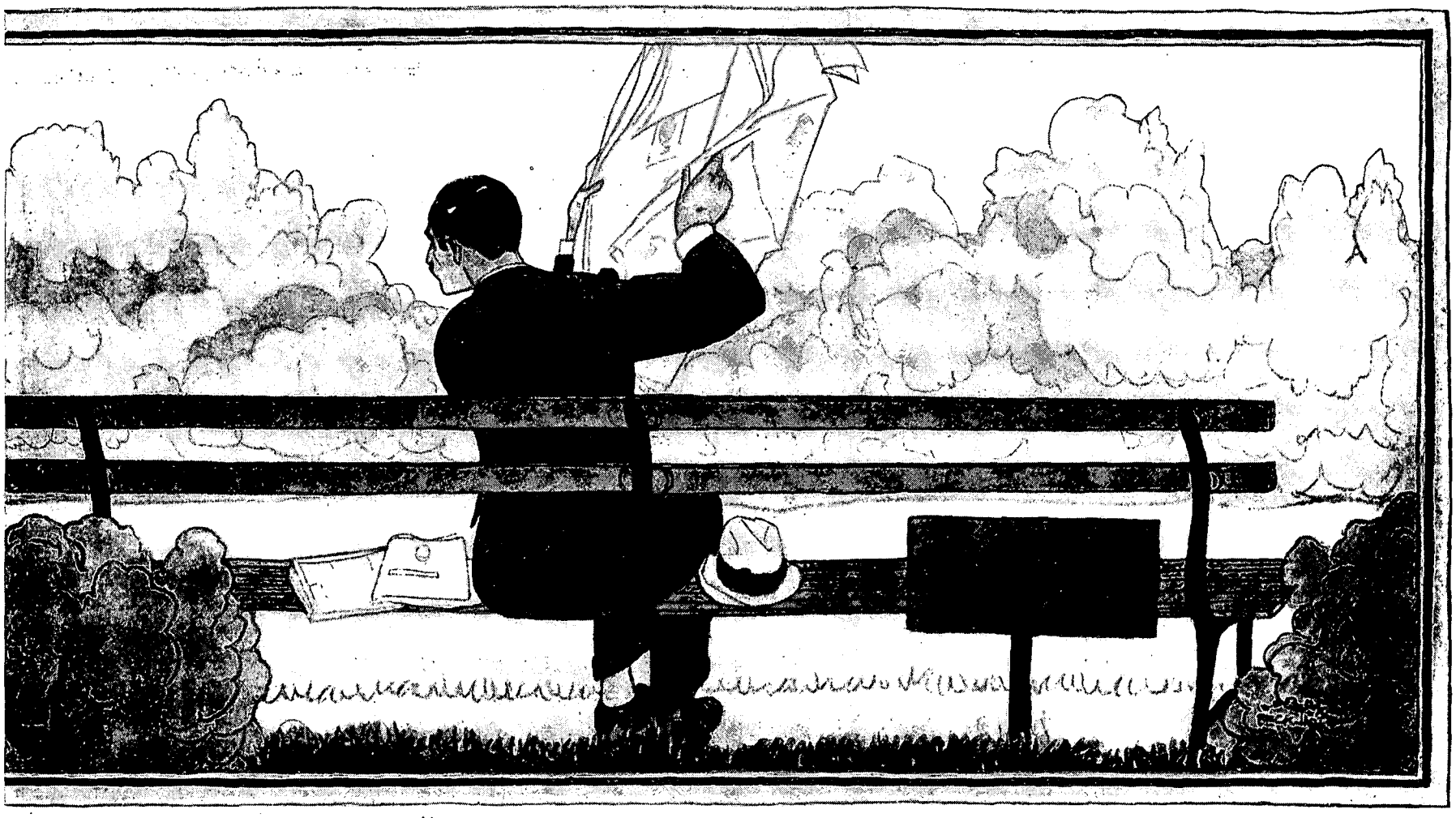

I saw you in the theater. I've seen you eleven times—"

"Really?"

"I think you're just fine, Miss Nelson," Leo Healy said. "You're one grand little actress and don't let anybody tell you different."

"Thank you very much."

She had nearly finished her drink.

"Now or never," a breeze said to Leo.

"I guess I'm sort of crazy about your acting, Miss Nelson," he said. "Now, I don't want to speak out of turn, but I was thinking that maybe some night after the show I could take you out some place and—"

"That's very kind of you," said Miss Hope Nelson, "and I feel complimented that you like my work; but, really, I have so many engagements; so, you see—"

"Yes, I see," said Leo Healy.

Hope Nelson

She went out of the shop, got into a taxi, powdered her nose, renewed her lips and was driven to Sutton Place. She was happy and she was miserable. That morning she had made up her mind about something.

Her cab plunged eastward and left her at a tall apartment house which commanded a view of the East River and the minor criminals taking the air on Welfare Island. She was levitated to the twenty-second floor and was admitted to Apartment 2204 by Stephen Lange, who, in contrast to his silver walls, wore a silk dressing gown of black embroidered with golden storks.

He said: "Well, hello, Hope," and kissed her lightly and casually, after the manner of people of the theater.

"You don't seem very glad to see me, Steve," she complained.

"Of course I am. Have a drink?"

"Naturally."

"I've a new one—the Shock Absorber. Two-thirds rye, one-third cold coffee, and the white of an egg, shaken four minutes. Will you risk it?"

"Why not?"

He busied himself in the kitchenette. She turned on the radio, listened to a few words about the importance of fish in one's diet, and turned it off again. He came back with an engraved glass cocktail shaker and two lavender glasses.

"GOOD luck!" he said, as they drank.

"Thanks. I was terrible last night. That cow Gaylord killed my best scene. Some night I'll take her out in the alley and tear her teeth out."

Stephen Lange laughed.

"Don't," he said. "Wait till the show closes. I need the royalties; and Gaylord has a following."

"So have I," said Hope Nelson. "I don't know what his name is, but he's a soda-jerker in a place near my apartment. Serious-looking red-headed kid with fancy manners—but, Steve, he's in love with me. Today he blurted out an invitation to go out with him after the show some night—"

"It might be amusing."

"Oh, I turned him down. Hard, I'm afraid."

"Snob!"

"Why not? You've got to be a snob to get anywhere. The only people who don't need to be snobs are those who have some right to be. I'm a climber, Steve, and I admit it. I'm not forgetting I was in the second row of the Follies, and before that a model at Slepkin's; but I've got a speaking part in a regular show now, and—who knows?—some day I may marry a millionaire. Time was when I was glad to go out with a nice, honest-looking soda-jerker—and they weren't bad times, either—but I'm looking ahead now—"

"Quite right," said Lange.

She walked to the window and looked out at the river, a sparkling green in the sun.

"Fat part for me in your new show?" she asked.

"Not so fat."

She turned, walked slowly toward him and sat beside him on the great, square sofa.

"You know, Steve," she said, "you're a cruel devil."

"Because I haven't a fat part for you?"

"No. That's not it. I know I'm not ready to be a star yet."

"Why do you say I'm cruel then?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean. You want me to say it. Women have spoiled you, Steve."

"You're acting, Hope."

"No. I'm not. Not today. I'm serious today. Oh, I wish you would open your eyes and see that there are some real things in the world—"

"As, for example?"

"Stop it for a minute, can't you? Stop being the dramatist. Be a human being."

"All right. Let's have another drink."

"I hate you."

"Sorry."

He filled her glass.

"This is real rye," he said. "I hate anything fake or synthetic. Liquor—or love—"

"What do you know about love?"

"Not enough to avoid it," he said.

She moved away from him.

"Steve, are you in love?"

"Yes, damn it."

"Who is she?"

"Never mind."

"I'd like to know."

"You've never met her."

"Stage?"

"No."

"Now, Steve, don't tell me that at your age you've fallen for some society kid."

"She's thirty."

"Married, of course."

"Yes," said Lange, "but not seriously. He's in Paris now. She'll be free in a few months."

"Good Lord, Steve, you're not going into this in a big way, are you?"

He nodded.

"I am," he said, "if she'll have me."

"You're kidding."

"No. It's the real thing, Hope."

"Am I getting dumb? I haven't noticed any symptoms. When did this fever hit you, Steve?"

"That's just what happened. It hit me—bang! Isn't that absurd? I've known her only two weeks and we've been having the mildest sort of flirtation—and then this morning—at breakfast it was—it hit me like an attack of acute appendicitis. I can't laugh it off. I know that I must have Sylvia—"

He looked up. She was speaking to him in Italian. Tony Galento was as startled as if one of the bright, distant clouds had spoken to him

"Who is Sylvia? What is she?"

"Sylvia Mallory."

"Oh, that one? You are flying high, Steve. I've seen pictures of her. Basking at Newport, I think it was. A good figure and handsome eyes. Rich, isn't she?"

"BEASTLY rich. But that doesn't matter."

"Noble fellow. Love—the great leveler, and so forth."

"Don't be catty, Hope. You asked me, so I'm telling you."

"Oh, well, so it goes. Give me another drink."

"You know," said Stephen Lange, "I'm surprised at myself, and puzzled, too. I thought when Alice divorced me I was through—with anything that counted, I mean. And now I've got it again, worse than any sophomore."

He looked at his watch. "I'm going to see her at four," he said.

"A cue for my exit," said Hope Nelson. She held out her hand. "Good-by and good luck, Steve," she said.

"Good-by, Hope."

Carelessly he kissed her on the cheek.

"Drop in again," he said.

Stephen Lange

He gave some thought to the choice and tying of his tie, and, as he brushed his hair, he frowned a little, for his mirror showed him that it was beginning to grow a little thin, a little gray; and he must, somehow, pare off five pounds.

Swinging the malacca stick Hope Nelson had given him for Christmas, he walked with determined tread toward Park Avenue. He passed the big new

(Continued on page 61)

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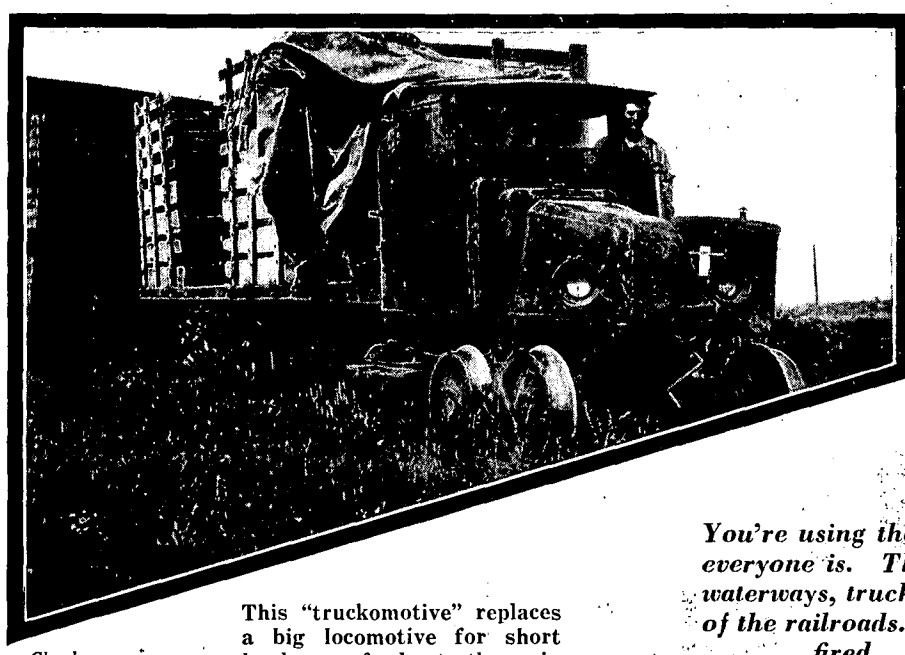
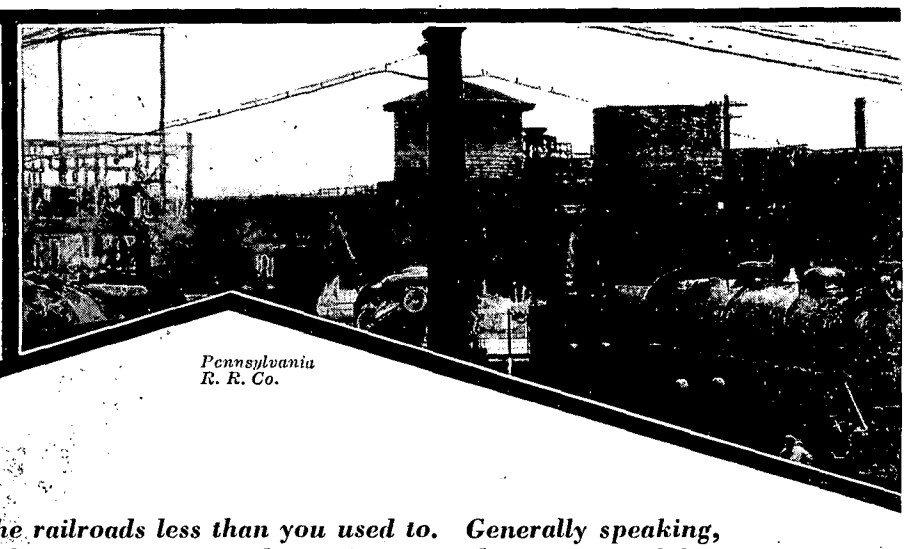


Charles Phelps Cushing

This "truckomotive" replaces a big locomotive for short hauls on a feeder to the main line of a Southern railroad



Pennsylvania R. R. Co.

You're using the railroads less than you used to. Generally speaking, everyone is. There are so many alternatives nowadays—automobiles, waterways, trucks, busses, airplanes. They're cutting into the business of the railroads. And the result is war. The first gun has already been fired. Here Mr. Flynn shows you the field of battle

Battle by Rail

COMMODORE VANDERBILT and Jay Gould were once arguing a railroad problem. Jay Gould had a little education and the Commodore had less. Gould kept speaking of "our transportation system" and the problems of "transportation."

"Stop saying 'transportation,'" commanded the imperious old Commodore. "Say 'railroads.' Transportation means railroads in this country."

At a somewhat later day Alexander J. Cassatt, the famous president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, said: "We may make bigger engines or different engines—even electrical engines—who knows? We may change our form and method in railroads. But one thing we know and that is that the railroads are and will always remain our one great system of transportation."

Most people think that today. Will they be surprised when they are told that out of every ten persons who travel in this travel-crazy age only one travels on a railroad train?

"We run a two-car train," said a railroad manager to me recently, "over a forty-mile branch. Last year we had a wreck. The newspaper account was headlined: 'Train Derailed. No Passengers Hurt.' I should say there were no passengers hurt. There were no passengers on the train."

It is just one hundred years ago this year that the De Witt Clinton, the first regularly commissioned steam locomotive, was put into service on a railroad in this country. One might suppose this centennial year would be one of joyous commemoration. But the railroad presidents celebrated it by getting together in a body, opening up their tear ducts and lifting their voices in one loud, long lamentation.

There's something the matter with the railroads, as sure as you live. You can tell it by the look in a railroad president's eyes. I was talking with one of them recently. I told him how I had once heard old Senator Teller of Colorado denouncing the "railroad barons" in the Senate—"those proud, haughty, ruthless kings of the rails, who lord it over us with an iron rule. This country has got to tame these haughty railroad barons," he declaimed.

"Well," said the railroad president to whom I was talking, "we're tamed all right. It's taken a long time to do it, but the job is about complete."

As a matter of fact, however, the railroad men are not completely tamed. For some years they have been muttering and arguing among themselves about their growing difficulties—the rise of new forms of transportation, the hardships of government regulation, the crime of government waterways, the rising menace of the bus and the truck—and debating what they ought to do about it. Three factions formed among them. One faction was made up of the pacifists. It was for doing nothing, saying nothing and sawing wood; just proceeding with its own business, trusting to efficient management to triumph in the end. A second faction might be called the coördinators. It was for recognizing the inevitable drift of the times and coördinating railroad services and other services—in other words, it was for grabbing the bus, the truck and the airplane and making them work for the railroads. A third faction was for fighting—for cutting loose against the whole thing and demanding "a square deal from the government."

For a while it looked as if the coördinators were in the saddle. However, in October, 1930, a little editorial appeared in a financial newspaper headed "It is Time to Fight It Out." It was followed in a few weeks by an article in a leading railroad magazine by Thomas F. Woodlock, enlarging the same program and summoning the rail executives to battle. It was headed "Unite and Fight."

The Call to Arms

Thomas F. Woodlock was until recently a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He was known to be a friend of the roads and a violent enemy of government ownership. He was at the other end of most questions from Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman, who is believed to be an advocate of government ownership. Woodlock's term had expired. And having been a newspaper man at one stage of his career, he knew just how to compose a call to arms.

The call seemed to have an electric effect upon the belligerent element. It was well-timed. The year had been a bad one for the roads. The next thing the public knew was that the stand-and-fight crowd had gotten the upper hand; had met and had issued ringing declarations of principles to the public, demanding many changes in state and Federal laws.

Is there really anything the matter with the railroads? Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine seemed to be their most prosperous year. The net earnings of the roads were higher in 1929 than in any year in their history—almost a hundred million dollars more than the year before and over two hundred million more than in 1925. The stockholders, too, collected more money in profit. Bigger cash dividends were paid every year since 1923. Earnings were not only larger in dollars and cents but the rate of return on property invested was greater. In 1921 the rate of return to the railroad owners was only 2.84 per cent. It increased every year until in 1926 it was 4.98 per cent. There was a brief setback but by 1929 it was up to 4.95 per cent. Of course this was the average. The bigger and more prosperous roads did much better. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Rock Island increased their dividends from 6 to 7 per cent; the New Haven from 4 to 6 per cent; the Pennsylvania from 7 to 8 per cent. The Erie paid 4 per cent on its preferred stock for the first time in years and the Boston and Maine resumed dividends on a 6 per cent basis.

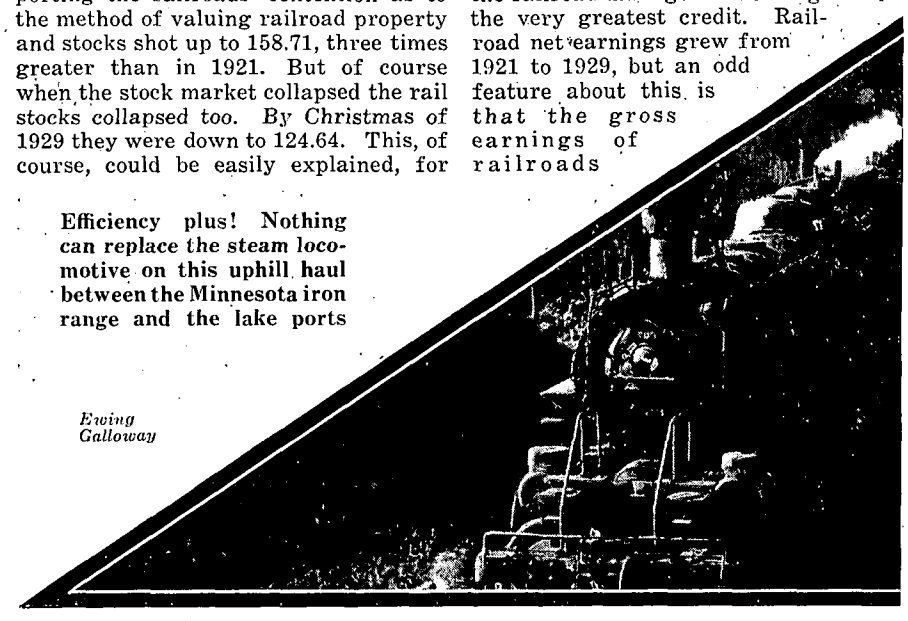
Everybody talked about the prosperous condition of the roads. Over 50,000 miles of weak, losing, short lines were absorbed by the big roads. Stock prices went up. At the end of 1921, according to the New York Times index of the prices of twenty-five leading roads, the average price of railroad stocks was 53.75. These prices rose steadily, going to 138 by June, 1929. Then came the O'Fallon decision supporting the railroads' contention as to the method of valuing railroad property and stocks shot up to 158.71, three times greater than in 1921. But of course when the stock market collapsed the rail stocks collapsed too. By Christmas of 1929 they were down to 124.64. This, of course, could be easily explained, for other stocks did the same thing. The rail shares fell off another thirteen per cent. The industrials dropped thirty per cent.

Now suddenly we began to hear that these railroads which we thought were doing so well were in very serious trouble—trouble not due merely to the depression. Throughout the year 1930 there had been a serious drop in traffic and in earnings. Most outsiders attributed this merely to the depression. The railroads were just getting their share of the bad times.

A Tribute to Management

But, as a matter of fact, railroad stocks continued to sink lower than industrial stocks. Since January, 1930, industrial stocks continued down twenty-two per cent, but the rails dropped thirty per cent. Railroad traffic last year was over six million freight cars less than 1929. Railroad gross revenue was more than six hundred million dollars less. The rate of return on property investment was only 3.41 per cent.

Why is this? Why did the roads do so poorly in 1930 and so well in 1929? There was bus and motor-coach and waterway competition in 1929. The answer to that question constitutes one chapter in railway history for which the railroad managers must be given the very greatest credit. Railroad net earnings grew from 1921 to 1929, but an odd feature about this is that the gross earnings of railroads



Ewing Galloway

Efficiency plus! Nothing can replace the steam locomotive on this uphill haul between the Minnesota iron range and the lake ports

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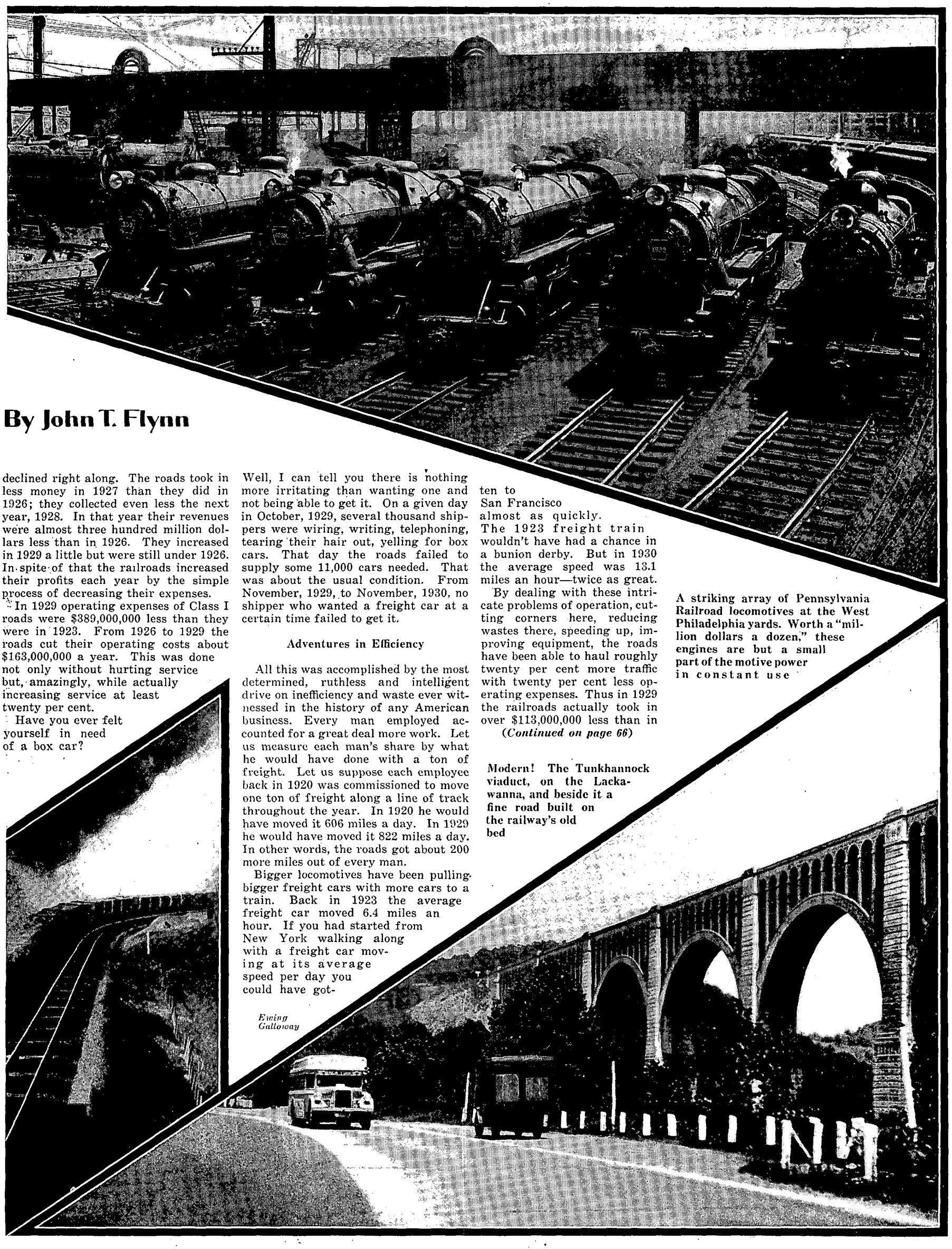

A striking array of Pennsylvania Railroad locomotives at the West Philadelphia yards. Worth a "million dollars a dozen," these engines are but a small part of the motive power in constant use

By John T. Flynn

declined right along. The roads took in less money in 1927 than they did in 1926; they collected even less the next year, 1928. In that year their revenues were almost three hundred million dollars less than in 1926. They increased in 1929 a little but were still under 1926. In spite of that the railroads increased their profits each year by the simple process of decreasing their expenses.

In 1929 operating expenses of Class I roads were $389,000,000 less than they were in 1923. From 1926 to 1929 the roads cut their operating costs about $163,000,000 a year. This was done not only without hurting service but, amazingly, while actually increasing service at least twenty per cent.

Have you ever felt yourself in need of a box car? Well, I can tell you there is nothing more irritating than wanting one and not being able to get it. On a given day in October, 1929, several thousand shippers were wiring, writing, telephoning, tearing their hair out, yelling for box cars. That day the roads failed to supply some 11,000 cars needed. That was about the usual condition. From November, 1929, to November, 1930, no shipper who wanted a freight car at a certain time failed to get it.

Adventures in Efficiency

All this was accomplished by the most determined, ruthless and intelligent drive on inefficiency and waste ever witnessed in the history of any American business. Every man employed accounted for a great deal more work. Let us measure each man's share by what he would have done with a ton of freight. Let us suppose each employee back in 1920 was commissioned to move one ton of freight along a line of track throughout the year. In 1920 he would have moved it 606 miles a day. In 1929 he would have moved it 822 miles a day. In other words, the roads got about 200 more miles out of every man.

Bigger locomotives have been pulling bigger freight cars with more cars to a train. Back in 1923 the average freight car moved 6.4 miles an hour. If you had started from New York walking along with a freight car moving at its average speed per day you could have gotten to San Francisco almost as quickly. The 1923 freight train wouldn't have had a chance in a bunion derby. But in 1930 the average speed was 13.1 miles an hour—twice as great.

By dealing with these intricate problems of operation, cutting corners here, reducing wastes there, speeding up, improving equipment, the roads have been able to haul roughly twenty per cent more traffic with twenty per cent less operating expenses. Thus in 1929 the railroads actually took in over $113,000,000 less than in

(*Continued on page 66*)

Ewing Galloway

Modern! The Tunkhannock viaduct, on the Lackawanna, and beside it a fine road built on the railway's old bed

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If I lived my Life over

Everyone has wondered what would have happened if he had decided some critical question otherwise than he actually did. Here a distinguished British statesman reviews the crises of his crowded and exciting life when accident or judgment might have changed the course of world history

By Winston Churchill

IF I had to live my life over again in the same surroundings, no doubt I should have the same perplexities and hesitations; no doubt I should have my same sense of proportion, my same guiding lights, my same onward thrust, my same limitations. And if these came in contact with the same external facts, why should I not run in fact along exactly the same grooves?

Of course if the externals are varied, if accident and chance flow out through new uncharted channels, I shall vary accordingly. But then I should not be living my life over again, I should be living another life in a world whose structure and history would to a large extent diverge from this one.

If, for instance, when I went to Monte Carlo and staked my money on red, as I usually do, having a preference for the optimistic side of things, and the whirling ivory ball had fallen into a red slot in the roulette wheel instead of falling, as it nearly always did on these occasions, into a black slot, I might have made a lot of money. If I had invested this money twenty years ago in plots of land on the lake shore at Chicago and had never gone to Monte Carlo any more, I might be a multimillionaire. On the other hand, if fired by my good luck I had continued to gamble, I might have become a habitué of the tables and should now be one of those melancholy shadows we see creeping in the evening around the gaming and so-called pleasure resorts of Europe. Clearly two processes are at work, the first dictating where the ivory ball is to come to rest and the second what reaction it is to produce in me.

If both these are to vary, their interplay becomes too intricate for us even to catch one glimpse of what might have been! Therefore let us suppose that the march of events and its freaks and accidents remain as we now know them and that all that happens is that I have another choice.

But now I must ask an important question: Do I have my new choice *with my present knowledge* of what has actually happened? Or am I to have nothing better in health, character, knowledge and faith to guide me next time than I had before? If the latter, our argument comes very quickly to a dead end. If the same choice and the same environment were at any given moment to be repeated, and I were the same person, I should infallibly take the same step. If, for instance, I were the sort of person who would spin a coin to settle whether he should take a journey, or buy a house, or open a lawsuit, or join a government, and the coin in fact came down tails up as it had before, I should certainly act as I did then.

If, then, there is to be any reality in the new choice offered to me to live my life over again, I must have foreknowledge. I must carry back with me to this new starting point the whole picture and story of the world and of my own part in it, as I now know them. Then surely I shall know what to make for and what to avoid; then surely I shall be able to choose my path with certainty. I shall have success in all my dealings. Thus armed I shall be able to guide others and, indeed, guide the human race away from the follies in which they wallow, away from the errors to which they are slaves, away from the endless tribulations in which they plunge themselves.

But wait a minute. All that I was offered was one choice, to live my life over again. I take back with me to that moment all that I know today. But once I have exercised my choice my present picture of existing world's history and all my own life story is out of date, or rather it will never happen. Of course if I use my foreknowledge only in some trifling matter, that will likely not make much appreciable difference

(*Continued on page 47*)

"I suppose I ought to eschew the habit of smoking. Look at all the money I have wasted on tobacco"

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He couldn't take it

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By W. O. McGeehan

Illustrated by Howard Elcock

Quinn, in terror, tried to shout. But the only sound that came from his cracked lips was a hoarse cackle

DAN QUINN, the fight manager, lay propped up on four pillows in the three-dollar flop. He was biting at the air after the manner of one of his own fighters who had just taken a right under the heart. But his black eyes were beady-bright as a rattlesnake's. He had his head with him. Dan Quinn always had his head with him because he never had been pounded around the head. That was the part of his fighters.

Dan Quinn—the Carpetbagger, they called him—dealt in third-rate fighters used chiefly as guinea pigs upon which better boxers might experiment if they paid Dan Quinn. To him was attributed one classic retort of the prize ring. A referee once begged him to throw in the sponge for one of his men who was reeling helplessly. "I haven't felt a punch yet," retorted Quinn.

His face was pulpy and his protuberant abdomen was soft. Dan Quinn was not built for receiving punches. He was soft all over with the exception of his heart, which was of flint.

"No doctor, no nurse," he said tersely to his lieutenant, Pop Pearson. "I ain't running a stable of fighters to support doctors. Get anybody to sit in till you come back. And tell Grogan to sail right in when the bell rings. If he gets clipped, he gets clipped. We get our dough anyhow. Did you get the two grand? All right, stick it in the drawer."

Pop Pearson with obvious reluctance extracted some bills from his wallet and counted them out on the bed. He made sure that Dan Quinn saw them put in the bureau drawer.

"There's nobody around but Bannon," said Pop Pearson. "You know—Punch Drunk Bannon."

"So, they've all run out on me," said Quinn bitterly. "Well, I always said there was no gratitude in the fight racket. After all I've done for a pack of double-crossing rats—all the fighters and all the promoters I made."

"Shall I bring Grogan back with me?" asked Pearson.

"Grogan?" said Quinn. "He won't be able to move after that fight. He can't take it. I just threw him into that semifinal to get one last good shot. I barely get my expenses out of him. If he only could have took it, I'd have done something with that palooka."

Pearson opened the door and a shabby little man with prematurely gray hair matted down over his eyes sidled in. "Kay-O," he said listlessly.

THE face was blank. The eyes were vacant. The mouth drooped. His hand shook as he rubbed his hair. This was Patrick Daniel "Battling" Bannon, the first of the Carpetbagger's stable. The boxing writers, who have a sense of humor peculiarly their own, had translated the initials P. D. B. to stand for Punch Drunk Bannon. That, of course, was after he was beaten in forty-two rounds by the Negro champion in California during "the golden days of the Queensberry ring."

After that Bannon was permanently punch drunk. Quinn, the open-hearted, so the legend went, was keeping him around out of the bigness of his heart, fight managers being excessively generous and sentimental. The truth was that after the world went blank for Bannon there was the matter of a forty-thousand-dollar bank account which Quinn, with a lack of foresight for which he never forgave himself, had permitted to be entered in the name of the fighter.

"Sit down and be quiet," ordered Quinn as Pearson hurried off to the arena.

"Oh, yeah?" said Punch Drunk Bannon. "Oh, yeah?" He rose to his feet and his gait was no longer halting. The dull eyes seemed to take fire and gleamed with an insane interest. He went to the bureau and opened the drawer. Without a word he took the bills out and crammed them into his pocket.

"Hey, Punch Drunk, what are you doing?" gasped the fight manager.

"Never mind," said Bannon soothingly. "You attend to the fighting. That's your business. I'll attend to the finances. That's what a fighter has a manager for."

Quinn struggled but he was too weak to raise himself from the pillows.

"You got a tough fight," said Punch Drunk Bannon, taking a position beside Quinn. "The bell will ring in a second or two—look him over." He pointed a bony finger over Quinn's shoulder. Bannon was the manager now. Quinn, the fighter, waiting in the corner.

A look of terror came into the pudgy face of the fight manager. He stared straight ahead and the beady drops of fear glistened on his features. He went damp and cold all over. The soft man who never had taken a punch saw an opponent and he was afraid, for the fighter who faced him was the fighter who cannot be beaten. Dan Quinn knew that he was in a fight to a finish under rules that gave him no chance.

"But never mind," continued Bannon with breathless excitement. "He can't hurt us, can he, Boss? We're too game and too tough for him. All we got to do is stay in there and take it for forty rounds. Then he'll get discouraged and we'll be champion."

QUINN, in terror, tried to shout. But the only sound that came from his cracked lips was a hoarse cackle.

Bannon was fanning him with a towel. "You're fighting a nice fight, Boss," he said. "We're going fine. He can't hurt us, old boy, can he? We can take all he's got."

Bannon continued, listening to the phantom gong and the ghost voices.

Quinn moaned in an ecstasy of terror.

"What?" demanded Bannon. "You wouldn't quit on me? After what I've done for you, you damned ingrate. Don't be yella. Don't box him. Fight him."

Bannon remorselessly was taking his old manager through forty rounds. Suddenly Quinn stiffened, then subsided, an inert pulp, into the pillows.

Bannon bent over him and listened intently. Then he counted, "Eight-nine— Get up, you bum—ten and out."

Then Bannon slumped into the chair beside the bed and looked in the direction where Quinn's invisible conqueror was looking over his work. Bannon's face gradually went blank again and he was mumbling to himself when Pearson came back.

"Grogan got knocked stiff in the fourth round. He's still in the hospital," panted Pearson. "He—"

Pearson approached the bed and lifted Quinn's hand. He dropped it quickly. "What the hell?" he asked, looking at Bannon.

"'No guts," said Punch Drunk Bannon lightly. "He couldn't take it or I'd have done something with him."

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She actually came from Podunk

ANNABELLE BLACK trembled violently. For one long instant she thought that she was not going to be able to do it. Then the arm of the blonde tightened on her waist, she got in step, and the chorus moved out into the light and music.

"Smile!" the blonde whispered.

Annabelle smiled. She could scarcely hear; she could not think. The number had ended before she had properly realized that it had begun. They were back in the dressing-room, changing for the next scene.

"Scare you?" the blonde asked.

"A little," Annabelle answered.

"Well—you'll get over it. I can remember the first turn I ever did—and it was a long time ago, too, dearie."

Annabelle's fingers flew. She adjusted the hat she wore. The door of the dressing-room opened and the girls turned from the line of mirrors. A man looked in—a bald head and a cigar.

"Make it hot, girls!"

The door closed again. The blonde laughed. "I guess George is plenty worried. Adele sure dug him deep when she got him to put this show on. And if we flop here, Adele will have her hands full getting him to take us in to town."

Annabelle tried to make sense of that as she hurried down the stairs and as she stood in the wings waiting. She had seen George a great many times but she did not understand his connection with the show. Adele was the leading lady. It appeared, from the remarks of the blonde, that Adele had persuaded the bald-headed George to pay for Twinkle Twinkle.

It confused Annabelle. Everything was confusing. Twenty miles away was her home. Podunk. A farm. Trees. Fields. She had grown up there. Annabelle Black, R. F. D., Podunk, Connecticut. But Annabelle had not wanted to marry a farmer's son and settle down. Something else had stirred her. At first it was a dim desire to be like the ladies in the motion pictures. When she was thirteen she had sent for a correspondence course in stage acting. When she was a senior in high school, she had been the leading lady in the class play. During the summer that followed, and then during the fall and winter, she had filled a secretarial position in Bridgeport in the daytime, and at night she had studied dancing.

The dancing school was a stale and dusty place, its teacher an aging man whom the vaudeville circuits had at last rejected. After every lesson Annabelle had gone to her new home—a little room in the "Y. W."

THERE are thousands of girls like Annabelle. Some of them are pretty, some are beautiful, all of them yearn, all are ambitious, a few eventually scale the ladder to the top. Annabelle was exquisite, and she was innocent. She had the innocence enforced by rigid and rustic parents. But in her world of girls the most notable thing about her was that she actually came from Podunk. A real, existing Podunk secreted in the Connecticut hills.

It was through the dancing school in Bridgeport that Annabelle had learned about Twinkle Twinkle. Her teacher had taken her aside.

"Miss Black," he had said, "I have received notice that there will be casting tryouts in New Haven for a show called Twinkle Twinkle which will open there in June. I am suggesting to a few of my pupils that they go there—"

So Annabelle had gone. Somebody had banged on a piano. She had danced. Then she had sung—on the bare stage, in a timid voice. Somebody had said, "You'll do," so an ecstatic Annabelle went back to Bridgeport and quit her job and prepared for a career in the theater.

Those things trickled through her mind. Then, abruptly, the blonde was nudging her again.

"Come on, sweetheart. Out in front."

This time Annabelle was able to think clearly. She saw the faces through the footlights. Yale University was having its commencement in New Haven, and the audience was sprinkled with college boys and men who had once been college boys.

The blond girl continued to talk: "We got a good house. There's one of the aldermen. I went on a party with him last year. In the box—the one with the beefy face. It's a good house, but I don't think they like the show much." Dance, dance, dance. Turn, and turn again. Annabelle linked arms with the blonde once more. "Oh, boy. Say, Annabelle—there's somebody. The young guy on the aisle in the third row. Know who that is?"

"No." It was the first word Annabelle had ever spoken on the stage, and it was not aimed at the ears of the audience.

"Never saw his picture in the papers? That's Tyler Howe. Lives on Park Avenue. Richest bachelor in New York. Guess he's here in New Haven for class reunion. If he gives you a glad eye, darling, just pass right out with joy. Tyler Howe spells platinum in any language."

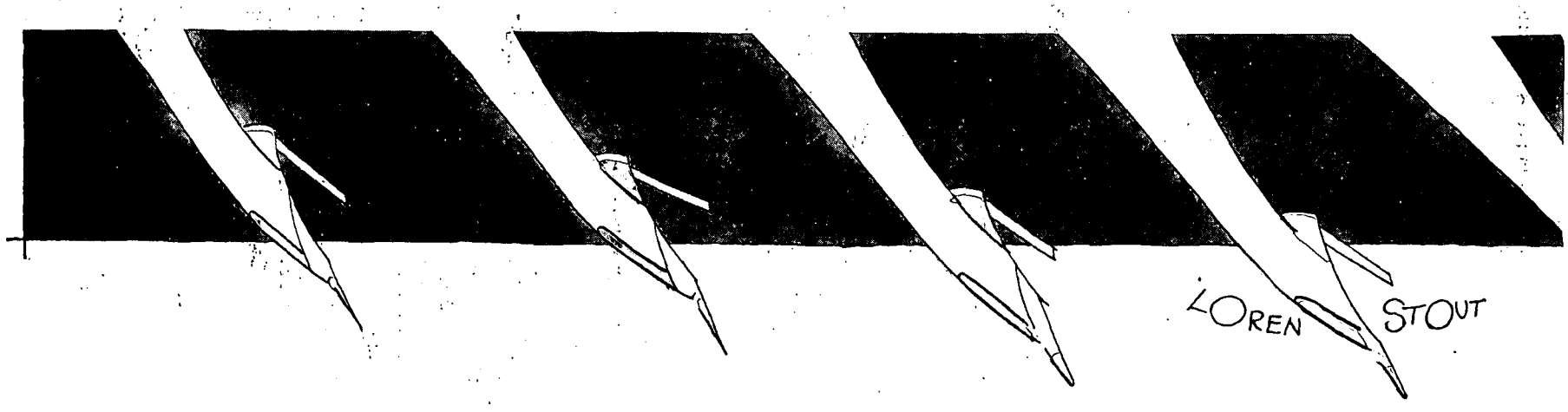
THEY separated to make a series of figures. The orchestra pounded and the girls' feet kept time. They went off marching and singing. The applause followed them up to the dressing-room. Once again the door opened. It was not George who looked through, but a young man with a worried face.

He said, "Give it all you've got, girls," and he smiled.

That was Don Beckley, who had written the script for Twinkle Twinkle—and signed another name. Annabelle knew why he had done that. She had heard him tell George. It was because he was a Yale graduate, and because the show was opening in New Haven where the Yale students could see it, and because he did not want them to know that a Yale man did it—if the show failed.

Annabelle realized that the success or failure of Twinkle Twinkle meant a great deal to Don Beckley. During the weeks of rehearsal he had worked himself thin, and she had often wanted to speak to him, to say something encouraging—but the distance between author and chorine is almost as infinite as, for example, the distance between Park Avenue and Podunk.

A buzzer sounded. The girls rose hastily and helped each other with last-minute attentions to costume. Annabelle's head swam. Music, lights, faces, applause—all intermingled with the



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The story of a chorus girl who loved a playwright

By Philip Wylie

complications that had brought it about. Out of George, and Don Beckley, and Adele, and even herself, out of intrigue and grinding work, had come the miracle of the Twinkle Twinkle which the audience saw. Annabelle hurried down the stairs with the others. An important thought entered her head: she was on the stage at last. Her career had commenced and it could end—anywhere. Beside Ethel Barrymore, perhaps, or Claudette Colbert, or Gloria Swanson.

THE third act began. The third act was ended. The audience had not been too hilarious. It was a puzzling audience. A few people had departed before the curtain fell. A few stood in their chairs and applauded enthusiastically. Then everyone was gone. Don sat in the empty orchestra until the house lights were turned out. Tyler Howe wandered into the out-of-doors with his companion. Annabelle dressed slowly.

"Didn't I tell you it was too sophisticated?" the blonde asked.

"They liked it for the first two acts."

"Yeah. And a last act that doesn't go over is like leprosy in this business."

George sat in Adele's dressing-room and silently watched her sheathe her supple form in silk.

"Well," he said at last, "I guess I'm stuck."

"Now—George—in New York—with a real audience—it'll go big."

He lifted his eyebrows. "What makes you think it'll go big in town? What makes you think it'll go to town at all?"

"George!"

"I mean it."

She pulled away from her maid and kissed him. "George, darling—I know—"

"Well—" he shrugged.

Annabelle did not want to go to bed. She refused an invitation to a party with some of the Yale graduates. She did not understand quite what had happened. A flop, the blonde called it. Yet many people had stood in their places and whistled. A matinée the next day. Matinée. She had imagined herself a thousand times getting ready for a matinée. The bustle. The pleasant excitement. The people arriving after lunch. Now—now it would be different.

She walked to her hotel and then passed the door. It was getting late. She should not be out alone. She was attracted by an all-night restaurant and it recalled the fact that she had had no supper. Too much excitement. She went through the revolving door and across the white tile floor.

"Bread and milk," she said.

SHE began to eat. Don walked through the door. He looked as if he had been crying. He sat down at one of the splay-armed chairs.

"Coffee," he said.

She moved over to him. She felt at once shy and compassionate. "Good evening, Mr. Beckley."

He looked up—at first with surprise and annoyance. Then the surprise faded from his eyes.

Annabelle hurried down the stairs with the others. Her career had commenced and it could end—anywhere

"Oh—hello. You're one of the chorus, aren't you?"

"Mmmmm. I'm Annabelle Black."

"Well, it turned out to be a mess, didn't it?"

"Oh, no. I don't think so."

"Have you got any influence with the dramatic critics?" he asked ironically.

"I wish I had."

"So do I."

He drank his coffee. She looked at him. It hurt to think that her first show might not be a success. It was hard to realize that she might be looking for a job in a few days. But she perceived that it was vastly harder for him—because he felt that the failure lay entirely on his shoulders.

"THERE were people," she said, "who stood on their chairs and clapped afterward. One of them"—a name popped into her mind—"was that Tyler Howe. You know. The millionaire."

"Ty stood on his seat?"

"Yes, he did," she lied. "And whistled."

"That's funny. I spoke to him about the show and he didn't say a thing. I know Ty. In his class. Of course—he didn't suspect me of writing Twinkle Twinkle. If George falls down—he might just possibly crash through and take us to town." Don looked vacantly at Annabelle. Then his expression altered. "I'm a fool. I'd no more really go to him for money than I'd rob a bank for it."

"I think it's good."

"That's very nice of you."

"Of course—I don't understand how the money for these things is arranged—"

(*Continued on page 63*)

Illustrated by Loren Stout

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True Love Tracks

Another Bugaboo Jones story

Illustrated by Harry Barnes

"IRON MAN," stated Bugaboo Jones, reflectively, "onless a man kin jolly around and make fun wid de ladies along de bank, well, steamboatin' ain't nothin' but pyore work. And who want to work?"

Iron Man, phlegmatic and a trifle mysterious, continued to blow softly upon his harmonica. He and Bugaboo were lying upon their backs in the shade of the gangplank which was suspended above the forward main deck of the steamboat John D. Grace. The boat was an hour out of New Orleans when Bugaboo made his initial observation, and it was not until three thousand sacks of sugar had been toted aboard at Reserve and the Grace once more headed up the river that he amplified it.

"Iron Man," he said, "long as de ole Cap'm keep dis thing on de Big River betwixt N'Awlins and Vicksburg, well, I'm de he-rouster on dis boat, and all de ladies fall all over deyse'ves to make fun wid me and watch me tote." He made the statement with that definiteness that bespeaks exact knowledge.

After leaving Baton Rouge the next morning his excursion into introspectiveness became more specific and to the point.

"I ain't braggin'," he stated, "but when de ole Cap'm run dis steamboat offn de Big River and up de Ouachita whar all dem country niggers live at, well, efn I ain't de he-rouster up dat way, too, well, I jest he's around to de he-rouster come."

The fact of the matter was, the old captain was going up the Ouachita River that very trip and that was what brought about Bugaboo's observations. The captain went up the tributaries occasionally to carry in supplies and to bring back wild hogs and pipe staves, and Bugaboo had made a number of these trips with him. But the long time between the trips left him hazy on the details, and he never had an opportunity to do more than pass a jolly word and the time of day with all the women who came down to the landing.

His efforts at abstract thought about himself and his women friends were for the purpose of assuring himself that, in fact, he was the "he-rouster," no matter where the boat ran.

The day the Grace left the Mississippi River at Angola, and turned into the tributary chain that eventually would lead to Camden, Arkansas, Bugaboo's assurance of his position among the womenfolks was practically positive.

"'CAUSE," he told Iron Man, "a woman is a woman, I don't keer do she live whar dey raise cotton, or do she live whar dey raise dey hogs wild and split up staves for me to tote on dis steamboat."

For the first time since they had left New Orleans, Iron Man let Bugaboo's talk-talk interrupt the sad, plaintive little song he was playing almost continuously on his harmonica. He took the harp from his mouth, sat up very suddenly and looked with surprise at Bugaboo.

"What dat?" he asked.

"What what?" countered Bugaboo.

"What you say about a woman bein' a woman, no matter whar?"

"Ain't hit a fack?" Bugaboo asked. The challenge to his statement, so recently arrived at as a positive fact, shattered his confidence.

"A fack?" repeated Iron Man. "Ain't you been listenin' to dis song I'm blowin'?"

"Hit don't sound like no song," said Bugaboo. "Hit don't sound like nothin' to me but pyore racket."

Iron Man spent all of a minute in deep thought. Then he stretched his legs out and looked at Bugaboo with a superior air.

"Bugaboo," he said, patronizingly, "dat kind er stuff might go all O. K., about de womenfo'ks on de river. But hit don't count up in Arkansas."

"What Arkansas got to do wid hit?"

Iron Man grinned dreamily. "Bugaboo," he said, "you's my friend and I likes you. So I'm gonter tell you plain. You sho' gits along good wid dese river niggers, and dey's nice ladies, too, I reckon, for a man like you to fun around wid. But, son, I'm tellin' you. Ontwell you sees you a Arkansas lady, well, you ain't seed nothin' yit! Onderstand, I ain't sayin' dese river ladies don't do de best dey kin do—"

"What kin de Arkansas ladies do which de river ladies don't know about?" Bugaboo wanted to know.

Iron Man, still in a hazy dream of sweet recollection, ran his finger along a sharply outlined scar on the side of his neck.

"You see dat razor track?" he asked. "A Arkansas lady hit me wid a sharp razor. Up at Marked Tree. She was de sweetest lady in dis world! She mighty nigh cut my gizzard out."

"How come she cut you?" Bugaboo asked him, interestedly.

IRON MAN smiled dreamily and shook his head. "'Cause she loved me so good," he explained. "Ah, Lawd! Dat was de sweetest woman I ever seed. Bar none. And Arkansas is smack full er gals just like her." He lay back upon the deck, holding his head in his hands, lazily, and sang:

"Eyes shine jest like a diamond,
Teef shine jest de same,
Lips like a big slice er liver,
And hair like a hoss's mane!"

"Humph!" snorted Bugaboo, "I don't see nothin' sweet about a lady hittin' you wid no razor. I'd a broke her neck, did she chop me."

Iron Man smiled indulgently at Bugaboo's ignorance, and began that doleful song upon his harmonica. He knew there was no need to try to make Bugaboo understand. Bugaboo knew a heap about the womenfolks, but he didn't know a thing about the Arkansas womenfolks, and there was no point of contact upon which he could begin an explanation.

He "choked down" on a single note on his harp and blew it tenderly, painfully, and recalled the sweet sting of a razor upon his neck. He saw a picture of a pair of dancing eyes—dancing with rage, but dancing beautifully—and he heard the hot, steamy curses ringing in his ears like a song, just as he had seen those fiery eyes dance and heard those biting, searing curses, years before, when a certain little bush-headed woman up at Marked Tree tried to

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—full of sweet romance—and peril

By Roark Bradford

He ventured a bit of gallantry: "Dese is for ol' good-lookin' you, sugar," he grinned. She giggled, "Ain't you de sweetest man!"

Bugaboo Jones was a man the women everywhere were crazy about, and having the women crazy about him was the breath of life to him. On the Mississippi, back of town in New Orleans, or on the far reaches of the tributaries, it was all the same. The ladies were for him, and he was for them. And now the stocky little Iron Man had upset his whole system of ego by telling him about the Arkansas women who could hit you with a razor and make you love it!

kill him because he was being pleasant to another woman. Iron Man knew Bugaboo could never understand that, so he blew tenderly and plaintively upon his harmonica and feasted in a sweet memory of a bush-headed woman with dancing eyes and a slashing razor.

Bugaboo worried. So far as he knew—and he considered himself somewhat expert in that field—a woman was a woman. A woman was somebody that was naturally friendly and that a man could have a heap of fun with if he made fast, friendly talk and a few jolly songs. In New Orleans he had seen men who had been cut by women, but always as the result of a fight. And in New Orleans, the law stepped in and fourteen-thirty-sixed both man and woman when there was razor play, so that when they got out of jail they had forgotten each other, and that was the end of it. He never in his life saw a man fondling a razor track and talking about how sweet the woman was who put it there. Iron Man was pyore crazy!

The first day out of Monroe something happened. A man, sitting upon the back of a mule, hailed the boat and was taken aboard. He wanted transportation for himself and his mule, to Camden. "Hyar de paper," he explained to the clerk. "I always gits de hoss doctor to look over ole Balaam and gimme a paper which say he ain't sick, ev'y time I crosses over de line. Or else de law is liable to take him up and make soap out'n him. I always gits de paper—"

Bugaboo himself led the mule down the gangplank while its owner squared his account with the clerk on the boiler deck. He had some misgivings about that mule. It was a gray mule, and any steamboating man knows that it is pure bad luck to haul a gray mule.

"DEY tell me," he told Iron Man, when at last the boat pulled out, "dat hit ain't but one thing which bring badder luck den haulin' a gray mule, and dat is to haul a preacher."

"Aw, go tie dat ole jackass up behind de b'iler befo' he steps on somebody," grumbled Iron Man.

Bugaboo tethered the mule and returned. "Dey tell me," he said, "dat on de ve'y day de old Red Bird blowed up, de cap'm took on a nigger preacher ridin' a gray mule, and den, jest looky what happened! Bofe b'ilers busted and kilt ev'ybody for miles around."

Before Iron Man could comment on Bugaboo's superstitions the owner of the mule appeared on the main deck. "You tuck good keer er ole Balaam, did you, son?" he asked Bugaboo. "Tie him up somewhars and see kin you find him a handful er hay er some cawn er somethin' to chaw on. I sho' hates for him to git hongry, same as me. Me and him been preachin' up and down dis river for mighty nigh twenty year, now—"

Bugaboo gulped. "You a *preacher?*" he stammered.

"Well," speculated the mule man, "I preaches considerable. My name is Sin Splitter Samuel, and I do a heap er revivin' 'mongst de sinners up and down dis river."

Bugaboo's senses were stunned. "You and dat gray jackass been *preachin'?*" he demanded. "Not sho' nuff?"

The Sin Splitter smiled modestly. "I preaches," he said, "and ole Balaam rides me about. But hit kind er seem like me and him do de preachin', us been together so long. Sort er like Sister Ruth in de Scriptures: Wharfore ole Balaam goeth, dar you'll find me also."

Bugaboo stumbled off. His legs were wobbly. His head was swimming. Presently he sat down, and for ten miles along the wandering Ouachita River he was silent. His mind was beset with worries that plagued his soul. Two things were the matter and it took the slow ten miles up the river to coördinate these two things.

The greatest disturbing factor, although not the most immediate one, was what Iron Man had told him about the Arkansas women. Fundamentally,

IT MAY have seemed a small thing to Iron Man, but it was something bigger than the big Bugaboo, himself. Unconquered women were one thing—there were a few in the world that he knew about who had not fallen victim to his jolly charms. He didn't mind them, because he understood them. They merely didn't like him. It was as simple as that. But these Arkansas women who could hit you with a razor and make you like it! It made his soul uneasy.

More immediate, however, was the presence of that double-barreled ju-ju that might lead to anything: a gray mule *and* a preacher! A naturally lucky man might live past a gray mule, or he might survive a preacher. But the combination! He shuddered at the prospect!

Finally, however, the light filtered through. It was not a brilliant light, but it was light in the black darkness of his despondency. It would, if it worked, solve both problems at one stroke. He would quit that doubly jujued steamboat and strike out for Arkansas and the razor-slinging sweet women.

He got up, stretched, and sauntered casually over to Iron Man. Iron Man was still playing his harp and listening to the Sin Splitter orate upon the sinfulness of harp music when performed by anyone other than an angel.

"Iron Man," Bugaboo interrupted, "how do you git f'm hyar up to Arkansas?"

Iron Man took the harp from his mouth and considered a minute. "What you want to git up to Arkansas for?" he asked.

Bugaboo fidgeted. "I don't want to, maybe," he said. "But in case somethin' come up and I wanted to git, how'd I?"

Iron Man considered, thoughtfully, another minute. "I don't know," he said, finally. "But efn you was in Memphis, hit'd be easy. All you got to do is jest cross de river and light out th'ough de bottoms. And de fust thing you know you done got to Marked Tree or Brinkley or somewhares and dar you'd be. Right square in Arkansas. But you got to go to Memphis fust."

"WHAT you tawkin' about?" interrupted the Sin Splitter. "I ain't never been to Memphis and I ain't never been to Brinkley and Marked Tree. But I been mighty nigh all over Arkansas. I been to Camden and I been to Pine Bluff and I been to all er dem yuther places. And dat's square in Arkansas. Memphis? Humph! I ain't never been in dat sinful town, and I hyars hit's de devil's own. But I sho' been in Arkansas a heap, and dat ain't no lie. Facks is"—the Sin Splitter had a knack of becoming an authority upon any subject under discussion—"quick as us gits up to Fordyce's Mill, us'll be in Arkansas. Us crosses de line jest befo' us gits to Fordyce's."

"I been to Fordyce's Mill," Bugaboo

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Gunsight Trail

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Matt Clark

The Story Thus Far:

A MAN, mortally wounded, stumbles up to Clay Hughes (a cowboy, who is camping near Gunsight Trail), gasps "Get that damn—" and dies. Hughes rides to the Lazy M ranch, where he learns that the dead man was Hugo Donnan, the sheriff, and that Dick Major, son of the ranch owner, old Oliver Major, is under suspicion.

Incensed by his reception—a frosty one—Hughes declines to divulge the dying man's words. Whereupon an attempt is made on his life—and his adventures begin. . . . He has one old friend at the ranch: Bob Macumber, the foreman. He promptly makes a new one, Major's daughter Sally, a charming girl, with whom he is soon madly in love.

Major is convinced, at last, that his son did not kill Donnan. Hughes is told that years ago, during a war between the Lazy M and the Bar S ranch, owned by the Shaw brothers, Major's brother had been killed. Losers in that struggle, the Shaws (with headquarters at Adobe Wells) are now plotting to ruin Major—with the assistance of crooked politicians. Donnan, Major feels certain, was killed by one of Shaw's assassins. "And," he declares, "we're going over to Adobe Wells to arrest the Shaws on a charge of conspiracy to murder."

With acting Sheriff Crawford, Bob Macumber, Bart Holt, Dick Major and Hughes, the old man starts for Adobe Wells. "Try to prevent a shoot-out," Sally implores Hughes. "Do what you can—won't you?" And Hughes promises. Earl Shaw, a scoundrel but a courageous one, refuses to submit to arrest. A gun-fight seems unavoidable. Then Hughes steps forward and scribbles a few words on a scrap of paper. Shaw reads the mysterious message, and—"I'll go," he says.

Back at the Lazy M, Hughes talks with Sally. "Go away," she says, "and never come back. If you know what's good for you, you'll do it!" And, as she slips away, Hughes turns—to confront Bob Macumber.

V

SINGING! For gosh sakes!" said Bob Macumber. "Singing! What have you got to sing about?"

Hughes struck a final dissonant chord and laid the banjo down. "Maybe not so much as I thought," he answered. "What's the matter now?"

"I been looking all over for you. Didn't you hear the old man drive up?"

"Yes, I heard him," answered Hughes.

"That was him come in the front of the house a little bit ago. He wants to see you."

"All right."

As Hughes turned away, Macumber gripped his arm with a heavy hand. "Listen," he said. "Listen! Use your head. I'm going to help you. I don't care what comes of it, I'm going to help you. I'll get out your horse for you, and I'll give you one of my own. I'll give you the lay of the land—how you can get out of here without being followed very good. I'll fake it out here some way so as to give you all the start I can. I don't know what's going on here—not even as well as you do, I guess—but you and me have ridden together some awful long trails, and I'm not going back on you now. If you know what's good for you, you'll get out, and get out quick! I'll—"

"TO HELL with that," said Hughes. "You won't clear out?" Bob demanded, nonplused. Hughes shook his head. "I think," said Macumber, "you must be crazy."

"If you bet on it," said Hughes, "try to get odds. Is the old man in his office?"

Macumber nodded. "What am I going to say to the old fire-eater when he wants to know why I let you keep your gun?"

"I'll handle that," Hughes said, and went striding off toward the hallway that led to the front of the house and the old man's office.

Oliver Major, sprawled deep in his chair beside that ancient, ornate desk, regarded Hughes morosely from deep-set eyes as the cowboy let himself into the office unannounced.

"I see you're still wearing your gun," he said.

"That I am," Hughes said.

"I was kind of hoping that you'd be gone."

"Gone?" said Hughes. "Where?"

"Anywhere," said the old man. "Don't tell me you couldn't have outsmarted Bob Macumber and got away."

"It never come into my head to try."

Oliver Major sighed deeply. "You're one too many for me," he admitted. "I've been watching you awful close, but I'm darned if I know where you stand. Bart Holt is dead certain—but you know what Bart Holt thinks. You certainly have got no friend in Bart Holt. It's a mystery to me why, with nothing to gain and everything to lose, you didn't go over the hill while you had the chance."

Hughes admitted to himself that that was certainly something hard to explain. He couldn't very well tell the old man that the gray eyes of Sally Major made it impossible for him to turn tail, even if he wished to.

"Of course, what Bart Holt hangs to," Oliver Major went on, studying him, "is that empty shell that was found in the ashes of your fire in Crazy Mule; though I must say I take less stock in that particular thing than some do. But, considering that nobody understands exactly what your game is here—it looks mighty funny, even to me, when you crop up with an understanding with Earl Shaw that makes it possible for you to fold him up and back him down."

"Ask yourself what would have happened if I hadn't backed him down," said Hughes.

"I haven't got any pipe dreams about that," Major assured him. "We was awful close to fight—and we would have got licked too."

"THEN just what's your complaint?"

"What Bart Holt keeps asking me is just what's your connection with Earl Shaw. The way he puts it, when we know what your connection with Earl Shaw is, we'll know why you haven't gone over the hill before now—and some other things too, maybe, that he only hints at, probably because he doesn't know what he means himself."

Hughes swung one leg onto Major's desk and helped himself to the old man's

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"Who says I fell down?" Tanner demanded with his mouth full. "I can tell you every move anybody made in the Crazy Mule the other night"

tobacco. "If you want to know what backed down Earl Shaw, there it is." He tossed the torn fragments of his note to Earl Shaw upon the desk.

Major stared at him for a long moment. "How do we know this is the same note you wrote Shaw?" he asked.

"Well," said Hughes, "I tore that piece of paper off a newspaper that was lying on Earl Shaw's desk. You'll find the date line of the paper on it, which'll show you that it came in no earlier than yesterday—and also you'll notice that his name is printed on the margin, where they put his address when they mailed it to him! I took special notice of those things when I tore that piece of paper off."

"By golly," said Major, "I guess you thought of everything, all right." With slow fingers he began arranging the fragments of the paper before him. Yet, when this was achieved, he seemed mystified and slowly turned the whole assortment of scraps over to see if there were anything on the other side. "Is this all?" he said at last.

"It was enough, wasn't it?"

Major read aloud, "'Did you ever shoot a United States marshal?' Just that one line," he said wonderingly. Then abruptly he demanded, "Are you a Federal man?"

"No," said Hughes.

"Then, how—"

"It was just a kind of a hint," said Hughes, "sort of rigged up to sidetrack Earl Shaw's mind, and maybe confuse him some."

"But why should he—"

"Put yourself in his boots. That stand of his, that Crawford had no authority to act as sheriff, was all right as a bluff—as long as he controlled the county and the general machinery of the law; but if one of us had been a United States marshal—down here to look around for some wanted man, for example—and Shaw's outfit had gunned him down, look what a different breed of investigation Shaw would have been up against then! Shaw isn't wanting any investigation of a shoot-out from the Federal government. He's been wondering, same as you, why I'm butting into this thing. When I made that suggestion, it come to him all of a sudden, I guess, that there was some outside reason—and he guessed the shoot-out better be postponed."

"I CAN hardly believe it," said Major slowly. "I'll never forget you standing there grinning at Shaw, and him sizing you up, and wondering. I'll swear if ever a man looked like he knew what he was talking about, you did then."

Hughes shrugged. "Well, anyway," he said, "it looks as if he didn't want to take the chance."

"But you actually ain't a marshal at all?"

"No. It's easily looked up if you've got any doubts."

"Why did you do it then?"

There was weariness in Clay Hughes' smile. He was thinking of Sally Major with the starlight on her upturned face as she had told him that she counted on him to prevent a shoot-out if he could; counted on him because he was the only one in the Lazy M posse who had his right senses about him, and a cool head. He couldn't very well tell Oliver Major that he had promised the old man's daughter to turn trouble aside if he could; nor could he explain, even to himself, why he had taken that promise literally and seriously, and had felt that he had to do his best to carry it out at whatever cost to himself.

And now, he thought dimly, all that move had got him was an imputation of cowardice. He had hoped that the thing could be slid over, withheld until circumstances had awarded him a better average of achievement. The ignoble concealment to which he had been impelled in withholding the Shaw note from Sally had done him no good. Her last words to him had voiced the suggestion to get out and stay out. Now that he had tossed concealment aside, he supposed that she would consider him yellow, as well as an undesirable renegade. Yet he did not see how he could have done any differently, the way things had fallen out.

"I played it as I did because there wasn't any sense to a shoot-out," he told Major impatiently. "What would it have got us?"

"Nothing," Major admitted. "You mean you wasn't scared of a fight, if it come to that?"

"SURE I was scared," said Hughes. "I was scared stiff, and if there was anybody else there that had any sense, so was he!"

Oliver Major's face relaxed in a grin. "I guess there's not much danger of anybody accusing you of lack of nerve," he said. "I'm sorry I sent you back from Adobe Wells. Even then, I kind of thought maybe you was still with us—though for a little while it was pretty hard to see how, the way you made it look like you had a stand-in with Earl Shaw. You was a blame' fool not to tell me at the jump-off what the game was."

"I suppose," said Hughes. What he couldn't tell the old man was that if Sally Major had not, only a few moments before, appeared to withdraw her moral support, he would have been holding out yet. The stiff, brittle pride of youth was very strong in Hughes. Until Sally went back on him he could not have brought himself to expose the details of a device which had been forced upon him, but which he felt put him in an ugly light.

"Did you make out all right after I left?" Hughes asked.

Openly, but with a minimum of words, old Oliver Major now sketched out what had been accomplished—and what had not—since that morning. With Earl Shaw under lock and key, together with Dutch Pete and two more, the Lazy M men had made a vigorous but hardly hopeful effort to wrangle some sort of information out of their prisoners. From Earl Shaw and his lieutenants they learned exactly nothing, however. Nor could Oliver Major find out the whereabouts of Alex Shaw, brother of the Adobe Wells boss, whom Major had hoped to seize along with the others.

Immediately Oliver Major and his son, leaving the Adobe Wells situation in the hands of Jim Crawford and Bart Holt, had driven the rough eighty miles southwestward to Walkerton, the little, dusty county seat far down below, where the main line of the railroad crossed the corner of the county. Major hunted out the supervisors there. With Earl Shaw in custody pending a capital charge—supposedly that of conspiracy to murder—Major had hoped to throw such a scare into Shaw's personally-owned county supervisors as to make them confirm Jim Crawford as sheriff, successor to Hugo Donnan.

This attempt, bold as it was, had carried a certain promise. Two of the three county supervisors were characterless men, who, Major had hoped, would abandon Shaw's support in time of danger, like rabbits leaving fired brush.

AND he had partly succeeded. Being of a type of man forever fearful of being with the loser, two of the three had been thrown into the air by the sudden turn of events which had lodged Earl Shaw in the Adobe Wells jail. To confirm Jim Crawford as sheriff in the face of the powerful Earl Shaw was beyond their courage; yet they were momentarily paralyzed by the apparent strength of Oliver Major.

They sought cover, stalling for time, hoping to leave themselves a loophole or two in case it should turn out that Earl Shaw was once more to be ridden down by the Lazy M tornado. They had expected the Lazy M to show no strength at all; and news that the great Shaw himself was in jail on a dangerous charge rendered them incapable of immediate action. For the present Jim Crawford was acting sheriff; how long this might endure, nobody knew. Unless the luck continued its swing toward the Lazy M, it could not last long.

"One thing," Oliver Major concluded, "is absolutely sure: The minute that Earl Shaw gets control of the county law again, he'll have a posse here to take Dick—and you too, Hughes. If that time comes—but it mustn't come, that's all—God knows how we'll hold it off, but we got to."

"But if it does?" Hughes asked.

"I never supposed," said Major in a clear voice, "that anything would ever come into this feud more important to me than holding onto the Buckhorn water. I'm not so much afraid of Dick being brought to trial; they'd never convict him, I'm certain. And I'm not afraid of what I know they'll hang on me either—the least of which would be accessory after the fact. Of course, you can see what would become of my influence in this state then. Once a trial for murder got to dragging out, I wouldn't have no more influence left than a banty rooster in a cyclone; and the machine that Shaw's a part of would bite down on the Buckhorn water like a trap, and this valley wouldn't ever be anything but desert again. But, I tell you, it isn't that that's worrying me now."

"What then?" said Hughes.

"HUGHES," said Oliver Major, "I don't know as you'll believe. You young fellers don't understand the iron type of guts that goes with the old ways. Men have died before, in this long feud between me and Shaw; good men, some of 'em, too. I tell you Earl Shaw isn't the man to be afraid to add on a couple more to the string. If his posse ever rides down a long prairie after dark with you and Dick"—he raised a clenched fist above the desk but lowered it slowly—"I tell you neither one of you will ever be seen alive again."

"It don't hardly seem like—"

"And why not?" Major exploded at him. "It's happened in this valley before, and will again! It's too easy a thing for a crooked sheriff to do, if his case is uncertain, and there's a powerful lot at stake. 'The prisoners was trying to escape,' says he. He had to gun 'em when they tried to 'escape.'"

"I guess," Hughes said, "some of us has got kind of used to thinking that

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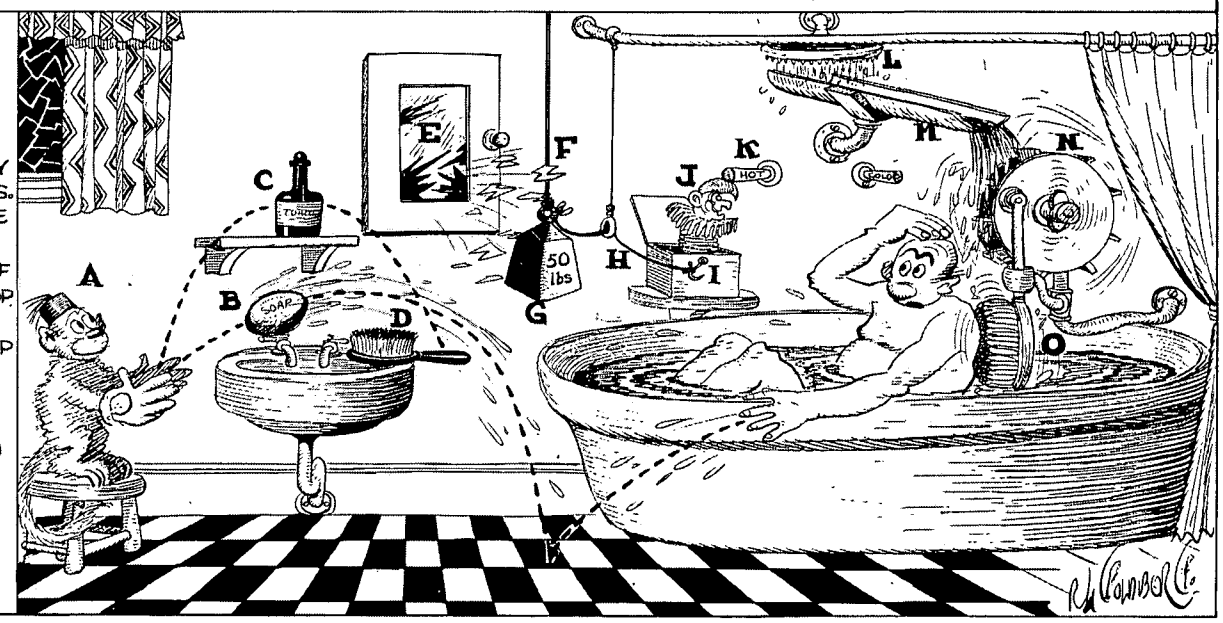
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS JUMPS FROM A PLANE IN A MOTH-EATEN PARACHUTE, LANDS ON HIS HEAD AND LIVES TO INVENT A SELF-SCRUBBING BATH BRUSH.
SOAP SLIPS FROM BATHER'S HANDS. MONKEY OUTFIELDER (A) TRIES TO CATCH IT AND FUMBLES. SOAP (B) HITS BOTTLE (C) WHICH FALLS ON HANDLE OF HAIR BRUSH (D) CAUSING BRUSH TO FLY UP AND SMASH MIRROR (E). FLYING FRAGMENTS OF GLASS CUT CORD (F) ALLOWING WEIGHT (G) TO DROP AND PULL STRING (H) WHICH OPENS HOOK (I) RELEASING JACK-IN-THE-BOX (J), WHICH JUMPS UP AND HITS HANDLE (K) TURNING ON WATER IN SHOWER (L). AS WATER RUNS DOWN TROUGH (M) IT FALLS ON MILL-WHEEL (N) CAUSING IT TO REVOLVE AND WORK BRUSH (O) UP AND DOWN ON BATHER'S BACK.
YOU CAN RENT AN ORGAN AND KEEP THE MONKEY BUSY WHEN YOU ARE NOT TAKING A BATH.



things like that belong to the old days, and don't happen any more."

"When we finally got the law established here in the West," said Major, "we kept it going good for quite a while; but once politics goes rotten on you, I tell you, you're a lot worse off than before there was any law at all! With the law you can gang up to crush a man so he hasn't got no chance. People didn't use to stand for that. If you read the papers, you know that law in the cities has been haywire for a long time, and as for killing off a helpless man in some lonely place at night, they've even got a special name for that in the towns, it happens so much. You can't pick up a paper without reading that somebody was took 'for a ride.'"

"I know," said Hughes.

"If ever you or Dick get into the hands of a Bar S posse, do you think Earl Shaw will be the man to pass up his easy chance, after all these years? It'll be a Western style of 'ride,' maybe, and different in some ways, but you won't come back from it, just the same!"

"If you're sure of that—" Hughes began.

"I know my man!" declared Major. "I licked him when he come with cattle, and I licked him when he come with sheep, but now if he comes with law—boy, I don't know! But this I do know: Dick Major never goes into the hands of Earl Shaw's men, not if I have to fight the county and the state. I'll never surrender him, nor you neither."

"You mean you'd stand out against the law?"

"What choice would be left me?"

"Whatever could be the end to it?" Hughes wondered.

"*Quién sabe?*"

THERE was silence while they looked at each other, yet neither seemed to be seeing the other's face. Perhaps each was looking beyond into the shadows of a possible cataclysm so relentless and implacable as to offer no choice and no escape.

Oliver Major stirred himself. "Within two days Shaw's lawyers will have him up before Judge Greer on a writ of habeas corpus.

"Greer is a Shaw man; he'll turn him loose if there's any possible way. Twelve hours after Shaw is out of jail he'll have his supervisors whipped into line, and the Buckhorn will have a new sheriff—Alex Shaw himself, I wouldn't be surprised. Whatever the end will be, it'll come very quick after that. We've got to balk all that! I've wired the capital for the best lawyer in the state. He'll have to come to Walkerton by plane to carry the law fight."

"Who's that?"

"Stephen Sessions. Hughes, if only you can figure out what Donnan was trying to say—"

"Whatever it was, he'll never add to it now," Hughes evaded.

"But there's another man who'll come close to telling us something," said Major. "I suppose you know Grasshopper Tanner's gone up to the Crazy Mule?"

"The old fellow with all the dogs?"

"Yeah, that's him. If there's a man in the world that can unravel sign, Grasshopper's the man. I wish now that I hadn't gone up there with Bart Holt before Tanner come. If he'd had a fair chance—I don't believe it's possible to kill a man and not leave sign of some kind that Tanner could nail onto."

"HE'S got little enough chance now, after you four fellers have been all over it."

"I know," Major admitted wearily. "He'll be trailing in sometime tonight. Go get some sleep. I'll see you're called when he comes."

Out in the patio Clay Hughes picked up the banjo again and ran weary fingers over the strings: "*De la Sierra Moreña . . .*" The banjo did not answer the notes he hummed; there was no use trying to sing any more. Those last words of hers—"Get out and stay out"—took the assurance out of song. He no longer had the feeling that she was near and listening. He struck an angry thumb across the strings, and one of them broke with a shrill whine.

It was nearly morning, however, before Hughes was awakened by the noise of Grasshopper Tanner's lion pack.

Tanner had no less than fourteen dogs; his pack was one of the largest of its kind in the Southwest, as well as one of the best. It was rumored that old man Major had recently raised his bounty on lions to a hundred and twenty-five dollars a head for the admitted purpose of holding Grasshopper Tanner at work in the hills flanking the Buckhorn.

Yet, nobody seemed to have any particular affection for Tanner; and studying the man now, as the old lion hunter wolfed his breakfast in the mess hall of the Lazy M, Hughes could understand why. Tanner was as gaunt as the rawhide of a braided quirt. He had enormously long arms and legs, more suggestive of a spider than the insect after which he was called. His face was wizened, and deep-carved in hard, weathered lines, but Hughes could see that its expression had been fundamentally brutal, once.

Nor did he seem to have any particular respect for the animals with which he worked. Perhaps he had a sort of repressed admiration for lions; but he admitted no liking for horses, which he regarded as simply a poor means of getting from one place to another, and his dogs—they forever kept a furtive eye upon the short blacksnake coiled at his belt—he referred to as "smelling machines."

In spite of his great proficiency and the scarcity of lion hunters, Grasshopper Tanner always managed, sooner or later, to get himself fired, in a tornado of black rage, from every range on which he worked. Like the time he had worked for old man Major three years hand running. On his very first hunt his dogs had found a she-wolf's den, and he had dug out an even dozen wolf whelps—at a hundred dollars a head. The next year he had got eleven whelps from the same wolf. The third spring, when Tanner brought in thirteen whelps more, old man Major paid down the thirteen hundred dollars only with severe pain.

"Tanner," he had complained, "the wolf crop is getting to be a darn' sight more regular than the calf crop around here. Now I know darn' well that the old wolf comes hanging around when you dig out these whelps. How come you never get a shot at her?"

"A shot at her?" Tanner repeated. "Sure I get a shot at her. Why, this last time, she come so darn' close I could pretty near have brained her with a club!"

"Then why in all hell isn't her scalp here with the rest?"

"What?" Tanner yelped. "Destroy my brood bitch, that's bringing me in better than twelve hundred dollars a year?"

IT HAD been years, and the lions had become very bad in the Buckhorn, before old Major got over that sufficiently to send for Grasshopper Tanner again.

So there was no particular warmth of affection for the old hunter among those who attended that extra-early breakfast which the cook had been routed out to prepare. Besides Hughes and old man Major, Bob Macumber was there; and by ones and twos the other cowboys of the Lazy M began to trail into the mess hall.

"For plain, dumb, swivel-brained monkeyshines," the lion hunter was saying, "I never see the equal of you fellers." Tanner, who thought people who had to have regular meals were all sissies, had had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. He now crammed himself mightily with hot cakes, syrup and salt pork, so that his words came as broken interjections between enormous knifefuls. "You fellers have tramped up and down, and backwards and forwards and across the Crazy Mule until it looks like a passel of sheep's been through. What's the matter with you ninnies, anyway?"

BOB MACUMBER chuckled. "I'm sure glad Bart Holt ain't here."

"Bart Holt don't know a cow track from a dish of potaters," said Tanner.

"We wasn't hunting cows," growled old man Major.

"It's a good thing," Tanner grunted. "One of 'em would probably have come up behind you and hooked you. Like one time in the Mokelumne Basin. Bart Holt swang a big circle and cut his own trail, and follered it round and round the Basin for upwards of a week. And he ain't figgered out to this day how come he never sighted hisself."

"I'm right sorry we made you fall down," Oliver Major came back at him. "Of course, if a feller gets so he can't tell one track from another no more, he has to be the first one to come up, or he's helpless."

"Who says I fell down?" Tanner demanded with his mouth full. "I can tell you every move anybody made in the Crazy Mule the other night." They waited, and after two more knife-loads of hot cakes and syrup Tanner went on. "This feller here—Hughes, did you say his name was?—come riding over the Gunsight an hour and a half, and maybe two hours, before dark. He—"

"Was you there?" said Macumber.

"No, I wasn't there."

"How do you know it was an hour and a half before dark?"

"If you'll stop asking fool questions you'll see in a minute. Hughes built his fire"—he pronounced it "far"—"and et, and then he clumb up the rock of the rim to where he could set and look out, and there he smoked a cigarette. If it hadn't been still daylight, what would o' been his idee in climbing up to look around? A child could see through that."

"How do you know it was me?" said Hughes.

"You're the only stranger around here, ain't you? And you're smoking brown papers; everybody else around here's smoking white papers. I found your brown-paper butt up on the rim. Meantime," Tanner went on, "Hugo

(*Continued on page 53*)

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Designs on Hollywood

The worlds of fashion and the movies are all agog. Gabrielle Chanel, famous Paris designer, is in this country launching her new job of telling a galaxy of stars what to wear. Those who know their movies are wagging their heads. Those who know Chanel are saying she'll do it. The betting runs high

By Laura Mount

IT ALL started at Monte Carlo. The Grand Duke Dmitri, of the Romanoffs, quite casually introduced Samuel Goldwyn, of the movies, to Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel—of Chanel.

Pleasant talk, pleasant compliments, big inspiration, big contract—and the great Chanel had agreed to come to Hollywood to design clothes for the movies. Admittedly, it's an experiment, a gamble, but on a million-dollar scale.

The world of fashion is watching it, and the world of celluloid.

Everybody in both worlds has passionate theories about what the odds are for success, but one thing they all seem to agree on: Chanel has picked herself the hardest job she has ever tackled. The world-famous fashion dictator who tells the duchesses and countesses and queens of Europe what to wear is now going to try telling the duchesses and countesses and queens of the talkies. And it is just possible that in the talkies they'll talk back!

In fact, at least ninety-five per cent of the people who know all about movie stars and their ways with their clothes think they will. Their general attitude is an eyebrow raised way up to here, and something gloomy about "It isn't what Chanel is going to do to Hollywood—it's what Hollywood is going to do to Chanel."

It must be explained at once that this skeptical "Oh, yeah?" attitude is no slur on Chanel's genius. But it's an open secret, for instance, that if Chanel or anyone else designed for Bebe Daniels a dress that depended on utter simplicity for its effect, Bebe would take one look and pin a big rose on it before she'd wear it. Clara Bow would pin two roses, a rhinestone buckle and a velvet bow with fine streamers! Maybe not precisely, but you get the idea.

Chanel herself has no fears about the outcome of her experiment. She is full of excitement and eagerness to try it. "But it will be so interesting, so amusing! To design clothes that will be seen in every small village of the world, in every city, in every country! That is fascinating, stimulating. I shall work day and night to make it succeed."

The gloomy prophecies she poohpoohs, and in her voluble French that's a very convincing sound. The plan is still in its undeveloped stages, but it is ambitious. For a tidy sum, neat but not gaudy, the great dictator of Paris is to migrate to Hollywood for several weeks each spring and fall to design clothes for all pictures released by Samuel Goldwyn and by United Artists.

A New Movie Era

This takes in a list of stars that reads like a Burke's Peerage of the talkies: Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Ina Claire, Norma Talmadge, the lucky ladies who take turns playing in Ronald Colman's pictures, in Douglas Fairbanks' and in Charlie Chaplin's—in other words, just a great big crowd of celebrities.

Chanel's first specific job this spring is to dress Ronald Colman's next offering, What Fun Frenchmen Have, and a Gloria Swanson talkie, probably Rocka-bye. But just as important, she is to reorganize the whole dressmaking department. She is bringing some of her best fitters, to install them here permanently. And when she goes back to Paris, she will keep right on, all year round, sending new designs as fast as she creates them. So at least this one Hollywood studio won't be in the dark about coming Paris fashions. It will actually be getting the newest creations from headquarters six months before they're being stolen by copyists in the Paris fashion parades.

The idea sounds good; even the pessimists agree to that much. Mr. Goldwyn and Mlle. Chanel are positive that it will make good.

"I tell you it will start a new era in the movies," Mr. Goldwyn said to me,

(*Continued on page 60*)

Warner Bros.

Dorothy Mackaill likes a streamline effect regardless of Fashion's passing decree

Paramount

Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, world-famed designer, who will keep our movies abreast of fashions in clothes

Simple, untrimmed things hold no allure for blond and fluffy Nancy Carroll; at the right Gloria Swanson appears in her version of the gardenia negligée

United Artists

Warner Bros.

Bebe Daniels is fond of frills and trimming, with plenty of glitter

Kay Francis combines striking contrasts in color and material with flawless taste

Paramount Pictures

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The Story Thus Far:

THE most dangerous band of criminals on earth is engaged in some vast and mysterious enterprise. Trailing them, Inspector Dawson Haig of Scotland Yard presently learns, to his horror, that the focal center of the gigantic plot is the steamship Wallaroo, en route to Australia, aboard which is the girl he loves—Eileen Kearney!

When the ship puts in at Marseilles, Haig (disguised as "Mr. Smith") goes aboard.

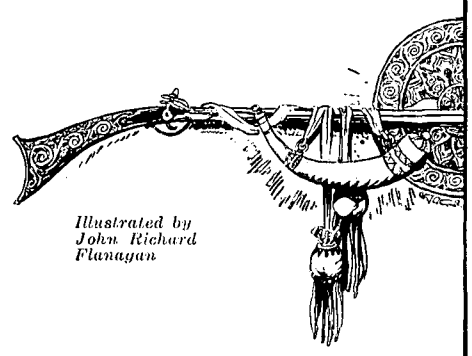
Far away, in Egypt, the master mind of the plot—the shadowy Yu'an Hee See—keeps in touch with his forces by wireless. His spies, his cleverest aides, are on the Wallaroo, and soon he knows the identity of "Mr. Smith!" Ensconced in an old Arab mansion (where "Orange Blossom," a beautiful but sinister woman, is his constant companion), he has a talk with one of his men—Aswâmi Pasha. "The Hangman is aboard?" he asks. "He is," is the reply. "Then," says the Oriental, "instruct Dr. Oestler. . . ."

Haig suspects "Dr. Oestler," along with several other mysterious passengers—a "Miss Ednam," who professes to be a vaudeville artist; Hartog, a large German; one Len Chow, and another weird Chinaman. But what, he wonders, can they be plotting?

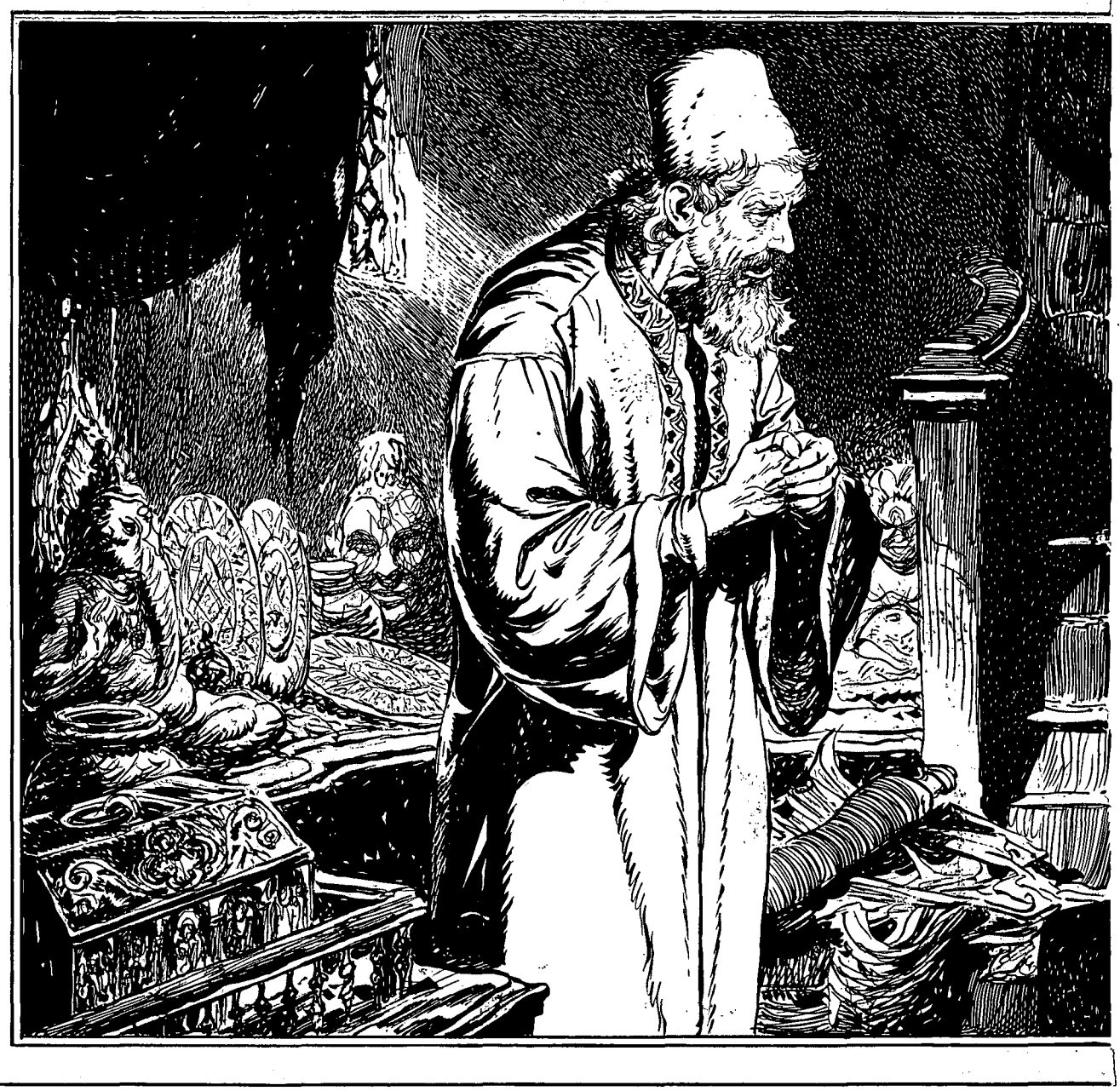
Having shadowed the suspects, Dawson Haig thinks he knows the answer. Within the past year two ships have gone down—have disappeared, without sending out wireless messages or leaving any survivors. The Wallaroo carries a large shipment of gold. The conspirators are after that treasure! . . . Haig discusses his theory with Jack Rattray, one of the ship's officers. Then Eileen enters.

"I've caught them!" she exclaims. "*They are working together.* I saw Miss Ednam slip a note to Len Chow."

And Haig, listening eagerly, realizes his fears are well grounded—that he is in for the battle of his life!



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



From a dim corner the proprietor appeared. "This—Mohammed!"

Yu'an Hee See

VI

THERE was a dance after dinner that night.

Dawson Haig, most desperately worried man from shore to shore of the Mediterranean, went up onto the boat deck, quite deserted at the moment, and leaned over the starboard rail at a point just aft of the bridge, staring across calm sea in the direction of the African coast. A cool breeze played upon his forehead, and he tried to think—to think calmly.

The problem was one demanding the exercise of all his powers; one, perhaps, beyond his capacity, beyond the capacity of any single investigator. There were unsounded deeps to appall the most resolute explorer.

And set like a jewel in this dark affair was Eileen, a distracting figure (he could not be blind to the truth), and one upon which all too often he found his thoughts focused. That Eileen had twice proved of incalculable service did not alter the plain fact that many times when he should have been concentrating upon the mystery he found himself concentrating upon Eileen.

From a professional point of view he was faced either with something very like ruin or, alternatively, with a triumph which must prove a stepping-stone in his far-flung ambitions.

Granted this success—now doubly to be prayed for—he might dare to think about Eileen as he longed to think about her; not as the charming sister of an old friend, nor even as a capable little helper, but as *Eileen.*

Where did the clue lie to these mysterious activities? What should be his next move? It was maddening to watch, to know some incomprehensible plot, stretching from Limehouse to Paris, Paris to Marseilles, and thence to Port Said—farther perhaps—was fermenting under his very eyes, coming to maturity, and yet—to do nothing!

At which point in his reflections he was seized from behind in a steely grasp and lifted lightly, as a nurse might lift an infant!

He was in the grip of that creature of Yu'an Hee See's called the Hangman. But of this fact he was ignorant.

Swung back over the shoulder of his unseen but incredibly powerful assailant, he recognized with a cold chill of dread that he was about to be hurled into the sea!

TO CRY for help could not avail him although the second officer was on the bridge immediately above. Automatically to his mind sprang those instructions which every police officer receives in jiujitsu (otherwise known as the Art of Gentle Thought).

His fists were useless, flung high, impotent above his head. But the cunning grip, which told him that he was dealing with an expert, held him so poised that only at one moment—for which, dangerously, Haig must wait—could he counter.

That moment came as the seemingly irresistible forward swing commenced which was to hurl him into the sea.

He checked a cry in his throat. He was icily cool. And, following the curve of that mighty throw, instead of endeavoring to check it as an ill-informed victim would have done, he swung forward, drew up his knees, and kicked backward with all his strength.

It was sheer guesswork, but one heel registered dully upon the head of the athlete who held him aloft.

That death swing was never completed. Haig dropped with a crash upon the rail, hung perilously for a moment and felt a vise-like grip upon his ankles.

He was tipped forward, forward, irresistibly—until he saw the lights of portholes beneath, the lower ones reflected in the sea. He clawed at the rail. That silent horror was behind him, hanging above him!

Clutching grimly, he kicked, kicked again, got a hold with his left hand higher up and realized that the man was craning right over, was reaching down to relax that detaining grip. Lines of phosphorescent light from the cutting edge of the ship's bow streamed out below him. But in desperation, resting his head against the lower rail, he managed at last to free his ankles, to draw his legs down.

Then, with all his remaining strength, he shot both feet upward!

There was an impact, a stifled cry.

His jacket, held in clutching fingers, swept down over his head, but he clung on—clung on dizzily.

A wrench—a bulky shape streaked past him. . . . A dull splash.

The Hangman had failed!

DISHEVELED, panting, Haig dragged himself back to the deck. Strange—but not incomprehensible, since that deathly contest had been all but silent—the officer of the watch had seen nothing. Time and place had been well selected.

He leaned dizzily against a boat, striving to adjust his disorder. Already the plan was forming which later he carried out. No one knew that the thug was overboard. No one should ever know, but the sharks, until his absence was discovered.

Then, bewilderingly, came the swish of a silken shawl, a patter of feet, a soft, terrified cry, and Eileen's sweet arms were about his neck!

"Billy—Billy dear! Oh, my God! you're covered with blood! What is it? What is it?"

"My dear!" he said. "It's nothing. I'm safe—and no one must know—"

She was staring into his face eagerly, her own raised in a sort of agony of apprehension. Haig began to tremble. His heart was thumping so hard that

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their guide explained dramatically. "Most wonderful man in Port Said"

Laughs By Sax Rohmer

its pulsation seemed to stifle him. Gone was every resolution he so recently had made—useless—hopeless.

He held her so close that she thought, "He will break me in half," and exulted. He kissed her until she was breathless, helpless. And:

"Oh, my darling," he whispered.

He had so little to offer this girl, locked, happy, in his arms—so much to tell her—so much to explain. Yet somehow all he could say over and over again was:

"Oh, my darling. . . ."

But, presently, hidden in the friendly shadows of the bridge:

"Billy dear," Eileen whispered, "there's one thing I can never forgive you for—"

"My dear! whatever can that be?"

"The long letter I was so proud of which I posted to you from Marseilles!"

A FEW moments after the Wallaroo dropped her anchor off Port Said the British consul came aboard. There was a conference in the captain's cabin.

Haig had deliberately failed to report the fact that there was a man overboard. It had gone into his Scotland Yard dossier, but he had suppressed it from those on board, with a specific purpose.

The first news was given by a steward entering the missing man's room in the morning. They were heading for the canal at the time, and the ship was searched by the purser's orders. The conclusion was come to that the morose Chinese passenger had committed suicide during the night by jumping overboard.

NOW, in the closed cabin of the commander, Dawson Haig revealed the truth to Captain Peterson and the British consul.

"I take full responsibility," he said. "You can see for yourselves the sort of gang I have to deal with. First, the Limehouse outrage, and now this murderous attack on me. I got off lightly with a cut scalp and a torn sleeve!"

There was a moment of stupefied silence, the commander scratching his grizzled head and staring amazedly at Haig; then:

"What do you wish me to do, Inspector?" the consul asked. "In my opinion the persons whom you suspect of being associated with the missing assassin should be detained."

Dawson Haig stood up, grinning savagely and shaking his head.

"Upon what evidence?" he demanded. "I assure you that except for a scrap of paper providentially discovered by Miss Kearney there's nothing to associate Dr. Oestler, for instance, with any conspiracy against me. And even that is far from conclusive. I mean, he could explain it in all sorts of ways. He doesn't appear to be acquainted with Miss Valerie Ednam nor with Mr. Chow; and certainly not with the German Hartog, on the lower deck. And what have I against these three people, which would justify detention? I assure you," he shook his head emphatically, "absolutely nothing."

"Then what are we to do?" said the consul. "Of course I could detain them here for a time—"

"No, no. Nothing official," was Haig's reply. "I should like to arrange, though, to have Messrs. Chow and Hartog, who go ashore here, covered from now onward, but I fear this cannot be arranged?"

The consul smiled very dubiously.

"It wouldn't be easy, Inspector. If they go up to Cairo, I could wire police headquarters there, and probably have their movements reported, but—"

"No," said Dawson Haig bitterly. "It's next to impossible, I know."

WITH the coming of daylight the babel of that curious port rose to full blast. Sellers of all kinds of wares—carpets, lace, jewelry, Birmingham antiques and the rest—set up their shops on deck, turning the ship into a miniature bazaar. The inevitable conjurer was there with his little brass cups. And there were divers in boats who shouted, who never stopped shouting, except when they actually dived, which was rarely.

As the Wallaroo did not cater to tourist trade and the bulk of her passengers were old travelers, business was slack.

Dawson Haig very reluctantly had agreed to allow Eileen to pursue her inquiries in her own way; but he didn't realize that she had actually left the ship until she had been gone some time. He was watching the movements of Len Chow, who, having collected his baggage, which consisted of three suitcases, was now following a porter toward the ladder. Hartog had quietly gone ashore an hour before.

(*Continued on page 38*)

The floor collapsed beneath his feet . . . and a stifling druglike smell swept up to meet, to envelop him, as he fell!

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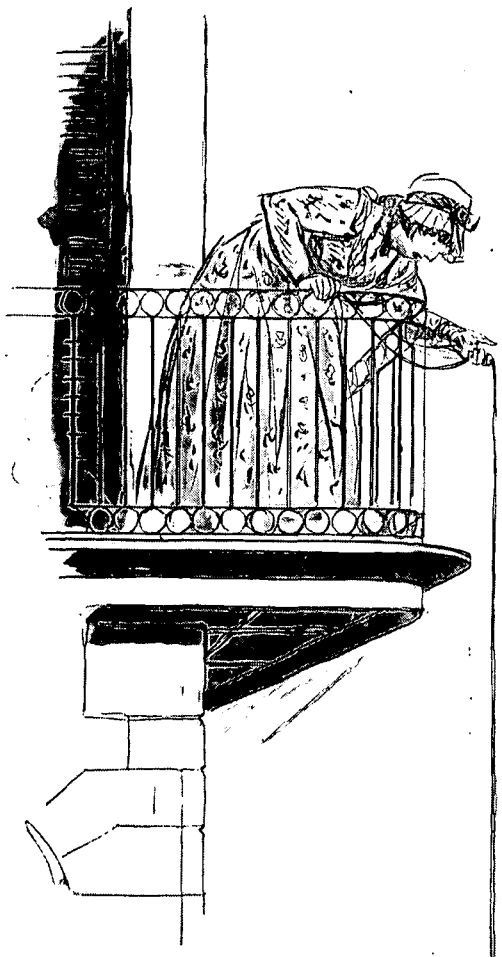
When New Orleans was Young

The romance of a Kentuckian and a Creole belle in old New Orleans, the Port of Queer Cargoes

By Harris Dickson



Madame grandly lowered a basket that dangled by its string

AT THE first faint light of a morning during the year 1804 a vague intangible river went writhing through a dim and misty land. To the eastward, like cloudy ghosts, the Walnut Hills uprose, and beside their base a spectral barge lay moored. It was new, unpainted, built of sturdy mountain oak. Upon its decks, blanketed and muffled more tightly than cocoons, the boatmen slept. Sixty years later the hills that loomed above them were to become celebrated as the "Heroic City," Vicksburg.

Silently as the mist itself, a tall splendid figure in moccasins and hunting shirt, Jody Karr came out from the owner's cabin at the rear, stretching his six feet two of manhood as he blew a fox horn.

The cocoons stirred, rolled over, sat up, flung off their blankets and stood erect —eighteen stalwart fellows, ready for whatever God or the devil might send.

"Better get started, boys." Jody spoke as boss, for he was now co-owner of the flatboat.

Two bargemen had already waded ashore to cast off their lines when an apparition showed itself through the fog and yelled, "Hold still, Jody, I wants to see you and Cap'n Hezzy."

"What is it, Duckleg?" Jody asked.

Without answering, Duckleg Bowles climbed over their gunwale and beckoned Jody inside the cabin, where his partner, Captain Hezekiah Dart, sat upon the edge of his bunk.

"Better look sharp, Hezzy," the trapper warned him. "Boomer's gang is operating nigh the mouth of Big Black. They got nine men camped back thar in the swamp. Week afore last them skunks sunk Ed Sanders' boat and kilt two of his crew. They mought try to wreck you."

"Much obliged, Duckleg. It's plum friendly for you to come and tell me. Take a drink."

A Trap for Boomer

After Duckleg jumped off, their barge swung out into the current with ten rowers pushing on their sweeps and a stout breeze shoving at their sails.

"Jody," Hezzy inquired before his partner left their cabin, "don't you think it's our Christian duty to clean out Boomer's gang?"

"Sartin. I don't aim for nobody to sink this boat. We've got twenty-two thousand dollars' cargo and nine thousand dollars' profit."

Their craft, which he and Hezzy had taken such pains to build, was the very last word in efficient river navigation: Ninety-seven feet long by twenty-foot beam, with a cargo house that occupied most of the central portion, leaving only room at the sides for men to work their sweeps. High oaken gunwales formed a fortification that defied the waves and any possible attack by Indians or pirates. For speed they carried five paddle sweeps on each side, with the addition of two square sails, which made her the swiftest craft on the Mississippi River.

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"No sirree," Hezzy nodded vigorously. "Them wreckers ain't goin' to sink our boat. Jody, here's the idee: We'll tie up at Big Black, kind o' careless. Ef Boomer comes aboard, we'll pretend to be hell-roarin' drunk. Big Tom and Silas can hide in them willers on the bank and grab any feller that tries to scrape out our calking."

"Sartin." Jody nodded his complete agreement.

Their barge moved steadily downstream under propulsion of ten great sweeps that rose and fell as one, while Jody and Captain Dart lounged upon a pile of deerskins at the prow.

Jody was sitting with a book on his lap. For several years he had carried a few secreted volumes in their cabin, which Hezzy regarded with squint-eyed suspicion, and except for the red feather in Jody's cap, which proclaimed that he had licked every bully in their crew, the boatmen might have snickered at his scholarship.

But Jody's eyes did not fall upon the printed page. Instead, he sat silent, gazing at the vast and vacant stretches of water, at the desolation of sand bars, at the caving banks and mysterious forest that must be haunted by unimaginable things.

"Jody," the other captain whispered, "that's the biggest sight on earth. 'Cose I ain't seen much, but 'tain't much left to see after a man has voyaged this river for twenty years— Hey, Bill, get your fiddle and play something lively, lively."

His thoughts had become too solemn. Hezzy shouted for their fiddler, and Bill McCoy dangled a pair of long legs from the top of the cargo box, while he scraped a tune like a marching song.

A Moving Fortress

A burly crew breathed deeply as they operated their paddles in unison with the music. All were naked to the waist and had grown "fur" upon their breasts. Their skins were scorched by the sun and toughened by the winds until they were proof against all weathers and no mosquito could pierce them. They were a remarkable breed of brawny, bullying, truth-telling fellows, half alligator, half horse, who swore mightily, drank deep and shot straight. Elsewhere upon this earth no such race has ever existed, performing incredible labor, and for recreation enjoying one long sweet holiday

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Bill McCoy dangled a pair of long legs from the top of the cargo box while he scraped a tune like a marching song

in a continuous battle against the river pirates. For when valley traffic became extensive freebooters began to prey upon it. Buccaneers built their stockades on strategic islands, from which they robbed the barges and murdered unwary travelers. Every barge was a moving fortress. Annie Christmas, the female river tramp, bossed unruly crews and fought her own fisticuffs. The notorious Mike Fink, "Last of the Boatmen," thrashed all the men and loved all the women, a red-headed Hercules, scattering sorrel colts from Monongahela to Mexico.

In a long, long day of downstream drifting the two old cronies never lacked for gossip—alligators on the sand bars; wild geese honking overhead; a slice of land that trembled and collapsed into the flood. Thousands of brilliant parrakeets were chattering amongst the trees, making a dash of color that, like the bargemen themselves, has utterly vanished from our rivers.

They had plenty to talk about, and far below them the partners were watching a keel boat that struggled to fight her way upstream against the swirling waters. Most of her crew were ashore, harnessed like canal horses to a rope, and staggering along the edge of a sand bar to drag their heavy craft.

At the upper point of the sand bar they met a current that human muscles could not conquer. They must cross the river to stiller waters on the Louisiana side. So the men took their oars, paddling and sweating, cursing the resistless forces that drove them back, losing half a mile of the precious distance that they had gained.

"Steam Might Help"

On the western side, where the banks were caving, their boat struck an eddy whose reverse current bore them northward. Beyond this whirlpool two men must hurry ahead in a pirogue, hitching their cables around convenient trees, while stout fellows on board tugged at the rope. By prodigious exertions these men were freighting a cargo of sugar and dry goods to St. Louis.

"Cap," Jody observed very thoughtfully, "I was jest wondering about an old crazy chap named John Fitch. Pa used to watch him building a boat on the Delaware River nigh Philadelphia; she had six paddles at each side, and Fitch operated them by steam. Ef they could just make it work, steam mought help a lot in voyagin' up this river."

"Shucks, boy," old Hezzy derided the notion, "them fancy jiggamarees can't lick God A'mighty's river. Besides that, me and you has laid up our pile in the flatboat trade, and I ain't hankerin' for a newfangled contraption that'll put us out o' business."

"It may be a long time, Cap, a long time, but one o' these days steam might turn the trick, it might— Yonder's Big Black River."

It was late afternoon when Jody Karr pointed to a shelving beach of sand just below the tributary's mouth and said, "All right, boys, we'll tie up in them shallers."

Ten splashing sweeps churned the water; their sails came down. Silas Johnson and Big Tom Tipton paddled ashore and lashed their headlines with a couple of hitches around an oak. Then the current swung their boat against the sands, where a stern line held it fast.

"Now, fellers," Hezzy admonished his men, "onderstand me good. Ef that bunch o' skunks comes aboard, be powerful glad to see 'em. Keep sober, but pretend like you's howlin' drunk. Jest a reasonable amount o' fights."

Boomer's spy, who reconnoitered from the woods, saw nothing to rouse alarm in the routine of Hezzy's craft. It seemed an unsuspecting barge that lay there ready to be sunk and robbed, so two skiffs came boldly into sight, rowing out from the mouth of Big Black. Hezzy's crew were dancing and drinking, and apparently paid no attention to the newcomers. The first skiff carried two rowers with a jowly-jawed, ruddy-faced man in the stern, the pompous Colonel Boomer, at whom Hezzy shouted his hospitable welcome.

The Orthodox Greeting

"Hey, you tomato-nosed varmint! Lift yo' fat carkiss aboard my barge. We's fixin' to licker up. H'ist him, fellers, h'ist him." Stout arms reached down and hoisted Boomer over their gunwale, while the second skiff brought two villainous-looking cutthroats.

At this triumphant apex of his career no barge-wrecker on the Mississippi could hold a candle to Colonel Simon Boomer. In dress he affected the sanctimonious style, high hat and dangling coat tails of an itinerant parson. But his nose was a dead give-away, for Boomer did not tint that democratic nose with water.

"Hey, old cock," he used the orthodox formula and greeted Hezzy. "It's been a long dry spell since me and you is slept in the same bed."

"Dry as hell," Hezzy responded, according to Hoyle.

"Is you got the same ole scaly hide?"

"Yep."

"The same ole smell?"

"Wuss."

"Jest as lousy and full o' fleas?"

"Sartin."

Entertaining the Pirates

"Then put her thar, pard!" A grip of fellowship nigh cracked Hezzy's fingers, and Boomer's gang began to fraternize amongst the crew.

"Bill," said the jovial Cap'n Hezzy, "Bill, tease yo' fiddle. Scrape them cat entrails. Cooter, trot out yo' jugs."

Bill McCoy perched on top of the owner's cabin, where his music put the itching devil in their feet, and everybody sang as they clattered their cups. Colonel Boomer disposed himself luxuriously on a pile of deerskins, with both eyes appraising the portable articles in Hezzy's cargo. Three thousand dollars' worth of hides which the water wouldn't hurt when he sank this barge. Easy money.

"Hold yo' gourd, Cunnel." Cooter gave Boomer a tin cup, then bent over him with a jug and grinned. "Lemme brim her full. We got plenty, plenty. My pap claims that one barrel per week is mighty short rations for a family what ain't got no cow."

From man to man Cooter passed, carrying a jug in the hollow of either arm, chuckling as he poured whisky from one and water from the other.

The roughness of their flatboat's deck was covered with soft deerhide, on which crew and guests reclined like Roman revelers, applauding the antics of their champion dancers.

Bill McCoy dangled his legs from the top of the owner's cabin, scraping his fiddle, while Cooter let no guilty cup run dry. Ambidextrously he sloshed the gurgling fluids, and Boomer never suspected that Hezzy's crew got nothing but water.

"Captain Hezzy, sir," he bantered,

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Fast Training

The eccentric Mr. Raymond did most of his warming up at a bar but he could pitch better than his sober opponents. He was one of the greatest of baseball freaks of the day when erratic stars broke training rules and playing records

By Grantland Rice

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Top to bottom—Bugs Raymond, Christy Mathewson, Rube Waddell, Walter Johnson, Grover Alexander and Flint Rhem

WHEN Charlie Dryden died a few weeks ago one could almost see a ghostly troop from the past file by in reverent tribute to the sports writer who had helped make them famous. These were the "eccentrics" of baseball and they had in Dryden a capable historian.

I recall my first meeting with one of the greatest eccentrics of the lot, and one of the greatest pitchers of all time. He was Bugs Raymond, who later came to the New York Giants with what John McGraw called "the finest pitching motion I have ever seen."

Turn back the calendar to a spring day in 1904. The Atlanta team had just signed a big, young pitcher named Raymond, who came from the Cotton States League. He had previously made the headlines by eating an entire turkey, drinking two quarts of whisky and winning a doubleheader, all in the same day.

On this spring day in Atlanta the world's champion Boston Americans, managed by Jimmy Collins, were in town for a game. I was loafing around the hotel lobby before starting for the park when a big broad-shouldered young fellow came up and asked if I didn't want to buy him a drink. I knew it was Bugs Raymond and I knew he was to pitch that afternoon against Boston, but Bugs got his drink. He downed two more drinks before we started to walk out to the park, which was about a mile away.

On the way he spent most of his time throwing rocks at telephone poles, birds, trees and any target he saw. And he could throw a rock.

"I thought you were going to pitch today's game," I said.

"I am," Bugs answered. "But what of it? I'm just warming up the old soup bone." Considering what had just taken place, I figured that he might last two innings, or maybe three, against a world's championship outfit that had just beaten a great Pittsburgh team the previous fall.

The game started and as each Boston batter stepped up the big busher would walk in halfway to the plate and say: "So you are Jimmy Collins," "So you are Freddie Parent," etc. Their replies were scorching, but Bugs only grinned—and struck them out.

He beat them, two to one, as I recall the score, struck out ten men and allowed just two or three scratch hits. They couldn't have hit him with a handful of shot at two paces.

The two greatest pitching motions in baseball belonged to Raymond and Walter Johnson. They had a smoothness of motion, an almost effortless manner of putting a fast one across, minus any jerk or wrench. If Raymond had trained and worked as Johnson trained, he might have been a star for twenty or more years, because in addition to a natural genius for pitching and flawless form, he also had the build that would have carried him along with Cy Young.

Raymond started pitching for Atlanta the same year a young fellow named Quinn began working for Connellsville in the Pennsylvania State League. But while Raymond finished his career about eighteen years ago, Quinn is still on a big-league pay roll.

McGraw has always appreciated baseball greatness. Here was a pitcher with more natural talent than Mathewson but who was beyond ordinary handling. It was McGraw's belief that Raymond, taking baseball and training seriously, could have won from thirty-five to forty games a year for many years. So he first assigned a detective to keep track of Raymond's movements.

Bugs managed to make his escape about once a week, and it would be three or four days before he could be located.

There is one queer angle about pitchers like Rube Waddell, Bugs Raymond or Shufflin' Phil Douglas. Off the field no one would ever pronounce any one of them another Aristotle or another Bacon. But once in the box, facing a batter, they were among the smartest pitchers in the game.

A Passing Type

There are still one or two of the old eccentric types left in baseball, but the rush of college players has greatly changed the old order. Many teams today have from twelve to fifteen collegians on the roster. The unique type has not entirely disappeared, however. Several years ago a young collegian from South Carolina came up to face the Giants. His curve ball stopped them abruptly in one of his first games. And Flint Rhem has matched the late Raymond at least twice.

On the first occasion he finally admitted that he had absorbed too much alcohol but he explained that he was merely trying to protect Grover Cleveland Alexander and the only way he could furnish the needed protection was to drink Alexander's cocktails. Rhem insisted it was only under the pressure of friendship that he took so many.

Last fall when the Cardinals were scrapping for the flag, which they finally won, the same Rhem disappeared. He reported later that he had been surrounded, held up and finally at the point of a gun had been forced to take one drink after another. Bugs never used any such alibis. He never broke training because he never was in training, knowing that he could beat most ball clubs as long as he could stand on either leg and get a wind-up started.

Raymond died when he should have been just at the peak of his career, with at least ten or twelve years left for winning games. So, with all the amazing things he accomplished when barely able to stand up, the moral remains fairly evident, if any moral is needed.

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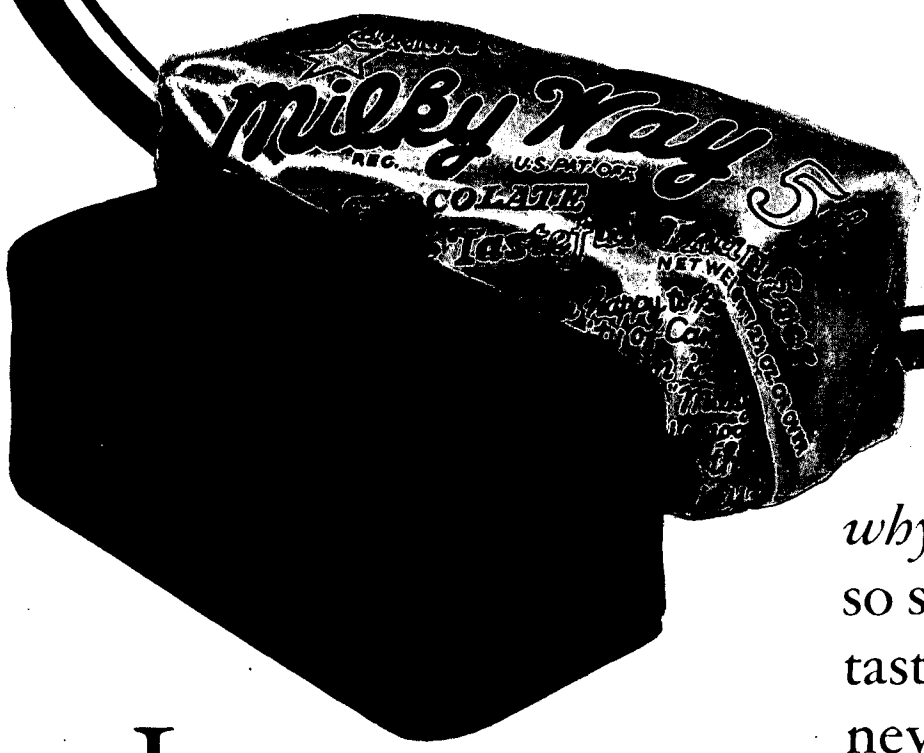

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Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

The Cat's Eyes

Who killed the landlady? Detective O'Malley looks for the answer —and evolves a startling theory

By William Mac Harg

"They all say they didn't see anything at all." The people in the room all were listening intently

"IN THIS case we got now," O'Malley said, "a landlady got murdered and we won't never find out who did it because it happened among a kind of people that don't tell anything. It's got interest because her family was once prominent, but I don't know much about the case yet because it just happened. This is the house."

It was a brownstone house on the West Side which once had been magnificent, but now the neighborhood was inhabited by foreigners. We got out of the car and went in. There was a uniformed officer on the stoop and another one inside.

"Upstairs," this second one said to us.

We went on upstairs. The rooms whose doors stood open were the ordinary poorly-furnished rooms of a tenement and there was nobody in them; but when we got to the top floor rear we found it different. This was a large room with a huge four-poster bed with a reading-light beside it. The furniture was elaborate and ornate with the luxury of thirty years ago. A plump, well-cared-for cat lay on the seat of a big chair, watching us lazily, and there was a saucer of cream on an oilcloth in a corner. There was a cop here, too.

"What they got on this case?" O'Malley asked the officer.

"Not a thing except that they think one of the tenants done it for her dough. This dame lived in this house ever since she was a kid. Well, her family lost their money, so she rented rooms. Well, the neighborhood changed but that didn't make no difference to her because her and her cat lived in this room and never went out. This morning one of the tenants came to pay her rent and the door was locked and she couldn't get no answer. After a while she got the cop on the post and they got in here and the old lady was on the bed, strangled, and the dough she was known to have here was gone. They searched all the other rooms and didn't find nothing and now they got everybody that lives in the house downstairs questioning 'em."

"Who lives here?" O'Malley asked.

The officer enumerated as many as he knew. A delicatessen dealer and his wife lived on the same floor; the two floors below were let out to half a dozen families; a tailor occupied the front part of the basement and a taxi-driver and his wife lived in the rear. O'Malley examined carefully everything in the room; the place had been powdered for fingerprints but they hadn't found any. O'Malley turned the light beside the bed on and off and examined the lock of the door.

"THEY seen this, didn't they?" he inquired. He pointed to a tiny speck of oil on the hall floor outside the door.

"I don't know whether they seen it."

O'Malley went and patted the cat, which purred responsively.

"She's a nice cat," he said.

"What do you make of all this?" I asked him.

"I think it's like he said. Somebody come in here with a key; the lock's been oiled. Probably they didn't intend to kill the old lady but just wanted the dough. She heard 'em and turned on her light to see who it was, and so they killed her."

"Because they knew she'd recognized them?" I suggested.

"You'd ought to be a cop!"

We went downstairs.

"The trouble with a case like this," O'Malley said, as we were descending, "is that these people that live here are neither smart nor dumb. A dumb guy that's done a murder runs away, and so you know it's him; and a smart guy does something to cover up and so you catch him too; but a guy that's neither smart nor dumb acts the same after a murder as he did before. There's about thirty people in this house and you can't arrest all of 'em; so you got to get a lead to tell you who to watch. Where's your lead in this case? We ain't got one."

The basement floor of the house was filled with cops in plain clothes and uniform. All the inhabitants of the place had been herded into a big room connected with the tailor shop, and every once in a while an officer brought one of them out and into a room across the hall, where they were being questioned separately.

"They getting anything?" O'Malley asked one of the officers.

"They're getting nothing," the officer replied, "because these people don't know anything. There wasn't any of them heard anything in the night and they don't even know if it was done by somebody here or somebody from outside."

"Anybody see a light in her room last night?"

"They saw nothing."

"Her light might have been turned on though for a couple of seconds and then turned off without anybody noticing."

WE WENT on into the room where the tenants had been assembled. There were more than twenty of them in the place, counting the children, and a cop was in charge of them.

"You got everybody here?" O'Malley asked.

"Pretty near everybody. Only two or three were out."

"It's funny none of them saw the guy," O'Malley stated.

"They all say they didn't see anything at all."

The people in the room all were listening intently to what was said. They did not look particularly intelligent to me.

"Her cat saw him," O'Malley said.

The officer appeared surprised. I was surprised, too.

"Sure," the cop said, "the cat saw him. What good does that do us?"

(*Continued on page 45*)

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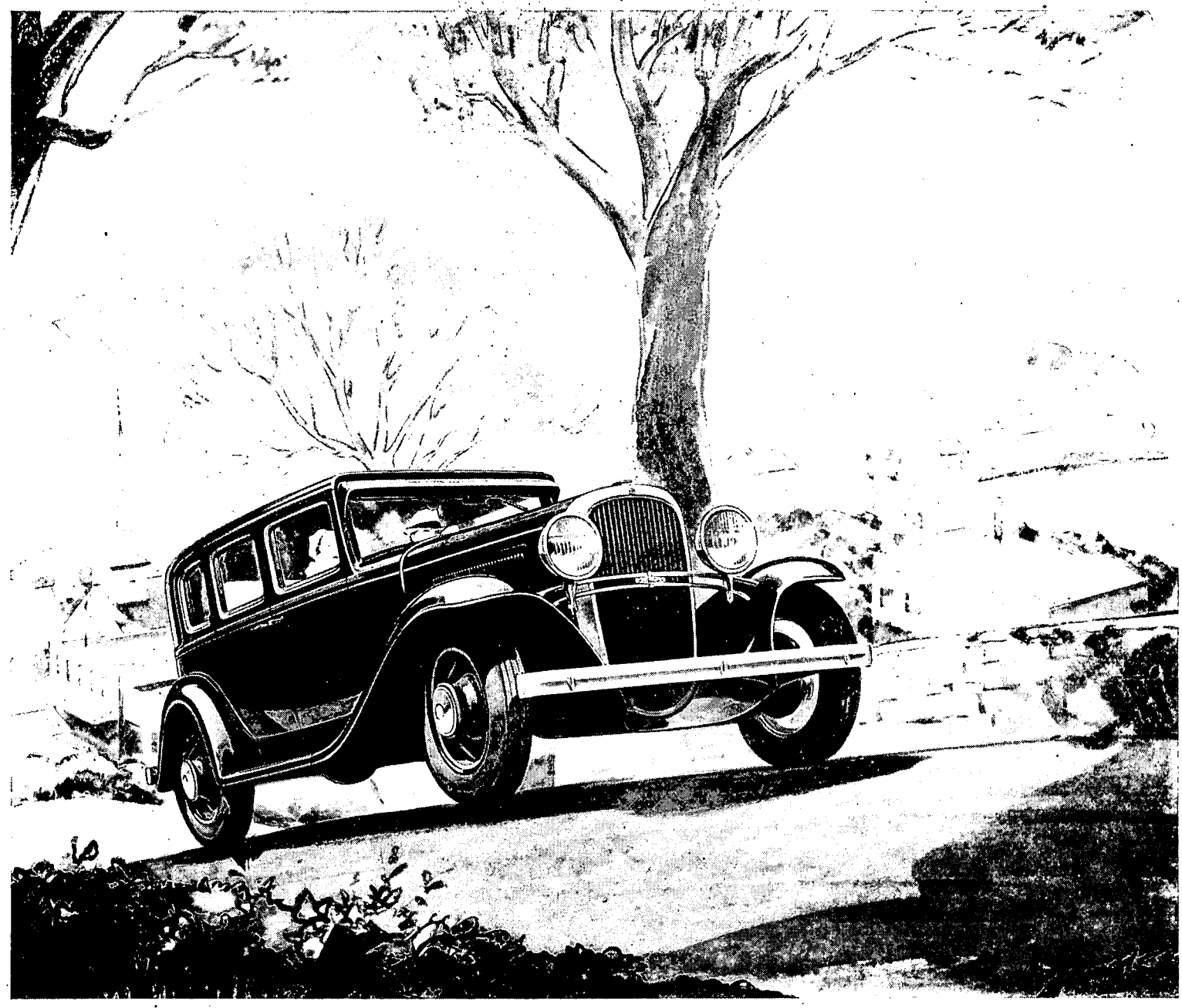

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MURIEL

When New Orleans was Young

Continued from page 25

"you's gittin' drunk, sir, disgraceful drunk. No true Kaintuck should ever git drunk. Ef me and you took a long voyage together, I'd make you look like a teetotaler, sir, a damn' teetotaler."

Twilight shadows deepened along the river and darkness blotted out the shore. A narrow stretch of sand gleamed white between their barge and the swamps of Big Black when Silas Johnson dropped noiselessly off the prow, and Big Tom Tipton slipped into the water at the flatboat's stern. Both men waded and swam away from their craft to creep ashore and hide amongst the willows.

Above and below the barge's mooring place these fellows lay still; only their glittering eyes showed that they saw two silent shapes that stole out from the forest and went crouching across the sand bar to the flatboat. Even more silent, even more cautious, Tom and Silas followed them with tomahawks in hand.

Feeding the Mosquitoes

As Colonel Boomer watched Dave and Frenchy doing a hilarious double shuffle on deck he felt no premonition of a hitch in his program—until two screams of terror came from the river and the struggle of splashing bodies. Instantly the colonel attempted to leap up, but Captain Hezzy shoved him down again.

"Set still," Hezzy drawled.

The dancers stopped. The music hushed, and like magic Bill McCoy on top of the cargo house displayed a rifle instead of a fiddle. Boomer's four drunken accomplices were each being guarded by two sober boatmen. In utter silence Big Tom and Silas brought their prisoners aboard, a pair of draggled and hangdog miscreants that had been caught dead to rights.

"Cap," Big Tom reported, "we cotch 'em tryin' to scrape out our calkin'."

Before the seven astounded outlaws knew what had occurred they found themselves ranged in a row against the barge's cargo box.

"Boomer," Hezzy announced, "you was lickin' yo' chops to rob us. But thar's a heap of whisky spilt a-twixt the counter and the mouth. Boys, roll out the logs."

Justice moves swiftly on the frontier. Without technicalities or delay four chunks of driftwood were dragged to the river's edge, where a Boomer henchman was lashed to each. Nobody spoke a word. Nobody jeered. The wreckers themselves did not protest, knowing full well that they deserved much worse. One by one four of them, well tied to logs, were towed out to midstream and delivered to the current.

The jaws of Colonel Boomer sagged flabbier, and the ruddiness faded from his nose as he observed this summary disposal of four of his gang. Two scared eyes watched old Hezzy, who stolidly smoked his pipe, then said to the wilted Boomer:

"Yo' time now. After we 'tends to yo' case the mouth of Big Black will be jest about the peacefulest patch of territory on the whole Mississippi River. Strip 'em, boys, strip all three of 'em."

The stripping was thoroughly done, except for their breeches. Boomer's long-tailed coat went flapping overboard like a startled crow. With bare backs and naked arms extended they were tied up against the cargo house, as green hides are nailed on a barn door.

"Now, boys," Hezzy ordered, "take your strops and give 'em a larruping. Don't kill none of 'em. Not quite. But come so derned nigh it that they can't tell no difference. Then we'll dump 'em in that swamp with our kind regards to the mosquitoes."

During the seventeen years that Jody Karr was plying this river great changes had occurred, epochal events that fixed the destiny of our nation. After the Revolution it was not Kentucky alone, but a new-born republic that required free navigation of the Mississippi.

Mountaineers demanded protection from the Federal Congress, but found that in return for commercial advantages to the Atlantic seaboard John Jay was dickering to barter away their rights and agree that Spain might close the Mississippi for twenty-five years.

Bottle up their river? Not by a jugful. War clouds blackened every knob in the Cumberlands, and a wrathful commonwealth promulgated its Manifesto of 1798:

The Mississippi is ours by the law of nature—we wish to descend it without interruption to its mouth—if our most entire liberty in this matter is disputed, nothing will prevent our taking possession of New Orleans, and when we are once masters of it we will know how to maintain ourselves there. If Congress refuses us effectual protection, we will adopt such measures as our safety requires, even if they endanger the peace of the nation and our connection with the other states. No protection, no allegiance.

Kentucky wasn't bluffing. Her buckskin riflemen mustered in their mountains for independent war against the Spanish empire. But cooler counsels held them back until President Jefferson not only freed their river but actually acquired the vast domain of Louisiana.

The castigation of Boomer filled Hezzy's soul with peace. For three days he dawdled around, smoking his short-stemmed pipe in a mood that harmonized with the serenity of the river. But Jody Karr, as they drew nearer and nearer to New Orleans, paced the deck, impatiently calculating the distance between its long-familiar landmarks.

"What ails you, Jody?" Old Hezzy knocked the ashes out of his pipe and chuckled. "For the last three voyages when we reaches this place you gits a case o' fidgets."

"Fidgets?" Jody flushed.

"Sartin, boy, I been obsarvin' you scuttle around this boat same as a narvous cockroach. Nothin' 'counts for sech behavior except the gal fidgets."

"Why not?" his partner challenged. "I'm thirty-six years old and can't be a stray dog all my life."

Fifteen Stars, Fifteen Stripes

Wind and sky and water had smiled upon this voyage. Their crew sang as they shoved harder on their sweeps, for before them lay the Orleans levee.

"Orleans again," Hezzy pointed his pipe at the rollicking crowds. "Every year she grows up different; new houses, new folks, more flatboats and more ships."

"She's got ten thousand inhabitants now." The younger man spoke proudly.

"Too many folks, Jody, too many humans to be cooped up in one town. Fine people them Creoles, and I hate to see 'em git crosswise with Kentuckys. They can't onderstand that our boys don't mean no harm by fightin' 'em, jest fights for love of a scrimmage."

What Hezzy said was more than true. An incessant street warfare raged between Creole and Kentuckian, the mountaineers fighting without malice, but the Creoles with bitter resentment.

"Cap," Jody remarked very seriously, "I'm not turning against my own blood, but you jest try to put yo'self in a Creole's shoes. They feel that they were sold to us like cattle. Now suppose that some blasted emperor tried to sell Kentucky."

"Sell Kentucky? I'd put up one hell of a battle. Jody, mebbe you'll be the first Kaintuck that p'ints the way to peace. Some day our boys are goin' to marry their gals—gosh, them gals is scrumptious—and after so long a time all these folks will be good Americans."

The long embankment was lined with barges, two abreast, three abreast, and hundreds of deerskin leggings went striding through the streets. Ships from every port were anchored in the river, with flags of all nations fluttering at their mastheads.

Their barge tied up at the congested city front, and Jody had to cross another deck to reach the levee. He did not change his backwoods garb, because a pair of Creole eyes would be watching from a lattice, and a romantic girl would be delighted to see him as her semisavage lover.

With hot-foot ardor Jody climbed the levee's outer slope, dipped down again and crossed the flatness of the Place d'Armes, where our Stars and Stripes were curling and uncurling above his head. Fifteen stars and fifteen stripes of fifteen sovereign states.

The House on the Corner

With the exception of this place Jody Karr had never seen a town where fifty people lived, where a church bell rang and people built their houses of brick. Books had conveyed to him a hazy notion of Paris, London and even of Eternal Rome. But it never occurred to Jody that the human mixture at New Orleans was unique upon this earth. He accepted it as a commonplace fact that a Spanish grandee, the Marqués de Casa Calva, should betray his aristocratic annoyance when a drunken Choctaw staggered against him. It did not seem unusual for a wide-hatted and long-spurred Mexican to be strolling with a sweet-faced Acadian girl.

This was a daily routine, and Jody thought nothing of its singularity, even when under the Cabildo arcade his deerskin moccasins and coontail cap confronted the flaring lapels, the sash and cockade of a banished officer of the First Republic.

The mountaineer might not have noticed him, if it had not been that a Creole gentleman who stood chatting with this officer reached out his hand and exclaimed: "Ah! Monsieur Karr. One moment if you please. I have anxiously waited your return."

It was the banker Maxent, a fastidious little man with whom Jody's savings were deposited.

"Yes, Monsieur Maxent. My boat has just arrived, and I am glad to see you in such excellent health."

"So. So. I must talk with you, Monsieur Karr. May I do myself the honor of calling tomorrow?"

"It is not necessary," Jody answered. "I shall come to your bank in the morning anyhow, and we can talk things over."

"Good. At ten of the clock? Excellent. I await you."

Jody knew what he wanted. More than a year ago Maxent had proposed that they form a partnership, and in-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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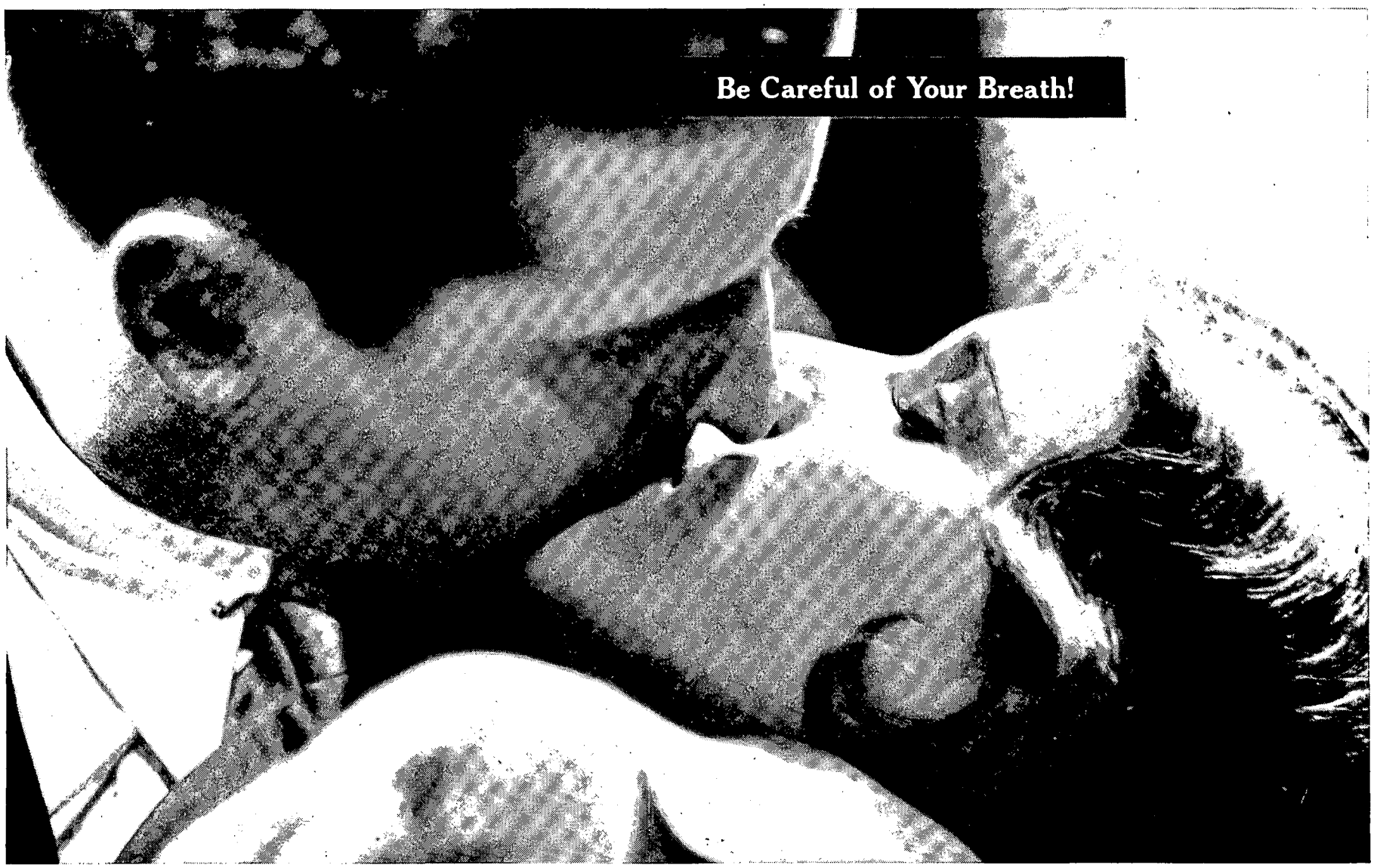

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Throw Away Your Brush
MOLLÉ
For Quick Easy Shaving

When New Orleans was Young

Continued from page 30

sisted upon it because Monsieur Karr possessed the confidence of valley people, where the New Orleans trade must come from. American business men were rapidly establishing themselves in Louisiana and Maxent needed such influence, but at this moment Jody had no thought to waste on mere financial matters.

Having got free of Maxent, he turned into a narrow street and hurried along, his eyes fastened upon a house at the second corner.

In this section of New Orleans the conflagration of 1788 had wiped out every vestige of those crude French shacks which Jody remembered from his first voyage. Upon their ruins a stately Spanish city had arisen, a city of stuccoed walls and grated archways, and small blue doors of solid wood that opened into gardens or hinted at dim passages with cool deep patios beyond.

Madame Orders Wine

The hot-foot lover wasn't thinking about architecture. Patios and grille-work balconies left him cold as with silent moccasins he strode along the banquette, a coontail cap dangling behind his head. At last, his upturned eyes gazed upon a certain window whose damask draperies hung unstirred. No slim fingers held them back, no lovely face peered out. Selika could not have heard of his arrival. He must inform her instantly by setting their signal bowl upon his window sill. She would see that bowl and know; so Jody lingered on the banquette with backward glance as he turned a knob which opened the solid wooden door into a garden that lay directly across from the mansion of her father, the Vicomte de Valorsay.

In this, our mellow Creole quarter of New Orleans, where romance lingers in every dim-lit byway, mountain Jody had purchased the house of Widow Dumont, primarily because it possessed a strategic window on the second floor.

"Hallo, Madame Dumont. Hallo, hallo," he shouted gayly, and not with such execrable French pronunciation as Kentuckians were supposed to use.

Immediately, a square-faced matron of haystack shape appeared and laid both hands on Jody's shoulders as he kissed her cheeks.

"It is good," she said, "to have my great Kaintuck boy at home again—and, Monsieur, since you are gone away they have much worried Selika to marry that shrimp of a ship-chandler who saves such piles of money."

"I'll break his infernal neck," Jody laughed, taking the steps three at a time, to snatch aside his curtain and set a bowl on the window sill, where Selika must see it.

Since the glamorous days of de Vaudreuil—the grand marquis, boast and glory of every Creole—the de Valorsay family had dispensed their hospitality in New Orleans. When the village became a city, they erected this mansion at the corner. Two balconies overhung the banquette, one above the other, their rails of Spanish grille-work showing a coronet and monogram "de V." A noble race the de Valorsays had been, and still were great in their pride if not their purse, for squandering had so impoverished them that the present vicomte shamed his ancestors by drudging as a clerk in the bank of Monsieur Maxent.

Jody Karr stood staring from his window, yet no matter how intensely he searched the opposite house, his eyes boring through every crack and crevice of it, he could not see the girl, but must leap back and hide behind his own curtain when Madame la Vicomtesse appeared upon her balcony. With the air of a stoic martyr Madame emerged through a sun-blistered door of that drab house to lean over its rusted iron railing, and call:

"Hyp'leet! Hyp'leet!"

Immediately Hypolite, a fat wine seller, came out from his shop at the corner to waddle diagonally across the narrow street and stand with upturned face beneath Madame's balcony, waiting for her orders. Always they carried on the same unvaried colloquy, a discussion of vintages that Hyp'leet might suggest for the dinner of Monsieur le Vicomte.

After considering his catalog Madame uniformly made the same selection—one small bottle of cheapest Bordeaux. Always Hyp'leet waddled back to fetch it, which he might have done at first, except that he must thereby dull the piquant edge of Creole chaffering. Then Madame grandly lowered a basket that dangled by its string and contained the exact amount of cash, for Hyp'leet had learned that he must be paid before depositing his bottle.

Their gesticulating and shoulder-shrugging transaction was not yet completed when Jody switched his eyes to where a curtain behind Madame was drawn aside and he beheld the joy of Selika. Even from a distance he saw that the girl's dark eyes dilated at sight of her lover's bowl, then sparkled like dancing stars as they rested upon Jody's erect figure in its deerskin hunting shirt.

It matters nothing what cryptograms they used, what sympathetic cipher made clear their signaling, but Jody comprehended that she could not meet him until nine-thirty at the grating, the place of sacred trysts. Then the crevice in the damask curtain went shut again, and the world went blank. A mantel clock that the careful Madame Dumont kept always running now showed three minutes after six. He would have several hours on his hands and must stroll out of doors to kill an interminable void of emptiness. So Jody flung off his backwoods garb.

To a Forest Wigwam

It means nothing more than a mere formality when a business man changes into golf or dinner togs; but when this young mountaineer stripped off his deerskin shirt he also laid aside his deerskin modes of thought. For Jody's ideas had been expanding with the growth of the Republic. Somewhere through his remote ancestry there must have coursed a strain of gentle blood, which developed in this congenial soil. At first unconsciously, then by deliberate design, he began to observe the manners of cultured gentlemen around him. Jody sought out French teachers to learn their language, and even minced across the floors of dancing salons.

The mountaineer was not miraculously transformed into a man of fashion, yet when Jody dressed and sauntered out upon the street no one would have imagined that he had only that moment exchanged his moccasins for a pair of shiny boots.

Those who love the Vieux Carré find it impossible to conceive of the quarter as being young, *parvenu* and painty. It has always been calm with age.

Jody Karr felt the nameless charm of "old" New Orleans. He did not hurry. People never hurried along these banquettes, which slow their feet to leisurely meandering.

Eight o'clock struck with melodious vibrations from Don Almonaster's cathedral. At nine, when every slave must be off the streets, a cannon boomed and black shapes went flitting through the darkness. Time dragged, the slow minutes limped and crawled, until half past nine found Jody standing within the shadow of de Valorsay's grated archway, his heart beating against its iron bars. With eyes that sickened at the dread of disappointment he watched a small door far down a murky corridor, a tight-shut, grim, unyielding door. The place was like a vaulted catacomb, its air more chill than a tomb.

Presently the door opened without a sound, and a cloaked phantom glided toward him. "Selika," he whispered, stretching out his arms between the bars.

"My brave, brave one!" She cuddled close. "You are come home to me. It has been so long, so lonely."

Such sweet soft nights are made for lovers, but not the harshness of iron bars that hold them cruelly apart. Their murmured nothings were very, very dear, and the pressure of her lips shot through him like a fiery madness.

"Ah, my woodland knight, soon you must break my prison and take me to your wigwam in the forest. It is called a wigwam? Truly?"

Well, More Flowers, Anyway

The thought made Jody laugh, being partly Scotch and wholly practical. "No, sweetheart," he answered, "I'm done with the woods, and done with the river too. Listen. Great news! Even Hezzy doesn't know it—tomorrow I go into partnership with Monsieur Maxent."

"What? You make partners with Maxent?" Selika staggered backward as if not comprehending such a horror. "Tell me once more, beloved; tell me what you say."

"Just this: Tomorrow we sign our contract. The firm will be Maxent and Karr, bankers."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Instead of being pleased, the girl's very lips turned white. "Then you become the employer of my father?"

"Certainly. All in the family. Makes things easier."

"But I do not wish it easy. I wanted all to be difficult and romantic."

"We shall have no trouble with your father."

"My father gives consent? Ugh! Ugh! So you do *not* batter down this house; you do *not* wrench apart these iron bars? You do *not* carry me to the forest and hold me in your arms, safe, oh, so very safe, when the bears growl?"

"Of course, Selika," Jody laughed and tried to pacify her, "whenever you want to go hunting, we can do that. But it's much more convenient for me to live in town, near the bank."

"Ugh! Ugh! And have a stupid wedding in the church?"

"Any kind of wedding suits me."

"But," she brightened up, "you send many, many flowers, twice as many as Celeste Bouligny had, to my bridesmaids?"

"Barrels of flowers, Selika, barrels of them. A barge load."

"Oh, very well," she resigned herself like a true Creole woman. "If it must be so. Then I bear you six great sons, big and strong and brave like you, American sons."

Another article about the Port of Queer Cargoes will appear in an early issue

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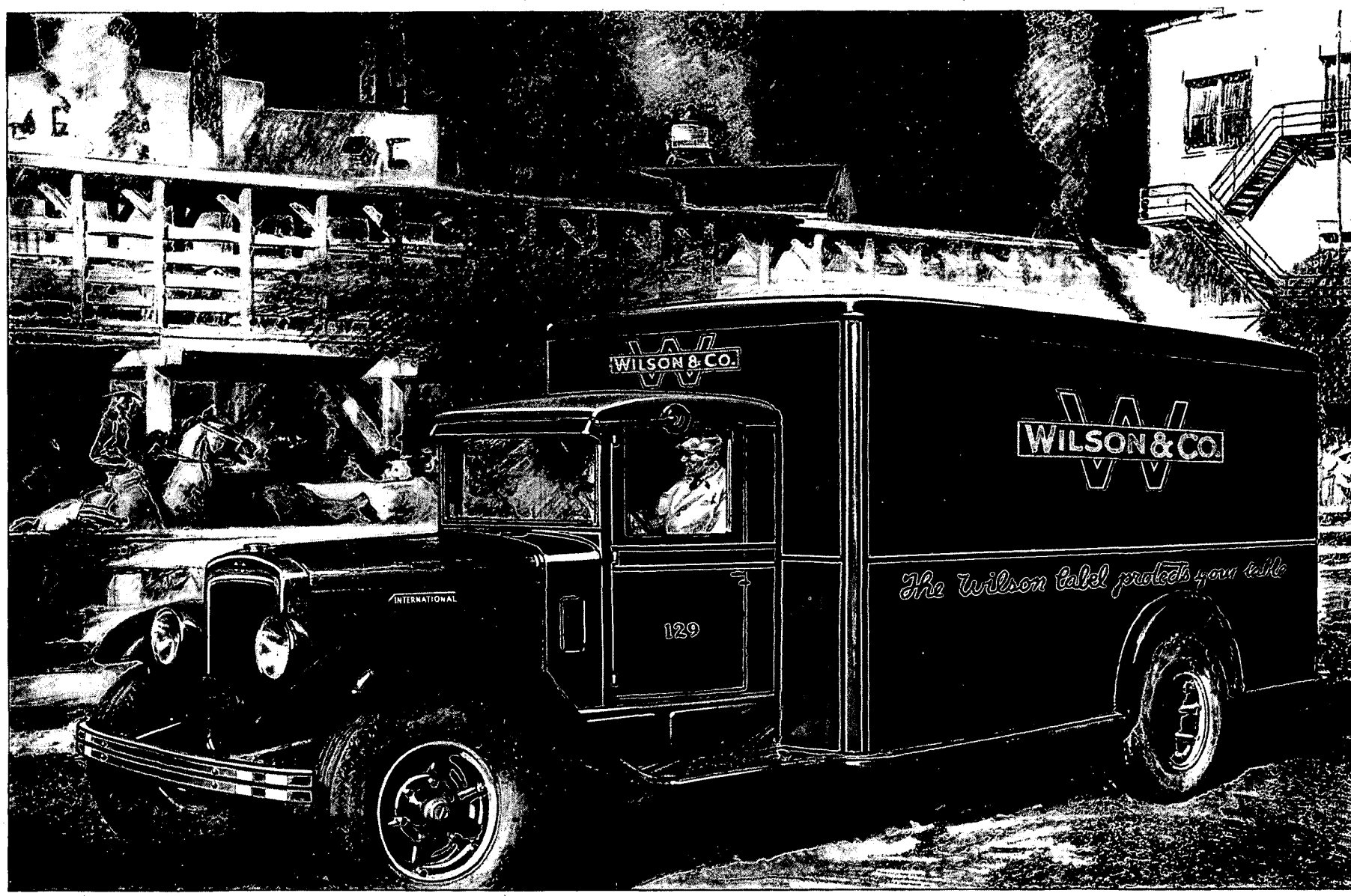

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31 x 4	**6.98**	6.98	**13.58**
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4.75-19 . .	**9.70**	9.75	**18.90**
4.75-20 . .	**10.25**	10.25	**19.90**
5.00-20 . .	**11.25**	11.30	**21.90**
5.25-21 . .	**12.95**	13.05	**25.30**
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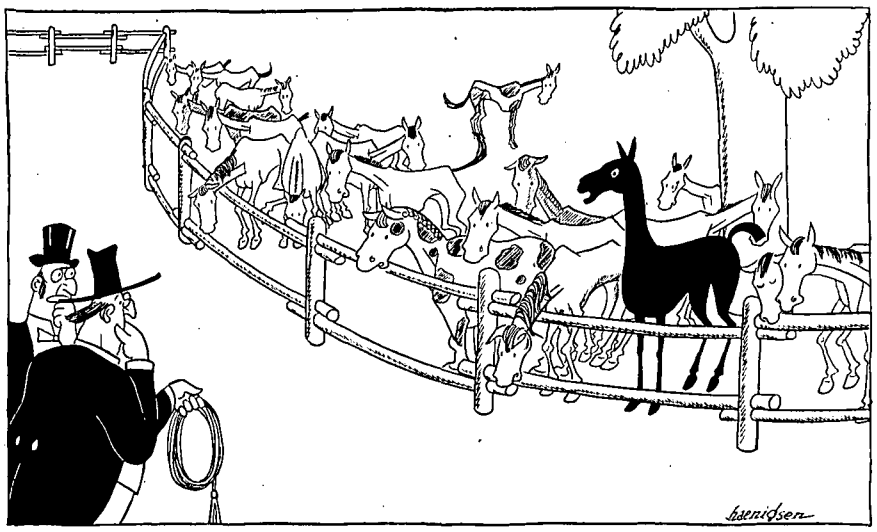

Dark Horse Sense

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

AMONG the Old Guard of the power industry Owen D. Young is almost as much of a radical as Senator Norris himself. It is one of the ironies of politics that the graybeards of power should be shocked at Mr. Young's opinions and at the same time the Progressives should regard Mr. Young as the wickedness of the power trust incarnate.

I suppose there are two great tests of liberalism. What do you think about government ownership and operation of power projects like Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam? And should the rate base for regulation of public utility companies be reproduction cost new, the conservative theory; or prudent investment, the liberal view?

The United States Supreme Court has been inclining toward reproduction cost new, favored by all the railroads, and the liberals in Congress and elsewhere have been tearing their hair about it. The reason for the conservative preference for reproduction cost new is plain enough. In a period of rising costs anything built at the cheap costs of the past has a constantly rising valuation because it would cost more to reproduce it than it cost originally.

Mr. Young, testifying before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee in December, 1929, shocked all his conservative associates by saying:

. "I think, Senator, there are two ways of dealing with rate bases. One is to take the actual investment that went in and give that a fair return. The other is to take reproduction cost of property, which during the last few years, because of the diminishing purchasing power of the dollar, has been going up and therefore has been rather unfair. Over an average number of years it is very likely to go down again, but I do not know. So far as I am personally concerned, I prefer very much to see a rate base fixed on the actual investment and not on reproductive value."

Public Servants

Now consider the question of the governmental development and operation of great power properties like Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam or the St. Lawrence. Governor Smith had the idea of developing the St. Lawrence. A Republican legislature stood in his way. Mr. Young wrote to Governor Smith in February, 1926, "I see no objection, but, on the contrary, I can see some advantages in the development of the great water power on the St. Lawrence and in the gorge of Niagara by a public corporation rather than by a private corporation, and to the ownership of all lands, water rights, flowage, dams, power houses and structures by such a public corporation."

Later, in a speech before the National Electric Light Association at Atlantic City, May, 1926, he made his declaration more general, as follows: "Much has been made of the question as to whether these dams should be built and owned by the government. If the dams really serve the great purposes of navigation and flood control, which are clearly governmental activities, then it seems to me there can be no objection to public ownership of them."

Racing Form

On the question of distributing power produced by government plants, Mr. Young does not agree with Senator Norris. In his letter to Governor Smith he also said, "The public corporation, in order to float its securities and to obtain distribution of such power, should make a contract with the private transmission and distribution companies of the state to undertake that distribution on terms that will yield them a fair return on the private capital employed in the business of that transmission and distribution."

In other words, Mr. Young is for private transmission of publicly produced power. But he appears to condition this policy upon ability of the state to get a fair contract with the power companies.

These two statements of Mr. Young were received with dismay in high power circles. Made by anyone but the head of a great corporation they would place their author at the top of the list of liberal candidates for President.

As a matter of fact the whole strategy of those who wish to nominate Mr. Young for President has to be changed. Mr. Young is the least obscure dark horse that ever was whispered about at the trackside of a Presidential race. It is universally recognized that he is one of the three leading candidates for the Democratic nomination in 1932.

The situation is not unfavorable to him. Whatever danger there seemed to be of a rush to Roosevelt because of his great victory in the New York governorship race has passed. And while Governor Ritchie of Maryland is gaining support, a decision on the 1932 candidate will be slowly reached.

But the country knows of Mr. Young hardly more than his name. It is astonishing what a whiff of personality Washington got out of his recent visit and testimony on the soldiers' bonus. And yet Washington is a place where Mr. Young might be supposed to be known best.

Barnegat Light—Barnegat, N. J., Established more than ninety years ago. Famous in maritime history

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IN your first pipeful of OLD BRIAR you will find an introduction to a new sense of contentment. This rare blend of choice tobaccos will awaken the most jaded smoke taste to a keen enjoyment of ingratiating mildness and rich flavor—flavor with an underlying tang that continually satisfies without ever satiating the appetite.

Ask your dealer about OLD BRIAR Tobacco.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
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Easter lilies, roses, tulips, potted plants, sweet peas, spring flowers, carnations... these are among the interesting flowers available for your Easter selection.

Say it with Flowers
FELLOW Society of American Florists

Look for this familiar emblem when you order your Easter Flowers —it is the sign of a good Florist.

BONDED MEMBER FTD

Telegraph flowers! Patronize the florist who displays this symbol of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

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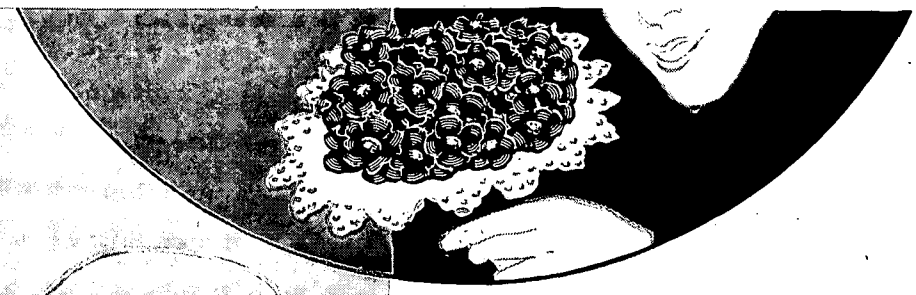

Easter

Say it with

FLOWERS

National Flower Contest Closes Soon!

It's Spring... and all the world is athrill. For Nature re-awakens on Easter morn. The avenue is radiant with beauty and color and charm. But of all the lovely throng, none is more lovely than the one by your side... with her chic new costume, her smart hat... and *your* flowers! In the home, too, your Easter flowers fittingly express the deepest meaning of the day. To gladden a woman's *heart*... to brighten a woman's *hearth*... on Sunday, April 5, as on every other "special" day of the year... say it with *flowers!*

Just a few days remain for school children to send in their entries for the National Flower Appreciation Contest and share in the 1656 cash awards! All contest puzzle books must be in the mails by April fifteenth. See your local "Say-It-With-Flowers" florist if your child has not yet received one of these fascinating little play-time books.

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Ride him, Cowboy...Ride him!

but even a Bronco-buster can get "Pink tooth brush"

MUSCLES as hard as a cow-pony's . . . blood coursing through your veins like a rushing mountain stream! But you're no more immune to "pink tooth brush" than if you were soft and sallow from years at a desk!

The soft foods we moderns eat give our gums little or no stimulation—and unstimulated gums become flabby, tender, unhealthy gums. Next thing you know—"pink tooth brush."

And gums which bleed even slightly are susceptible to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to that much dreaded but less frequent trouble, pyorrhea. Worse still, "pink tooth brush" is often the first step toward infection at the roots of teeth that today appear so sound and white and healthy. Which means the probable loss of the teeth!

Today—even though you *are* busy—try to find time to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But each time you clean them, put some additional Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into those soft, tender gums of yours! The ziratol in Ipana is the same preparation used by modern dentists to tone and stimulate the gums.

A few days after you begin using Ipana, look at your teeth. They've got back some of that childhood sparkle! In a month, examine your gums. They're *pinker,* aren't they? Harder? Healthier? Continue to use Ipana with massage regularly—and "pink tooth brush" will get just nowhere!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-411, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 23

Just before Mr. Chow reached the gangway he had occasion to pass a fortune teller, who did not seem to have been doing a very brisk trade, an evilly handsome fellow, wearing shabby European clothes and a *tarbûsh:* not an Egyptian, Haig determined, but possibly a Greek or an Armenian.

Some words were exchanged rapidly, although Haig was too far away to overhear them. The Chinaman pointed shoreward, and the other, turning, stared in the direction indicated. Haig stared also, and suddenly realized that he was looking at a native boat.

In this boat sat Eileen with two women passengers whose acquaintance she had made, the party being escorted by Dr. Oestler and the ship's surgeon!

Dawson Haig became acutely uncomfortable.

The girl had played her part admirably, even to the extent of striking up a friendship with Miss Ednam. But neither from the woman nor from the Austrian physician had she gleaned anything in the nature of a clue. She was convinced, and had assured Haig of the fact, that they knew she was watching them.

Hurrying down the ladder, the dark-eyed fortune teller was pulled away in a boat which waited. Len Chow followed with his baggage in another.

Few, if any, had noticed the brief conversation. There was nothing to show that the pair were associated.

But why had the Chinaman pointed out Eileen's party?

Haig stood there watching and trying to make up his mind which of several courses to adopt.

Port Said is a safe enough spot by day, and safe enough by night, too, provided one sticks to the neighborhood of the Eastern Exchange. But, in his own case, he strongly doubted its safety. One attempt had failed—there would be others!

And some opportunity might occur ashore which could never present itself on the ship.

Eileen! At all costs he must keep Eileen in sight.

EILEEN had some shopping to do at Simon Arzt, and so to this store the party made their way. Dr. Oestler, it appeared, had purchases to make also. The ship's surgeon, Heatherley, having come ashore with no other object than to stretch his legs, went along as well. Dawson Haig, who had been in Port Said twice previously, and, oddly enough, upon the same business which saw him there now, having satisfied himself that this was the destination of the party, became interested in the movements of Mr. Len Chow.

This gentleman, depositing his baggage at the Eastern Exchange, had lighted a cigarette and strolled out, standing amongst the little tables set upon the pavement and looking about him like a man with nothing better to do than kill time.

The Armenian fortune teller had entered a shop nearly opposite and had not come out again.

Dawson Haig, wearing the tinted glasses of "Mr. Smith," sat down at some distance from the door and ordered a cool drink. Apparently the Chinaman—to whom he had never spoken on board—had not seen him.

Haig was doing some hard thinking.

Eileen was safe enough for the time being in the company of two women friends and Dr. Heatherley. Franz Hartog had faded quietly away. Miss Ednam was probably still on board with old Corcoran. Here was Mr. Chow, and the new suspect, the fortune teller, was inside a shop across the street.

But human knowledge being strictly limited—it happened that the fortune teller was *not* in that shop. He had slipped out by a back door.

And at about this time Eileen had completed her few purchases. Her companions—excluding Dr. Heatherley—had allowed themselves to be lured by wonderful shawls, scarves and other pitfalls which await unwary travelers in Eastern shops.

Dr. Oestler was inspecting some handsome caskets of inlaid wood, modern bazaar work, but of excellent quality. Eileen, covertly, was watching him.

MORE and more she found herself at a loss. That this man was an associate of criminals, murderers, she could not doubt; yet he was a most entertaining companion, and in spite of his marked ugliness possessed the rare quality of soothing without boring.

Eileen was enjoying that sense of martyrdom, so dear to woman's nature. She was *helping.* Actually, her help was nearly automatic. Her spirit was seeking Dawson Haig all the time. Where was he? Was he safe? Did he appreciate what she was doing? With it all she was so happy that she was frightened. And now:

"This is really a very beautiful box," Dr. Oestler was saying, "ha?—" holding up the object he was admiring. "You think so, Miss Kearney?—Yes?"

"A perfectly gorgeous thing, Doctor. I should love it for a cigarette box."

"Then you permit me to make you a present of this—ha?"

"On no account whatever, Doctor. Truly, I couldn't think of it. It's real sweet of you all the same."

Dr. Oestler had stepped to the open doorway to examine the casket by daylight; and:

"My gentleman," said a soft voice.

The doctor stared through his glasses at the speaker. It was the Armenian fortune teller.

"I do not wish to buy anything, ha?" said the doctor good-humoredly. "I do not wish my palm to be read—no? And I do not wish to know my future. Is it so?"

"It is not so, my gentleman," the soft voice continued. "It is that I know where there are boxes such as this, but ever so much better, and cheaper."

"You know this, ha?" said Dr. Oestler, smiling at Eileen. "I quite expected you to say so. Yes?"

"You think perhaps I *don't* know this?"

"I think—ha? you may. I say I do not wish to buy even such a box."

"I make with you a bargain," the man went on earnestly. "I charge you nothing—nothing—unless presently you buy from the shop I take you to. This is my bargain."

Eileen began to laugh. But:

"My lady laughs," said the Armenian earnestly. "But I will show her."

He took her hand as Dr. Oestler returned and placed the casket on the counter from which he had taken it. The doctor rejoined them.

"If I tell this lady true," said the man, still holding Eileen's hand, "something I cannot know except from the palm, will you come with me to the shop I show you?"

Dr. Oestler stared at Eileen, and:

"It sounds—yes?—a *sporting* proposition?" he said.

(Continued on page 40)

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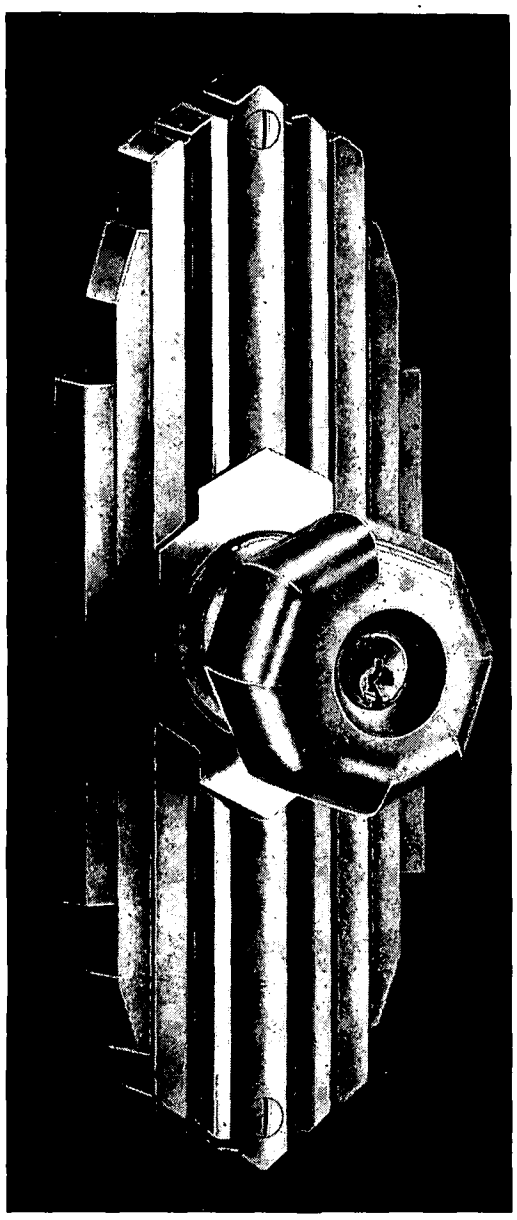

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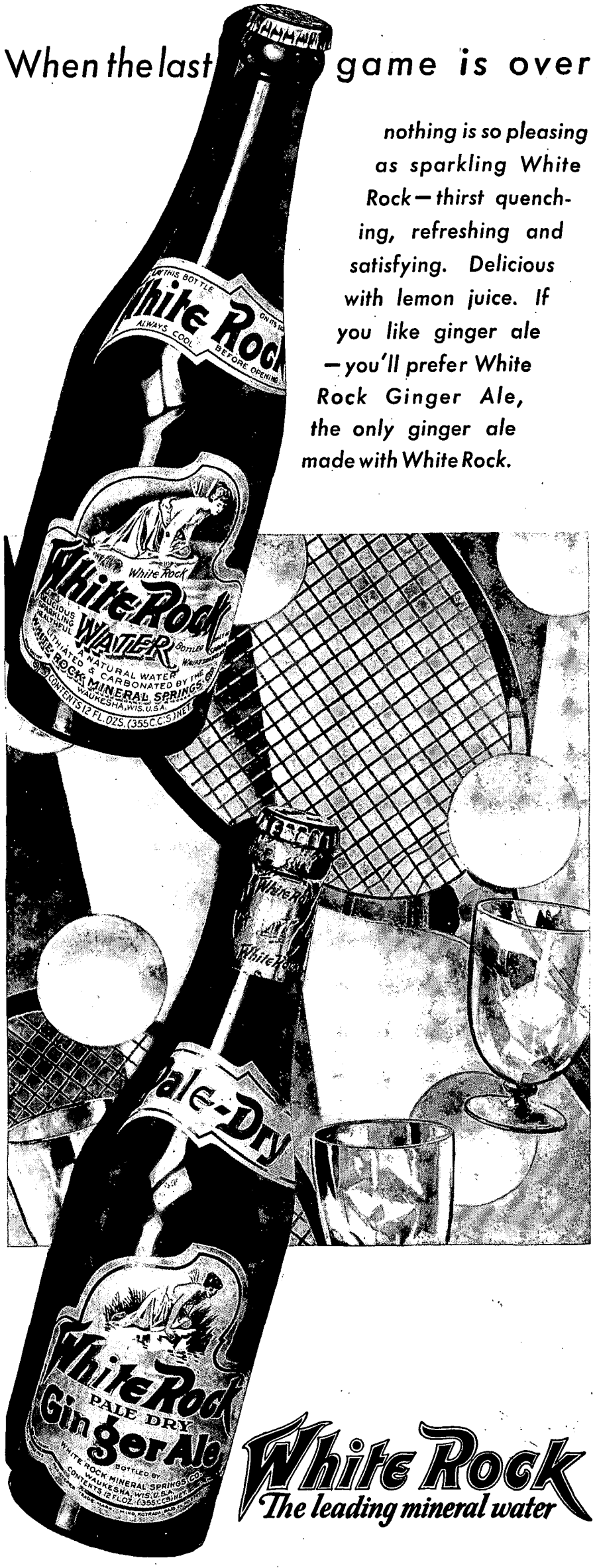
nothing is so pleasing as sparkling White Rock—thirst quenching, refreshing and satisfying. Delicious with lemon juice. If you like ginger ale—you'll prefer White Rock Ginger Ale, the only ginger ale made with White Rock.



White Rock
The leading mineral water

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 38

"Very," Eileen agreed. "But he'll fall down on it and expect half a crown all the same."

"We shall see, ha? Proceed, my good fellow."

"You agree to my terms?"

Eileen nodded, and:

"You belong," said the man, staring into her hand, "not to England—not, I think, to Europe, but to some country far west of Europe—perhaps it is America."

"Detected my accent," was Eileen's mental comment.

"You come not to Egypt, but to somewhere farther—to India, I think. And in India someone is waiting for you—someone you love and who loves you. No!" He stared closer. "It is not so. Yet there *is* someone who waits. There is someone—I think in England, this one I have spoken of—who is now on his way to India, or to some place very near to India. And there he will meet you. . . . Ah, but still I am not right! He is *here*, this one"—he glanced up at Dr. Oestler—"here, in Port Said!"

EILEEN betrayed herself by a sudden start.

"For him there are many dangers—and for you, too, lady. I read it in your palm. But you will be married, and very happy. There will be . . ."

"That's far enough," said Eileen, startled out of her wits.

Dr. Oestler stared at her.

"This seems to be good—ha?" he asked. "You think this? Then we must stick to our bargain. Yes?"

The man smiled triumphantly.

"Please follow, my lady, my gentleman," he said. "It is not far. Please follow."

Eileen was conscious of a sudden, vague uneasiness.

"Perhaps the others would like to come?" she suggested.

Dr. Oestler nodded.

"I shall ask them."

He returned to the shop, leaving her with the palmist.

"This shop I lead you to, my lady," said the latter, "most wonderful shop in Port Said. Some say Mohammed, that his name, steal the things he sell." He shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot tell. Here you see wonderful things—and cheap."

Presently Dr. Oestler returned.

"The ladies are still absorbed with silk wear," he said, smiling; "silk undies—ha? So I have left Dr. Heatherley to take care of them, and I arrange that we shall meet at the Eastern Exchange in half an hour. All right?" He turned to the Armenian. "Now, my good fellow, lead on."

The Armenian led them from the Shâria Fuâd into Shâria Eugénie and thence, left, into the native quarter. Eileen's brain began working rapidly. The question repeated itself over and over again: "Should I go? Should I go?"

Perhaps even at the last moment she would have conjured up some excuse. But suddenly she saw a sight which reassured her, made her heart sing.

Dawson Haig had followed Len Chow when the Chinaman, apparently aimlessly, had set out, and had temporarily lost sight of him at a corner of Shâria Fuâd. Almost at the same moment he had seen Eileen—alone with Dr. Oestler—coming out of Simon Arzt, accompanied by the fortune teller.

And so, Eileen, glancing back apprehensively along the narrow street, recognized the glitter of "Mr. Smith's" smoked glasses.

Dawson Haig followed, twenty paces behind!

Dr. Oestler was talking to the palmist guide and could not possibly have noticed her backward glance.

On they went into several streets which Eileen had never penetrated before in her several visits to Port Said. And presently they reached a grubby little bazaar where native cloth, slippers and other undoubtedly genuine but uninteresting Eastern commodities were sold. They went down two steps into the interior and from a dim corner the proprietor appeared.

"This—Mohammed!" their guide explained dramatically. "Most wonderful man in Port Said."

"Looks like a warmed-up mummy," Eileen thought.

Indeed, Mohammed, black-robed and white-turbaned, was quite the most venerable specimen of a living Arab upon whom she had ever set eyes. His face was a maze of tiny wrinkles, and of the color of a walnut shell. His eyes, bright as a snake's, lurked deep in cavities resembling small caves. Wisps of dirty white hair, almost indistinguishable from his turban, and a straggly beard, outlined that aged countenance.

Mohammed bowed low.

"It is an honor to me," he said in a creaky voice. "Please follow and I show you what I have."

He opened a door hidden in the dark recess from which he had emerged and stood aside, bowing low. Eileen glanced back in the direction of the street.

Dawson Haig was outside.

Confidently, now, she stepped through into a big room to pause, breathless with astonishment.

The fortune teller had not exaggerated. This was, indeed, a wonder house, a treasury of beautiful things! And its magic was not confined to the room which they first entered: there were other rooms beyond.

"You see, my lady," said the palmist softly, "what I tell you true."

It was indeed true, since this, and not the establishment in Stamboul, was the principal warehouse of that great and mysterious industry controlled by Yu'an Hee See. Here, to Port Said, came the choicest pieces, to be distributed for sale at discretion; some to find their buyers in Turkey, some in France, some in England.

Eileen experienced a sense of bewilderment. It was amazing—in fact, terrifying. Opening as it did out of that tawdry little shop—what did it mean? What *could* it mean? She looked around that Aladdin's cave and slowly the knowledge came to her that only a Rockefeller could have bid for the contents.

DAWSON HAIG pulled up before the shop of Mohammed.

Further consideration had convinced him that his earlier fears for Eileen were groundless. His own life hung upon a thread. This he recognized. But he had no intention of leaving her alone in the company of Dr. Oestler.

He entered the shop, descending two steps, and looked about him. The place was empty. Haig clapped his hands and a moment later the aged proprietor appeared from cavernous shadows, bowing low.

"What can I do for you, my gentleman?" he creaked.

"I haven't come to buy anything," Dawson Haig replied. "I came to join my friends, who arrived here just ahead of me."

(*Continued on page 42*)

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He no longer flies alone!

Formerly a man a mile above the earth was shut off more completely than if he were in the heart of Africa or the depths of the frozen north.

Now the Western Electric radio telephone ends that isolation. The flier whose plane is equipped by Western Electric is always in touch with ground stations, and he flies with greater dispatch and greater safety.

This telephone for airplanes grew out of many years' experience in making telephones and other communication apparatus for the Bell System. It is one more example of Western Electric's skill in the art of voice reproduction.

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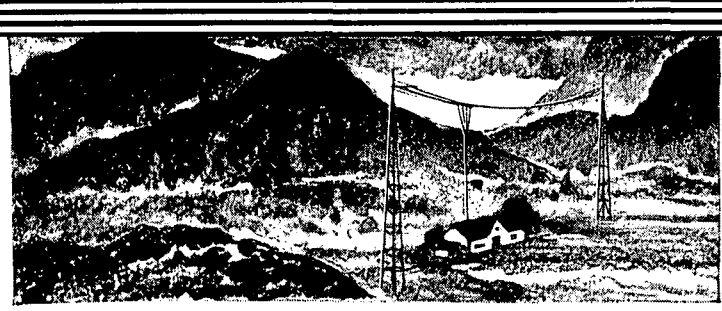

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The Singing Shave

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"Weep no more my la-dee
Oh weep no more today"

And scrape no more, my gentleman . . . When the super-keen Ever-Ready Blade coasts down your cheeks and rollicks away with your whiskers, you will burst into song.

Start enjoying these good humored Singing Shaves. Put melody into your mornings by putting an Ever-Ready Blade in your razor. Demand the genuine—it's guaranteed! At all dealers.

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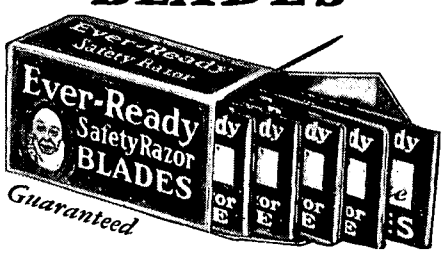

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 40

"Your friends, my gentleman?"

The old Arab peered at him blindly.

"Yes. An elderly gentleman and a young lady."

"Ah!" Mohammed nodded comprehendingly. "Yes, yes. Wait but one moment. I will tell them. Wait but one moment. . . ."

And Dawson Haig waited—uneasily.

The door of the treasure house was opened and he had a glimpse of a long, low room lined with shelves and cases upon which were arranged antique and modern wares which even to his inexperienced eyes seemed to be unique in character and quality. The sound of Mohammed's shuffling slippers grew faint, died away.

Apparently there was no one else in the place. Haig glanced over his shoulder and up toward the street. A blank wall faced the shop and there were no passers-by. It was a queer backwater.

He wondered what had induced Eileen to visit it. He stared again through the open door. Then he moved forward and looked along the room.

Like a flash of summer lightning from an unclouded sky revelation came.

This was a branch—or perhaps the parent establishment—of Jo Lung's Limehouse emporium!

Came the sound of shuffling footsteps returning. The Arab reappeared.

"My gentleman," he said, "I am sorry to keep you waiting, but your friends have gone."

"Gone!"

"By the other door."

Haig stared through dimness, seeking for the expression in those sunken eyes.

"They didn't stay long!" he snapped.

The old Arab spread his palms eloquently.

"They buy nothing, sir."

"Show me the way through to this other door," Dawson Haig directed. "I shall overtake them more quickly by going out that way."

Mohammed bowed low, and: "Please follow," he said.

Haig entered, his hand upon the butt of an automatic.

"This way, my gentleman."

The Arab, mounting three steps, indicated a farther room beyond.

Dawson Haig followed. A second treasure cave stretched before him—this devoted entirely to carpets, rugs, tapestries and silks. There was a sort of narrow passage connecting this room with another beyond. Through this corridor the aged Arab was hurrying. Haig increased his stride, entered the passage almost on the heels of Mohammed—and . . .

The floor collapsed beneath his feet . . . a stifling druglike smell swept up to meet, to envelop him as he fell!

"My God!"

Too late he knew to what "other door" this old fiend had led him—*the Bath of Feathers!*

DR. HEATHERLEY and two women passengers from the Wallaroo sat at a table outside the Eastern Exchange, long drinks with straws before them.

"Our friends are late," said the doctor. "They must have found the Mystery Shop."

"What's the Mystery Shop?" one of the women asked.

Dr. Heatherley smiled.

"All sorts of stories are told about Port Said," he replied, "most of them frankly lies. There's supposed to be a store here compared with which Simon Arzt is merely nothing. I've been in the place more times than I care to remember, but I never found anybody to lead me to the Mystery Shop. The fact remains, however, that I believe there is such a shop."

"But this is perfectly fascinating," said one of the women. "What do they sell there?"

"All the treasures of the East, from what I've gathered. In fact, putting two and two together, I've come to the conclusion that the Mystery Shop is an emporium of stolen goods, and therefore kept very dark from ordinary visitors. Dr. Oestler may know where it is."

And even as he spoke Dr. Oestler, smiling broadly, bore down upon them.

"Well, my friends," he said, taking a chair, removing his hat and mopping his forehead. "I have walked quickly, ha—hoping to overtake our Miss Kearney."

"Hoping to *overtake* her?" said the ship's doctor blankly. "But she was with you!"

Dr. Oestler paused, handkerchief in hand, and:

"You mean she has not joined you—*ha?*"

The ship's surgeon stared very hard.

"You said, if my memory serves me," he remarked slowly, "that yourself and Miss Kearney were going to make some purchases elsewhere, but that you would rejoin us here in half an hour."

Dr. Oestler nodded his head.

"It is so," he agreed, "it is so. Yes. We went, as I said. This shop is not a hundred yards from here. It belongs to a Greek—ha?—who has most excellent perfumes. Miss Kearney also knows it well. I excuse myself—ha?—whilst she is making her selection, for I see it will occupy her for at least a quarter of an hour—yes?" He shrugged deprecatingly. "I call at another establishment that I know of, and purchase—ha?—these five hundred cigarettes, look—then hurry back. Miss Kearney has already left the shop of Ostopolos, and so I continue to hurry, and here, yes, you see me."

THE ship's doctor stood up.

"It sounds very odd to me," he said. "Port Said's healthy enough in these days, but not for a woman walking about alone. She shouldn't have left the shop until you rejoined her."

"I agree," said Dr. Oestler, "but she had done so. What could I do?"

"I'll walk back with you," said Dr. Heatherley. He turned to the two women, and: "Please excuse us for five minutes," he added. "Don't start back until we rejoin you, or *you* might get lost, too."

With Dr. Oestler he set out.

"Where's this scent shop?" he demanded. "I don't like the sound of it, and I don't like the sound of Ostopolos."

"My dear friend," Dr. Oestler laid his hand upon his arm. "This is ridiculous! Ha? Miss Kearney has simply strayed into some other store, as women will, yes—and shall presently rejoin us."

"Possibly," the surgeon replied, for he had his own private opinion of Dr. Oestler. "But I want to interview this Greek."

BEFORE a small shop they paused. The Austrian opened the door and entered. A suave gentleman who wore a black, pointed beard smiled agreeably.

"I left a lady here about twenty minutes ago," said Dr. Oestler. "You remember?"

"I remember, sir."

"When I returned, she had gone—you remember?"

The surgeon was watching the speaker, and:

"Did she say where she was going?" he demanded.

"No, sir. She purchase a small sample of jasmine, such as this"—he indicated one—"then she leave."

The surgeon stared at Dr. Oestler, and then, without a word, walked out of the shop.

"I suppose there's nothing to worry about," he admitted, "so, as you seem to know an A-1 tobacco merchant in this town, Doctor, I like a really genuine Egyptian cigarette myself, and my stock is low. Do you mind taking me along?"

"But not at all!" Dr. Oestler replied genially. "It is no great distance and we have plenty of time."

In due course they reached the store, a very unpretentious one, the Egyptian owner of which immediately recognized Dr. Oestler. The ship's surgeon, baffled, bought fifty cigarettes and departed.

But when they returned again to the Eastern Exchange, Eileen Kearney had *not* returned.

At the end of a very uneasy half-hour Dr. Heatherley stood up suddenly.

"Let us see the ladies into a taxi for the ship," he suggested. "And then perhaps, Dr. Oestler, you would step along to the American consulate with me?"

(To be continued next week)

"But, Mildred darling, you don't see *Mother* making faces at Mr. Jessup"

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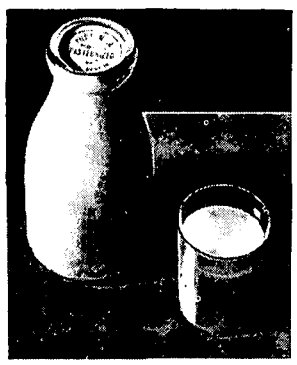
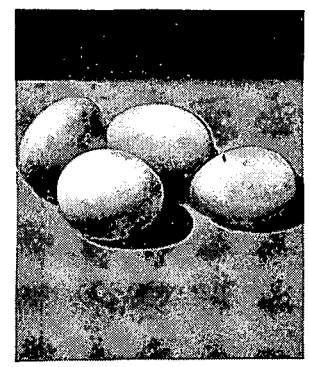
Baby Teeth are *important* . . . Mother

Neglect them and your child may pay the penalty in later life. Here is some helpful information.



MILK **is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.**

ORANGE JUICE, **the best known source of vitamin C; aids in firming gums.**



EGGS, **the best natural food source of the sunshine vitamin—also rich in iron.**

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth

1. At the left are some suggestions of what is good for you. 2. *Use Pepsodent twice a day*. 3. *See your dentist twice a year* (children oftener).

NO mother needs to be told how easily the first (baby) teeth decay. What many do not know is the trouble these teeth, when neglected, may cause in later years.

TURN TO PAGE 31

Important announcement of a remarkable new discovery in this magazine! (not a tooth paste)

Backwardness in school, irritability, loss of appetite are immediate results. Imperfect permanent teeth, heart trouble, rheumatism, are often consequences to come.

To avoid these is so simple. Take your child to your dentist every few months—*immediately*, should you notice the slightest sign of decay or other trouble. Between times make sure your child uses Pepsodent tooth paste night and morning.

Pepsodent — especially for children

There are many tooth pastes you may hesitate to risk on children's soft teeth—but with Pepsodent—rest assured.

The cleansing agent in Pepsodent tooth paste was developed after thousands of experiments and many years of research. It polishes enamel to a brilliant lustre. It is *twice* as soft as the polishing agent commonly used in tooth pastes. *Pepsodent is supremely safe*, as hundreds of laboratory tests on teeth have proved conclusively.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent tooth paste is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles.

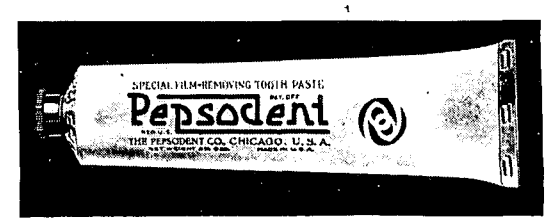
Film holds germs of decay against the teeth. To remove germs you must remove this dangerous germ-laden film.

Film is the cause of teeth becoming dull, discolored, because film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film frees teeth of stains and makes them gleam and sparkle.

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth through life.

▼ ▼ ▼

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.



Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

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For Your *own* PROTECTION

look for the sign of the SHALER *nation-wide tire & tube repair service*

When you leave your tire or tube to be repaired, ask for the standard claim check . . On the back is an important guarantee . . . When your tire is returned, look for the crimson sticker on the casing as positive proof of a Shaler repair.

This certificate, properly filled out and signed, assures you that the shop is an Authorized Member of the Shaler Nation-Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service.

The Shaler Emergency Repair Kit

Many motorists find it wise to carry a Shaler Emergency Kit in their car for unexpected roadside repair work. Ask your nearest *Authorized Member* about it.

uniform methods, uniform materials, GUARANTEED *repairs!*

STRETCHING out through the entire United States . . reaching into every city, town and village are thousands of authorized tire repair stations . . members of the Shaler Nation-Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service.

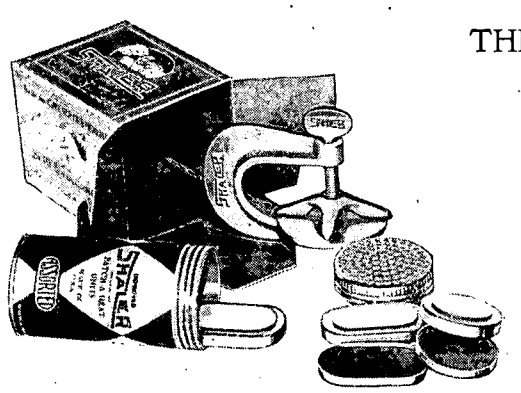
At these stations, tube repairing is a serious business . . untried methods have been replaced by standardized, time-proven methods. Unknown and questionable materials have been replaced by the world famous Shaler "hot patch", and workmanship is guaranteed to be perfect.

In these days of high-speed driving, careful tube repairing is of vital importance to every motorist. Sudden tube failures, due to faulty workmanship or poor materials, often cause serious and fatal accidents.

For your own protection know what is done to your tubes . . know how they are repaired. Through this great nation-wide organization of authorized repair shops Shaler offers you the first and only positive identification of workmanship, methods and materials.

At any garage, tire shop or superservice station displaying the Authorized Member sign of the Shaler Nation-Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service, your repairs will be made by *heat-welding live rubber* into an integral part of the inner tube. This rapid "hot patch" is the finest type of repair yet developed. All repairs made by an authorized Shaler repair man are unconditionally guaranteed and will be replaced by him free of charge in case of failure in service.

There is an authorized member of the Shaler Nation-Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service nearby . . wherever you may be there is a repair shop where you may take your repairs with confidence. Look for the Authorized Member sign. It is a guardian of your safety.



THE SHALER COMPANY, *Milwaukee and Waupun, Wisconsin*

SHALER
NATION-WIDE REPAIR SERVICE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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The Cat's Eyes

Continued from page 28

"We might get something that way," O'Malley asserted, "but to do it we'd have to kill the cat. We don't like to do that."

"What are you talking about?" the officer demanded.

"They got a way to do it," O'Malley said, "in a laboratory with a machine. You got to kill the cat and take its brain out and put the brain in a machine. They can't always get what the cat saw, but sometimes."

"You wouldn't fool a guy, would you?" the cop inquired sarcastically. "Or have you just gone nuts?"

We went out and got into the car.

"What were you doing in there, O'Malley?" I demanded. "Springing a bum joke on that cop?"

"Sure."

"You didn't kid him," I observed. "He knew you couldn't tell anything from the cat. He was just laughing at you."

"I been laughed at by smarter men than him," O'Malley answered imperturbably.

He dropped me at the corner near where I was going and I didn't see him till next day. Then I saw him passing on the street and hailed him.

"Anything new on that case?" I asked.

"We got nothing. I'm working on it now. The old lady's cat got killed by a taxicab."

"Killed?" I said. "How did that happen?"

"One of the kids in the house had it in the street playing with it and a taxicab run over the cat's head. It's too bad. It was a nice cat."

I went along with him. We went to a showroom on Broadway where they sold taxicabs.

"You got an account with a guy named Rober?" O'Malley asked one of the salesmen.

"I believe so."

"How does it stand?"

THE salesman went and looked it up. "He was behind on the payments for his cab but he paid up yesterday."

"Is Rober the name of the cabman that lives where the old lady was killed?" I asked O'Malley.

"That's right."

"Was it his cab that killed the cat?"

"You got it," O'Malley answered.

We went to a garage.

"A guy named Rober keep his cab here?" O'Malley asked the mechanic.

"Yes, brother."

"He been working on anything around here lately?"

"He was doing something at the workbench one day last week."

We went and looked at the bench but the place had been cleaned up. O'Malley picked some fragments of wax out of the cracks of the floor and put them in an envelope.

"Where do you put the stuff you throw away?" he asked.

The mechanic took us out in back and pointed to a pile of metal. We searched through it for two hours. Then finally we found a key.

"I guess we've got that guy," O'Malley stated.

"If this key fits the old lady's door, you've surely got him," I decided.

"This key won't fit the door. This is a key he spoiled when he was trying to make the right one. The one he used has probably been at the bottom of the river since yesterday. But I got enough on him anyway. He's a nervous guy and I expect he will confess."

WE WENT back to the tenement where the old lady had been killed and waited for Rober. He came in presently. O'Malley showed him the key.

"Well, fellow," he said, "we got a case on you. Will you come along with me, or shall I take you?"

Rober turned pale and sat down.

"I didn't aim to kill her," he said weakly. "She switched on the light and I grabbed her and switched it off again. I don't know what happened after that."

"That Rober," I said to O'Malley later, "was certainly a fool. Of course I understand how you trapped him. You told that nonsense about the cat in front of those people in hope that, if one of them was guilty, he'd get rid of the cat. But Rober must have known you couldn't get anything against him that way, and yet he went and killed the cat and so pointed himself out to you."

"He was pretty sure we couldn't tell anything," O'Malley agreed, "but he wasn't sure enough. It worried him. What do *you* know about how he was feeling? You didn't ever kill someone in the dark, did you, with a cat's eyes shining at you?"

"Well, you did smart work," I concluded, "and you'll get made a lieutenant after they read your report on this case."

"Did you say lieutenant? Not me; because I won't tell nothing in my report about the cat, or they might lock me up in the nut ward on the Island."

The optimistic golfer loses his ball

"Good gracious, General! Have you *no* honors?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North	
	S. Q-10-8	
	H. Q-J-9-8-7-6-5	
	D. None	
	C. 9-7-4	
West		*East*
S. 6-4-2		S. A-7-3
H. 4-2		H. K-3
D. Q-J-7		D. A-K-9-8-4-2
C. 8-6-5-3-2		C. A-K
	South	
	S. K-J-9-5	
	H. A-10	
	D. 10-6-5-3	
	C. Q-J-10	

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was the first deal of a Contract rubber; and South (the dealer) bid one No Trump. His count was only 12, but he had a Nine, a third Ten, and four cards to one of the Tens in his unstopped suit; so his bid was bold rather than unsound. It is doubtless the part of wisdom for players to stick to the rules and not bid without the prescribed strength.

After West's pass, North jump-shifted South's one No Trump to four Hearts. With so unusual a holding in Hearts and facing a partner who could bid No Trump, he felt that there was more than a possibility of making the declaration.

East resented the apparent effort to shut him out; with his three Aces and three Kings he was sorely tempted to double, but he realized that he might be up against a freak deal. Even if he succeeded in defeating North's contract, he would not realize very much, as North and South were not vulnerable. He used sound judgment in bidding instead of doubling, because the double would have failed.

Having decided to bid, should East call four No Trumps or five Diamonds? In this hand with a Heart opening, four No Trumps would have been easy; but East did not know that, nor could he be sure that Hearts would be led. So there seemed to be a better chance of making five Diamonds even with an original No Trump bid on his left. Using non-vulnerability again as a reason for his bid, he risked the five Diamonds.

South, who could not remain silent under this challenge, doubled; and North began to feel that he had "talked too much." He appreciated that he had led South to expect more assistance than would be forthcoming; on the other hand, South, with his initial No Trump, might be able to beat an eleven-trick contract severely, and to take the double out with a bid of five Hearts might transfer a big penalty from East's shoulders to North's.

The play was about as interesting as the bidding. Because of North's Heart bid, South confidently led the Ace of Hearts as East had been expecting; and when it held and dummy showed up with two Hearts, South led his Heart Ten, which went to East's King. Declarer then saw that he would not lose a Club or a Diamond; but would have to lose two Spades and be down one unless the six adverse Clubs were evenly divided. The odds were against this, but it was the only chance. To tricks 3 and 4 East led his Ace and King of Clubs, and to trick 5 a Diamond, which was won by dummy's Jack.

When North showed no Diamonds, Declarer was not disturbed because he was prepared for that. Dummy led a Club to trick 6 and East ruffed; both the adverse Clubs fell and Declarer's bacon was all wrapped up ready to be taken home. The Diamond Four from East was covered by South's Five and won by dummy's Seven.

Then dummy proceeded to lead an established Club on which East discarded a Spade, the Declarer allowing South to make a trump although it could have been extracted. After that trump won the second trick for the adversaries, they had shot their bolt. If South led his last trump, dummy would win, cash the last Club and permit East to discard his last losing Spade. Appreciating what would happen if he knocked Declarer's trumps together, South led a Spade; but East won with the Ace and led a trump to be won by dummy. This drew South's last trump and enabled East to discard a second Spade on West's last Club. Declarer made his five-odd on a difficult hand and his success disarmed the criticism which his bold bidding might have provoked had he been set.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North	*East*
S. Q-8-5-3-2	S. 7
H. A-10-5	H. Q-J-9-6-4
D. A	D. K-8-6-5-2
C. Q-J-10-5	C. 8-3
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. 9-6-4	S. A-K-J-10
H. 8-2	H. K-7-3
D. J-10-9-4-3	D. Q-7
C. 7-6-2	C. A-K-9-4

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Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

*"*For the man who wants to keep on friendly terms with his face—I recommend Barbasol. It's 'fast' . . . side-steps all the old shaving troubles, while making the whiskers* come clean. *No more brush, or lather, or rub-in for me. I'm a Barbasol rooter every morning when I shave, and all day, too.*"

Jas J Corbett

James J. Corbett (Gentleman Jim) who leaped to fame when, as a boy, he vanquished John L. Sullivan and has been famous ever since. Apostle of sane living and sound health.

*Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

SOME men never have that seedy look as if they needed a shave. How do they do it? Ten to one they're Barbasol Believers *because* Barbasol is so *easy on the face* that *two shaves a day* won't hurt the tenderest skin, planted with the toughest whiskers.

Like magic this new, quick, modern shaving cream softens the beard while holding the hairs straight up to the blade. Crisp and easy the razor slides along; no pull; no scrape. Its wonderful ingredients *protect* your face. Your skin actually feels *better*, softer, more relaxed—after the Barbasol shave.

And Barbasol has banished forever the old shaving chore. No messing around with soap and lather; no brush; no rub-in. It's so quick and easy to use that the morning shave is a pleasure instead of a painful duty. That's why the Barbasol Believers have made it one of the fastest selling shaving creams in America.

Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on *evenly* between the hairs . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick.

Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality; cuts family toothbrush bill in half. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free with your first name or initial engraved on handle. The Barbasol Company, Department 20, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Listen to Barbasol Ben and His Boys—Laughs—music—fast and furious fun—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Network; Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WPG.

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If I lived my Life over

Continued from page 12

in the currents of cause and effect.

I might, for instance, use my foreknowledge to back the winner of the Derby at the first moment that I began to live my life over again without altering the economy of the universe.

But my foreknowledge would give me no assurance about the next Derby. True that in the life of the world as it has worked out, I know the name of the horse which won. But now something new has happened. I have won such an enormous stake that several important bookmakers have defaulted. One of their richest clients was ruined in the crash. In despair he jumped into a pond. The client happened to be the owner of the horse that was going to win the Derby next year. His untimely death of course disqualified his horse. Under our silly rules it was struck out of the race, and I, proceeding to Epsom next year with all my foreknowledge, found myself the most ignorant man on the Downs about what was going to happen. I was so cluttered up with all my recollections of the way the other horses had run in the world as it would have been, that I made the most foolish speculations about what would now happen in the new world which my supernatural intuition had made.

Shots Unfired

Thus we may say that if one had the chance to live one's life over again foreknowledge would, in important decisions, be only fully effective once. Thereafter I should be dealing with a continually diverging skein of consequence which would increasingly affect my immediate environment.

If these thoughts are true about small personal matters, consider how much more potent and how final would be a new choice with foreknowledge upon some great or decisive issue.

When my armored train was thrown off the rails by the Boers in the South African War and I had to try to clear the line under fire, I had to keep getting in and out of the cab of the engine which was our sole motive power. I therefore took off my Mauser pistol, which got in my way. But for this I should forty minutes later have fired two or three shots at twenty yards at a mounted burgher named Botha, who summoned me to surrender.

If I had killed him on that day, November 15, 1899, the history of South Africa would certainly have been different and almost certainly would have been less fortunate. This was the Botha who afterward became Commander-in-Chief of the Boers and later Prime Minister of the South African Union. But for his authority and vigor the South African rebellion which broke out at the beginning of the Great War might never have been nipped in the bud.

In this case the Australian and New Zealand army corps then sailing in convoy across the Indian Ocean would have been deflected from Cairo to the Cape. All preparations to divert the convoy at Colombo had actually been made. Instead of guarding the Suez Canal it would have fought with the Boer insurgents. In this case both the Australian and South African points of view would have been profoundly altered. Moreover, unless the Anzacs had been available in Egypt by the end of 1914 there would have been no nucleus of an army to attack the Gallipoli Peninsula in the spring, and all that tremendous story would have worked out quite differently. Perhaps it would have been better, perhaps it would have been worse. Imagination bifurcates and loses itself along the ever-multiplying paths of the labyrinth.

But at the moment when I was climbing in and out of the cab of that railway engine in Natal it was a thoughtless and unwise act on my part to lay aside the pistol upon which my chances of escape from a situation in which I was deeply compromised might in fact in a very short time depend. No use to say, "But if you had known with your foreknowledge that he was not going to shoot you, and that the Boers would treat you kindly and that Botha would become a great man who would unite South Africa more strongly with the British crown, you need not have fired at him." That is not conclusive. Many other things would have been happening simultaneously. If I had kept my pistol I should have been slower getting in and out of the engine, and I might have been hit by some bullet which otherwise missed me by an inch or two, and Botha, galloping forward in hot pursuit of the fugitives from the wreck of the train, might have met—not me with my foreknowledge—but some private soldier with a rifle, who would have shot him dead, while I myself, sent with the wounded into the unhealthy Intombi Spruit hospital at Ladysmith, would probably have died of enteric fever.

If we look back on our past life we shall see that one of its most usual experiences is that we are often helped by our mistakes and injured by our most sagacious decisions. I suppose if I had to relive my life I ought to eschew the habit of smoking. Look at all the money I have wasted on tobacco. Think of it all invested and mounting up at compound interest year after year. I remember my father in his most sparkling mood, his eye gleaming through the haze of his cigarette, saying, "Why begin? If you want to have an eye that is true, and a hand that does not quiver, if you want never to ask yourself a question as you ride at a fence, don't smoke."

But consider! How can I tell that the soothing influence of tobacco upon my nervous system may not have enabled me to comport myself with calm and with courtesy in some awkward personal encounter or negotiation, or carried me serenely through some critical hours of anxious waiting? How can I tell that my temper would have been as sweet or my companionship as agreeable if I had abjured from my youth the goddess Nicotine? Now that I think of it, if I had not turned back to get that matchbox which I left behind in my dugout in Flanders, might I not just have walked into the shell which pitched so harmlessly a hundred yards ahead?

Leaving the Conservatives

So far as my own personal course has been concerned, I have always acted in politics as I felt I wanted to act. When I have desired to do or say anything and have refrained therefrom through prudence, slothfulness or being dissuaded by others, I have always felt ashamed of myself at the time; though sometimes afterward I saw that it was lucky for me I was checked. I do not see how it would have been possible for me in the mood I was in after the South African War to have worked enthusiastically with the Conservative Party in the mood they were in at that time. Even apart from the Free Trade quarrel, I was in full reaction against the war and they in full exploitation in the political sphere of the so-called victory.

(Continued on page 50)

Hair won't grow on a Sleepy Scalp

IF YOU want to have a vigorous, healthy growth of hair, you mustn't let your scalp go to sleep. And that's what it does when you neglect its exercise.

Wake it up! Keep it active! Once a week take five minutes for this thorough scalp work-out: First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp; then grasp the head firmly with the fingers of both hands and give it a good massage, working from the neck and temples up to the crown. You should feel the scalp move loosely. Rub until it tingles and then shampoo as usual.

This easy treatment is just like the oil massage athletes have to keep their bodies in condition—the oil cleanses and softens and the massage stimulates circulation. And the result is a scalp in the pink of condition, able to grow and keep a youthful thatch of hair. Try it tonight!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, New York

©Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1931.

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Win this TOUR

This pictorial map shows some of the interesting scenes to be viewed on the Famous Homes Tour. Niagara Falls; historic Boston and its surroundings; the Calvin Coolidge home, Northampton, Massachusetts; Mount Vernon, home of the Father of Our Country; Monticello, Jefferson's estate; The Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's estate at Nashville; the picturesque French Quarter in New Orleans; the magnificent homes of noted film favorites—these are only a few of the high spots of this epochal tour. Never before has there been such an opportunity! Set your heart on going!

How to Enter This Contest

Your local dealer displaying the emblem shown in the lower left corner of the map above will hand you an official contest entry blank, containing the two floor plans, and a valuable illustrated booklet that includes dozens of room arrangement ideas and suggestions. He is ready, too, to give you practical help in preparing your entry. It is easy to win! Get your entry blank today, and start planning your ideal room at once!

HERE ARE THE AWARDS—224 IN ALL!

24 GRAND PRIZES

1st Grand Prize	Famous Homes Tour and	$1,000 in CASH
2nd Grand Prize	Famous Homes Tour and	$750 in CASH
3rd Grand Prize	Famous Homes Tour and	$500 in CASH
4th Grand Prize	Famous Homes Tour and	$350 in CASH
5th Grand Prize	Famous Homes Tour and	$250 in CASH
6th Grand Prize	Famous Homes Tour and	$200 in CASH
7th-24th Grand Prizes, each	Famous Homes Tour and	$150 in CASH

200 OTHER CASH PRIZES

25th-44th Prizes, each	$50 in CASH
45th-74th Prizes, each	$25 in CASH
75th-124th Prizes, each	$10 in CASH
125th-224th Prizes, each	$5 in CASH

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# of AMERICA

Visiting Famous Homes and Famous Scenes

A Glorious 30-Day Trip from Coast to Coast with All Expenses Paid ...for 24 Fortunate Folks in Nationwide Home Style-ing Contest. 200 Other Cash Awards—224 in All! Share in Prizes Totaling

$8,500.00 *in Gold*

JUST think of viewing such sights as William Wrigley's estate on Catalina Island, Calif.; Biltmore, the Vanderbilt chateau at Asheville, N. C.; Pickfair, the fascinating California residence of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks; the White House—and dozens of other "show places" of the nation—all in one big tour!

That's what 24 fortunate folks will do this summer, as guests of the National Home Furnishings Industry. And they will receive cash awards of $1,000.00 to $150.00 each, besides the tour.

Two hundred other cash prizes will make a total of 224 awards amounting to $8,500.00—an amazing opportunity! These prizes, and the 24 coast-to-coast tours of America's famous homes, will go to winners in the "Home Style-ing Contest."

It is easy to win. No technical knowledge of interior decorating is necessary—in fact, professional interior decorators are barred. Nor need your home be expensively or luxuriously furnished. Ideas are what count!

Win FUN...FAME...FORTUNE

What a rich reward, for so little effort! The Famous Homes Tour will be the talk of the country this summer! Its happy members will assemble in Chicago on August 1 and will make their 7000-mile pilgrimage in a chartered Pullman. Every comfort will be provided. An expert tour-manager will accompany them to handle all details.

At each city where a famous home is to be seen, the travelers will be given the freedom of the city, meet distinguished people, and be personally conducted to view the noted dwellings! See New York City's palatial homes, the buildings now being erected in Chicago for the 1933 World's Fair, and hundreds of equally interesting sights. It will be an adventure without parallel—thrilling —educational—to be remembered for a lifetime!

CONTEST RULES:

1 Contest closes June 15, 1931. No later postmarked entries will be considered. **2** Anyone may enter except those connected with the home furnishings industry, or their families, or professional interior decorators. **3** Floor plan of the room as it is now, and as re-styled, must be submitted on a regulation entry blank. A letter, of not over 500 words, sincerely discussing what these changes would do for you, your home and your family, must also be sent. Contestant can submit one entry for each room in the home. **4** Charm of re-styled room as expressed in choice of pieces, arrangement and color scheme, will be considered first in awarding prizes. Neatness and originality of both the letter and the floor plans will also count. **5** The Judges' decision shall be final. In event of a tie, the full amount of that prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries returned. **6** In submitting entry, contestant gives full permission to use entrant's name, photograph and contest entry in any way whatever. **7** Contestant in consideration of acceptance of this entry, further agrees in the event of winning a Grand Prize to abide by all conditions governing the Famous Homes Tour and waives all claims for damages to person and/or property which may arise while on or as a result of said tour. **8** Secure your contest entry blank from any dealer displaying emblem of National Home Furnishings Program. Send entry to Home-Style-ing Contest, Peoples Bank Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

What is "HOME STYLE-ING"?

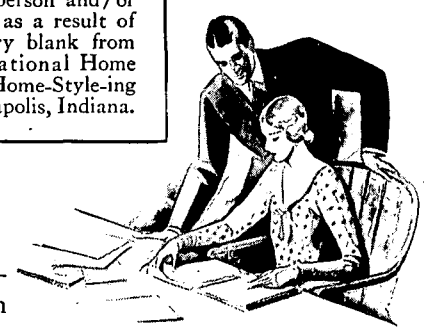
You follow the fashions in hats—dresses—shoes. You wouldn't dream of wearing out-of-date clothes. Nowadays it is smart, too, to keep your home surroundings in tune with the times. Out-moded, out-worn furniture, rugs and accessories have no place in the modern scheme of things. *First*, furnish your home . . . it tells what you are!

"Home Style-ing" consists in going through your home, room by room, and adding those necessary touches that bring beauty and style. Every home has certain pieces which can be used as a style and color "foundation" for the room. Discard the unsuitable pieces—replace them with harmonious furnishings—and the room is in style!

To Win a Prize, Re-Style One Room

Go to a "Home Style-ing Contest" store today. Accept, without cost or obligation, a special contest entry form and helpful booklet of style ideas which will be waiting for you. Select one room in your home which you feel would be made more interesting, more useful, by proper "style-ing." Sketch its details in the space on the contest form provided for that purpose. Now *re-style* that room, creating on paper your conception of an ideal room.

Then explain briefly, in a letter of 500 words, what this "re-style-ing" will do for you and your family. Perhaps, right now, you are facing the problem of making home surroundings more attractive to your growing children. Perhaps you value the social prestige or business asset of a tastefully furnished home. Tell us these things in your letter.



Get Your Entry Blank Today!

Study the route to be taken by the 24 major prize winners in this great contest. Note generous cash awards, too. Then decide to enter this unique event immediately. Your local dealer supporting the National Home Furnishings Program offers you his enthusiastic aid.

See him now! Be one of the happy 224 to win these splendid prizes, given by the National Home Furnishings Industry. Get started today!

Any dealer displaying the emblem below can give you your Contest Entry Blank

FIRST—FURNISH YOUR HOME
Official HOME STYLE-ing *Store*

HOME STYLE-ing Contest

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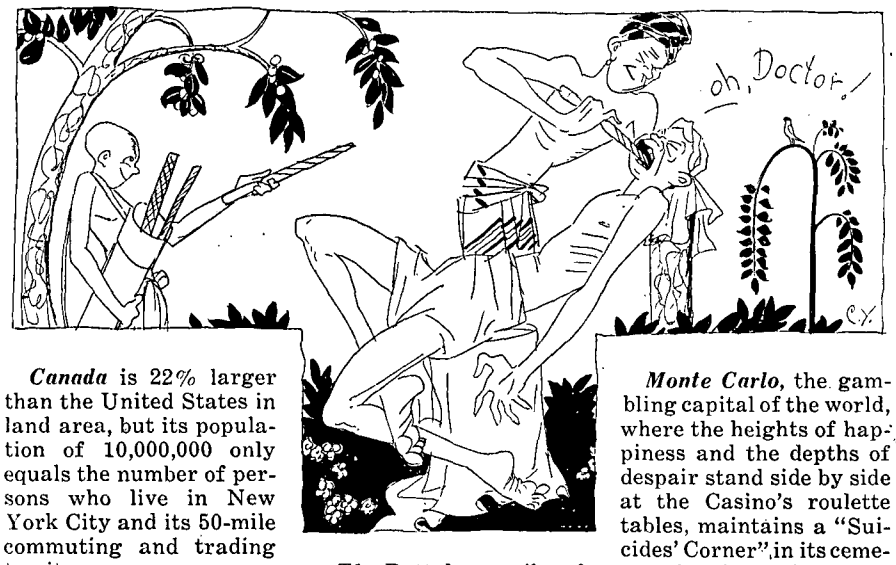
Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster



Canada is 22% larger than the United States in land area, but its population of 10,000,000 only equals the number of persons who live in New York City and its 50-mile commuting and trading territory.

Today more than 30,000 scientists and engineers are employed to invest $200,000,000 annually in scientific experimentation by the U. S. Government and about 1,000 industrial corporations, one of the largest being the Bell Telephone Laboratories with 5,400 research workers and a yearly expenditure of $19,000,000.

The annual cost of illness per family in America today is estimated to average $82 for medicine and medical treatment and $42 in loss of wages, making a total family loss of $124—or $3,657,520,000 for the entire country each year.

The quantity of dirt and dust which floats daily in the air of New York City reaches its peak density at 9 A. M. each morning.

The first four years of marriage are the most difficult ones as evidenced by the fact that 38 per cent of all divorces are granted to those who have been married for less than that period.

Minneapolis traffic violators are not fined but made to attend its traffic school, where for two hours on five nights all road offenses are impressed upon them, which is apparently a much better corrective measure than the perfunctory fine, as only 4 of every 1,000 "students" are second offenders.

The Battaks, a tribe of Sumatran savages who drink blood at ceremonies and continue to practice forms of cannibalism, have the charming custom of filing off their teeth at puberty because they cannot bear to offend the soul of their rice by cutting it with their teeth.

Java, an East Indian island only 622 miles long and from 55 miles to 121 miles wide, is the world's chief center of volcanic activity, containing more than 125 mountain peaks, many of which are active or inactive volcanoes.

The "Ghost Grasshopper" of New Guinea, one of the world's strangest insects, looks like a litter of leaves, due to the dry, prickly, leaf-like appendages which grow out of its body and legs.

Opium and its chief derivatives—morphine and heroin—are the only habit-forming drugs whose addiction requires medical assistance for successful treatment, while other drugs, including cocaine, can be relinquished without aid or difficulty.

Diamonds, to radiate their maximum sparkle, must have the modern "brilliant" cut which consists of 58 mathematically-computed facets, 33 above and 25 below the girdle or widest part.

Only four states—Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi and South Carolina—are still without workmen's compensation laws which provide automatically for the protection of the injured worker.

The human body weighs only 8 ounces after all volatile matter, such as water and carbon dioxide, has been removed from it by calcination.

Monte Carlo, the gambling capital of the world, where the heights of happiness and the depths of despair stand side by side at the Casino's roulette tables, maintains a "Suicides' Corner" in its cemetery for the burial of the many self-murderers who have destroyed all marks of identification.

A nation-wide express company transports $40,000,000,000 worth of money and valuables through the streets of 576 cities annually and is protected by more than $1,000,000,000 worth of insurance.

Birth control information is being dispensed at the present time by 55 clinics in 23 cities of 13 states to women legally permitted to receive it.

A new telephone cable, only 2¾ inches in diameter, contains 3,600 wires, through which 1,800 conversations can be carried on simultaneously.

From 1915 up to 1930 our population increased 24%, but our savings deposits grew from $8,807,000,000 to $28,485,000,000, or 223%; our ordinary life insurance in force from $18,349,000,000 to $76,123,000,000, or 315%, and our building and loan association assets from $1,484,000,000 to $8,695,000,000, or 486%.

A famous Chicago gangster, now "rubbed out," used to practice the delightful little trick of putting garlic on his bullets so they would create infection when he missed a vital spot.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

If I lived my Life over

Continued from page 47.

Thus when the Protection issue was raised I was already disposed to view all their actions in the most critical light. The flood tides of a new generation long pent up flowed forward with the breaking of the dikes upon the low-lying country.

Of course it is a lamentable thing to leave the party which you have been brought up in from a child, and where nearly all your friends and kinsmen are. Still I am sure that in those days I acted in accordance with my deepest feeling and with all that recklessness in so doing which belongs to youth and is indeed the glory of youth and its most formidable quality.

Lucky Mistake

When the Great War broke out and I started with the enormous prestige of having prepared the fleet in spite of so much opposition and of having it ready according to the science of those days, almost to a single ship at the fateful hour, I made the singular mistake of being as much interested in the military as in the naval operations. Thus, without prejudice to my Admiralty work, I was led into taking minor military responsibilities upon my shoulders which exposed me to all those deadly risks on a small scale which await those in high stations who come too closely in contact with action in detail.

I ought, for instance, never to have gone to Antwerp, I ought to have remained in London and endeavored to force the Cabinet and Lord Kitchener to take more effective action than they did, while I all the time sat in my position of great authority with all the precautions which shield great authority from rough mischance.

Instead, I passed four or five vivid days amid the shells, excitement and tragedy of the defense of Antwerp. I soon became so deeply involved in the local event that I had in common decency to offer to the government my resignation of my office as First Lord of the Admiralty in order to see things through on the spot. Lucky indeed it was for me that my offer was not accepted, for I should only have been involved in the command of a situation which locally at any rate had already been rendered hopeless by the general course of the war.

In all great business very large errors are excused or even unperceived, but in definite and local matters small mistakes are punished out of all proportion. I may well have lost all the esteem I gained by the mobilization and readiness of the fleet, through getting mixed up in the firing lines at Antwerp. Those who are charged with the direction of supreme affairs must sit on the mountain tops of control; they must never descend into the valleys of direct physical and personal action.

It seems clear now that when Lord Kitchener went back upon his undertaking to send the 29th Division to reënforce the army gathering in Egypt for the Dardanelles expedition and delayed it for nearly three weeks, I should have been prudent then to have broken off the naval attack. It would have been quite easy to do so and all arrangements were made upon that basis. I did not do it, and from that moment I became responsible for an operation the vital control of which had passed to other hands. The fortunes of the great enterprise which I had set on foot were henceforward to be decided by other people. But I was to bear the whole burden in the event of miscarriage.

Undoubtedly I might have obtained a far larger measure of influence upon the general course of the war if I had detached myself in the Admiralty from all special responsibility and made the ships sail away once the troops were fatally delayed. However, it must not be forgotten that the land attack upon the Gallipoli Peninsula, costly and unsuccessful as it was, played a great part in bringing Italy into the war in the nick of time, kept Bulgaria in awed suspense through the summer of 1915 and before it was finished broke the heart of the Turkish army.

One of the most curious features of our lives is the way in which sometimes we make mistakes and judge wrongly of events, and yet find that those very errors turn to great good fortune. When the Conservatives suddenly plunged into Protection in 1923, a dozen Liberal constituencies pressed me to be their candidate. And clearly Manchester was for every reason the battle ground on which I should have fought. A seat was offered me there, which, as it happened, I should in all probability have won. Instead, through some obscure complex I chose to go off and fight against a Socialist in Leicester, where, being also attacked by the Conservatives, I was of course defeated. On learning of these two results in such sharp contrast, I could have kicked myself. Yet as it turned out, it was the very fact that I was out of Parliament, free from all attachment and entanglement in any particular constituency, that enabled me to make an independent and unbiased judgment of the situation when the Liberals most unwisely and wrongly put the Socialist minority government for the first time into power, thus sealing their own doom.

Thus I found myself free a few months later to champion the anti-Socialist cause in the Westminster by-election, and so regained for a time at least the good will of all those strong Conservative elements, some of whose deepest feelings I share and can at critical moments express, although they have never liked or trusted me. But for my erroneous judgment in the general election of 1923 I should never have regained contact with the great party into which I was born and from which I had been severed by so many years of bitter quarrel.

Once Is Enough

When I survey in the light of these reflections the scene of my past life as a whole, I have no doubt that I do not wish to live it over again. Happy, vivid and full of interest as it has been, I do not seek to tread again the toilsome and dangerous path. Not even an opportunity of making a different set of mistakes and experiencing a different series of adventures and successes would lure me. How can I tell that the good fortune which has up to the present attended me with fair constancy would not be lacking at some critical moment in another chain of causation?

Let us be contented with what has happened to us and thankful for all we have been spared. Let us accept the natural order in which we move. Let us reconcile ourselves to the mysterious rhythm of our destinies, such as they must be in this world of space and time. Let us treasure our joys but not bewail our sorrows. The glory of light cannot exist without its shadows. Life is a whole, and good and ill must be accepted together. The journey has been enjoyable and well worth making—once.

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"Girls who value time and energy will want a Royal without carriage-shift"
"No longer does the operation of the shift-key break the typing rhythm"
"What a relief to be free of the heavy, tiring carriage-shift"
"Wonderful! 'Shift freedom' is a real contribution to our health and happiness"
"I never believed typing could be so fast and effortless"
"Now the shift-key is as alert and responsive as a letter-key!"
"'Shift freedom' has taken the jar and strain from typing"
ROYAL
ROYAL

Shift freedom

. . . . has freed us from Shift-key Fatigue

ANNOUNCED only a few weeks ago, the new Easy-Writing Royal Typewriter has already created a sensation. Business girls everywhere are praising it gratefully for the extra ease and comfort it brings to their office hours!

No longer is it necessary to lift a heavy, sluggish typewriter carriage every time a capital letter is typed. "Shift freedom" has eliminated this handicap forever! Instead of the carriage rising—the type-segment alone moves. All the jar, strain and fatigue of *shift-key typing* are gone!

What a tremendous difference "Shift freedom" makes in the convenience and contentment of operators—and in the quality and quantity of their typing! Yet this remarkable innovation is but one of the many improvements found in the new Easy-Writing Royal. Others include a new paper table which tilts forward giving easy access to tabular and marginal stops; larger, more accessible carriage controls; a positive segment lock that assures precise alignment; and distinctly quieter operation!

All of these refinements are supplementary to the exclusive features which long have distinguished Royal as the most efficient of office typewriters.

Always faster and easier to operate, the Easy-Writing Royal Typewriter is now a miracle of speed and ease. Invite immediate demonstration in your own office! Neither you nor your operators will want to be, even for a single day, without the advantages of "Shift freedom." Compare the Work!

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Branches and Agencies the World Over

LISTEN to "Royal's Poet of the Organ." Every Sunday night at 10 o'clock (Eastern Standard Time) over an International Network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

ROYAL
TRADE MARK
TYPEWRITERS

without Carriage Shift

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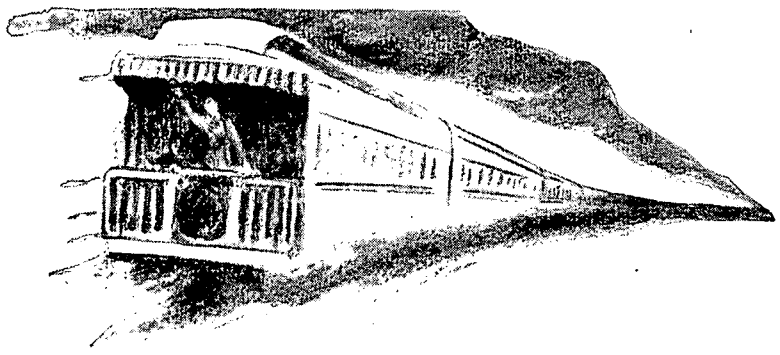

"Daddy's gone A'hunting...

Will he bring back a "rabbit's skin"?

FROM THE WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

A woman's floor, exclusively for women.

Floor clerks and reception parlors on all floors.

Two libraries. A hospital with nurses and doctors always *on duty*.

Children's open-air and enclosed play-rooms. Educational supervisors.

Tea-time concerts in the Great Hall. Dining rooms with dance or symphony music—and also without music.

Beauty parlors and fashion shops right in the hotel.

Expert women shoppers, to accompany you or to do your shopping for you.

OFF HE GOES to the Big City for a little business "hunting."

Don't worry . . . he'll bring back his "rabbit skin." Orders may be elusive today, like the proverbial jack rabbit, but he's learned a thing or two, including the real need of keeping his nerves steady, eyes clear, wits nimble . . . so he can draw a finer bead on his prospect.

And that's where the Palmer House helps him.

He exchanges the city's hard pavements for its soft-napped rugs. He trades noise and confusion for one of its quiet, well-ventilated rooms.

Whether he pays $4.00 or $6.00 or more a day, he escapes even the little irritations and gains healthful relaxation.

Neighbors may sing under their showers but he never hears them through the walls. Not even his bed squeaks. And the desk, too, is made of such solid stuff that it never wobbles.

Bath towels are man-size affairs. The Servidors in every room let in service and keep out servants . . . and incidentally reduce his tipping overhead.

Neither he nor his furnishings have a "squeezed in" feeling. In fact, he takes his setting-up exercises in the bath room every morning...and has reported no bruised knuckles or skinned elbows as yet.

And what a story his food tells when he is away from home.

He doesn't remember the tempting venison, buffalo meat, prairie chicken and grouse that the old Palmer House used to serve. But he does know that Chef Amiet, with four dining rooms and a lunch room, serves American and French cooking that's guaranteed to brace any appetite that happens in.

He always did like the good things...especially when he found them in a location that saved him transportation-and-walking time and money.

Now he values them more than ever...because he has to step faster these days to get his "rabbit skin."

. . . WALTER L. GREGORY — *Manager*

PALMER HOUSE

CHICAGO

Send your name and address to the Palmer House, Room 2368, for either (or both) of these booklets: Chef Amiet's 25 Favorite Recipes, for use in your home. Chicago's Everyday "World's Fair"—a guide to things worth seeing.

Rates: $4.00 and more; $6.00 and more with twin beds (for 2 guests). Every Room with Private Bath

"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"—STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE

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Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 20

Donnan has come in the other end over Dog Ridge. He works along, fishing. Finally he makes his camp. Two fellers is watching him from the rock of the rim as he makes his camp."

"How do you know that?" said old Major.

"Just keep on butting in," said Tanner testily, "if you want to keep from finding out nothing. They've already made up their mind to gun Donnan, but now they see Hughes' smoke from down canyon. One of 'em walks along the rim in his stocking feet to see who it is. He almost walks right onto Hughes where Hughes is setting up on the rim. He sights him at twenty yards, and, of course, Hughes is looking the other way. Wouldn't you know it? Also, I guess he don't hear very good, does he? At least, he doesn't listen very good. Well, this feller that's stalking him steps behind a clump of junipers not over twenty yards away and watches him."

CLAY HUGHES' hair rose at this suggestion. It is a queer thing to be told that hostile eyes have watched you from a distance of but twenty yards, while you were unconsciously going about your own affairs. He remembered the stillness of the night, and found himself unable to believe Tanner.

"I would have heard him," said Hughes.

"Just the same, he was there," said Tanner, "because there's a little dirt collected behind those junipers, and his track is there where he stood quite a while. All right. Hughes goes down to his camp again. The other feller lies down on the rock behind the junipers, keeping Hughes in sight. He lies there between half an hour and an hour."

"And how do you know that?"

"He left the butts of three white-paper cigarettes. Finally Hughes turns in and settles down for the night. The other feller works back along the rim."

"How do you know he did?"

"Because he ain't there no more," said Tanner with withering contempt. "The two fellers that's been watching Donnan has a hard time getting together in the dark, but finally the feller that's been watching Hughes finds his partner, and passes the word that to all intents and purposes Hughes is blind, deef and dumb. One of them two, probably the feller that's been watching Donnan, comes climbin' down the rock. His boots is hanging from his belt. He—"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Oliver Major. "You couldn't know what was hanging on his belt! Unless —*you was him.*"

"I sure get sick of explaining plain, common things to you blockheads," said Tanner. "I know he was in his stocking feet, don't I? And he wasn't carrying his boots in his hands because he wanted both hands free. A child would know that. But pretty soon when he leaves there, he's got his boots on. I suppose you fellers would say his boots was just follering him along, jumping from twig to twig or something. Me, I know better. He had 'em hooked to his belt." Tanner forked another load of the hot cakes to his plate.

"All right, go ahead."

"The feller that's stalking Donnan eases down onto the little, low rock ledge. Donnan's camped right under him. There's a little brush on the ledge, giving the feller cover. The feller snakes his gun out and pokes it through the brush. The brush rattles. Donnan turns around and sees the other feller and the gun. He makes a jump for his rifle that's standing against a tree. 'How do I know it was against the tree?' says you. Because that's what a feller does with his rifle—he don't sink it in the crick to cool. I get tired of these damn' fool questions."

"Nobody asked you a question," said Major.

"Well, you was about to, wasn't you? Donnan makes a jump for his rifle—isn't there somebody wants to know how I know he jumped, instead of walking on his hands?"

The riders stirred restlessly. The slurs of the cantankerous old lion hunter were getting on their nerves.

"Come on, come on, what happened then?"

"Why, you jug-heads," said Tanner, "the feller shot him. Ain't you heard he was shot?" he demanded sarcastically. "Now somebody ask me was he hurt."

Nobody asked him anything, so Tanner was reduced to going ahead under his own power. "Donnan goes down, out of reach of his rifle. The feller that shot him stands tight, not moving. He's ready to pop him again if necessary. It ain't. Donnan lies quiet. After a minute or two, which seems like about an hour to the feller on the ledge, the feller cleans his gun. He has a nail on a string, with a rag on the end of the string. He drops the nail through the barrel of his gun and pulls the rag through three, four times. Why does he do that? He does it so that if anybody comes busting up and wants to know did he shoot Donnan, he can show them he never fired his gun—see, it's all clean. How do I know he done it? Because I found his cleaning wad—nail, string, and all—hanging on the bush. It's a wonder you jiggers wouldn't have found it and took it for a fish hook, and put it in the crick, so's it would look more at home."

"Somebody's going to put you in the creek one of these days," Macumber grunted, "and I'll bet you'll look at home there, too!"

TANNER devoted himself to concentrated eating for a moment or two. In the comparative silence, two or three of his dogs outside could be heard blooping mournfully in the loud, pointless conversation that lion packs carry on incessantly.

"The feller that shot Donnan went away. After he's gone Donnan gets on his hands and knees and crawls over to his rifle, and pulls it down onto the ground. He lies resting on top of it. Then he changes his mind. He don't need no rifle, the fellers is gone. He crawls over and puts a stick on the fire, leaving the rifle lie. Next day when you fellers are wandering around up there, one of you picks up the rifle and lays it across his saddle. Now, if you fellers want to ask me something I can't answer, there's the chance of a lifetime. What did you fellers do that for? I don't know! A man can figure out almost anything, except what is you fellers' theory when you do most of the things you do."

"I picked it up to see if it had been fired," said Macumber, ill-naturedly.

"He didn't know if it was loaded," said Tanner, sarcastically. "Well, anyway, Donnan now drags hisself up onto the ledge where the shot come from. Something flickers in the light from the fire. He picks up the shell from the gun of the feller that's dropped him."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the shell ain't there any

(*Continued on page 54*)

But the part of your shoes that nobody sees is where we're just as particular. Sole leather, for example . . .

Down in South America, Walk-Over leather buyers are a very critical group. They pick their steers only in the "short hair" season... short hair means a sturdier hide. Then, before the hide is ready for cutting, follows seven months' work by Walk-Over tanners. And, when the hide is finally turned over to Walk-Over cutters only the finest part (about 25%) is used for sole leather. No wonder Walk-Overs have soles that are so flexible and comfortable on your feet . . . that give such wear-resisting service.

● *Illustrated:* The MIAMI . . . Imported black calf. Custom grade . . . $10.

WALK-OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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like blindfolding the Sun

(using ordinary glass in your windows)

It is hard to believe that anyone would consciously shut out practically all of the most healthful part of the sunlight. Yet that is exactly what is done when windows are fitted with ordinary glass. Lustraglass, the wonderful new glass, opens your windows to valuable rays. It transmits a substantial amount of the shorter ultra-violet rays of sunlight at 313 mu. Lustraglass is the "whitest" of all glass made for windows, and transmits more daylight. Yet, with all these features—these extra values—Lustraglass costs no more than any good window glass. Be sure to specify "Lustraglass" by name. It has no equal. Lustraglass can be purchased from reliable dealers anywhere. Send for Booklet A-430 giving table of ultra-violet ray transmission of Lustraglass at various wave lengths.

LUSTRAGLASS
FLAT-DRAWN

LUSTRAGLASS THE ULTRA VIOLET RAY WINDOW GLASS AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS CO. PITTSBURGH, PA., U.S.A.

Look for this Label

AMERICAN • WINDOW • GLASS • CO.
Farmers Bank Building • • • Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

(Continued from page 53)

more. And I know that the feller that shot him ejected it, because he never would go to work and clean his gun without he reloaded it. Furthermore, and lastly, it looks to me like Donnan went up there and picked up something—and what else would be there for him to pick up?

"Maybe you fellers was hopin' that the killer would drop his gun—and you'd find his name carved on it. Well, it's too bad, but things don't work that way. If you fellers think that Donnan didn't go up there and pick up no empty shell, I'll just bet you two to one that proof will turn up he so done. 'Why is Donnan collecting empty shells?' says you. Because Donnan is dumb—he used to be a cowboy, didn't he? Sure. He's a game feller, though very nearly done for, and he figgers he'll get a clue as to who knocked him over.

"The shell is nice and shiny so he picks it up and saves it, thinking it may mean something. Of course, all it means is that some feller reloaded his gun. If you fellers think that that was a nutty thing for Donnan to do, you're right. But what you want to hold in mind is that you master minds could of been counted on to do something different, maybe, but just as crazy. I've worked around cow pokes for a long time, and all I ever found out is, you can't never tell what fool thing is liable to appeal to a cow hand as reasonable to do."

"JUST the same," said Macumber, "he's telling a good story for a man that's just making it up as he goes along."

"Leave him alone, Bob," said Major. "Grasshopper, go ahead."

"Donnan grabs up some moss and holds it on his wound, and starts down canyon, where he seen the smoke from Hughes' fire. Undoubtless, he figgers he's going for help. 'Help for what?' Don't ask me—I'll leave that to some of you that understands cowboy minds. He gets clear down to Hughes' camp. Well, down there you fellers played drop the handkerchief or something, and it's pretty hard to find out much, but it looked to me like Donnan walked right spang into camp and fell down on top o' Hughes' fire. Hard to say. Some darn' fool has sifted out them ashes and sprinkled 'em all around—probably noticed somebody fell in the ashes, and was sifting 'em out to see if he was still in 'em."

"Just the same, we found something," said Major. "We found the empty shell of a .45. Hughes claims he didn't put it there, and nobody else had been there up to the time we went up. So maybe you're right about that empty shell, Grasshopper. Maybe Donnan had it in his hand, and dropped it in the ashes himself!"

"And there you are!" said Tanner. "Who was it wanted to bet me about that shell?"

"Those two gun throwers," Major asked: "did you locate where they left their saddle stock!"

"No. If they had any sense, they left 'em a good ways off, where saddle stock's got every right to be. There's plenty places in walking range of there where you can find hoof prints; and I s'pose there're ten thousand places where they could have come on and off the rock. Now, I've told you exactly what happened up there night before last. Take it or leave it, it's all one to me."

"Looks like," said Major grumpily, "you could have taken a look around for them hoof prints, while you was at it, just the same."

"My work's done," declared Tanner stubbornly. "And I'll tell you right now, I got no notion of chasing my pack all over the Sweetwaters trying to track down no mule. It's hard enough to get a bunch of smelling machines to follow—"

"Mule?" said Hughes.

Old Tanner's eyes struck upward at Hughes' face, but he hesitated only a fraction of a second. "Horse *or* mule," he corrected himself. "I've got enough trouble with this pack, teaching 'em not to go hollering off after every buck deer that jumps, without giving 'em the idee they can take out after every cow, horse or mule that crosses—"

"How did you know that one of those killers was riding a mule?"

"Riding a mule?" Tanner tried to put him off. "That's rich! A killer on a mule!"

Two or three of the cowboys snickered, but Hughes stuck to his point. "How did you know?" he insisted.

"I never said he rode no mule!"

"It came into your head, just the same! And that sure is the last thing that would come into any man's head, on this or any other range. I'm asking you flat—how did you know there was a mule in this?"

"A child could tell the sign of a—"

"You've already said you didn't know where they left their saddle stock. You tried to make us think you never cut their track after they went back onto the rock of the rim. *What told you about the mule?*"

Old Tanner let down his knife with a clatter, and came onto his feet to face Hughes with blazing eyes, like a lion treed. "How'd you know yourself?" he fired back.

(To be continued next week)

True Love Tracks

Continued from page 17

recalled. "Is dat sho' nuff in Arkansas?"

"Right smack in Arkansas," the Sin Splitter assured him.

Bugaboo grinned. It was the first cheering news he had heard in three days. "And do de ladies tote razors and cut dey menfo'ks up?" he pressed.

"Hit's a heap er razor-totin' Jezebels all over Arkansas," the Sin Splitter said, sadly. "I been revivin' up and down dis river for twenty year, now, and hit's a heap er sin and stuff left amongst 'em, yit.' Right dis minute, I'm pilgrimin' up to Camden to git in a few licks for de Lawd. But hit do seem like dat betwixt de ole Satan and de sawmills, me and de Lawd ain't got much chance amongst dese Arkansas sinners."

Bugaboo wandered off and sat down. He had heard everything he wanted to know. All he needed now was a definite and detailed plan of action. The facts all were inside his brain, and the idea that he could quit the steamboat and go to Arkansas for a double solution of his riddle had been with him for hours. His brain would have to work out the details the best way it could. So he sat down, and went to sleep.

It was late afternoon when he woke up. The whistle was blowing for the landing at Fordyce's Mill, and already the stage was being lowered. Two hundred sacks of sugar and a few odds and ends of groceries had to be put off there. Bugaboo was the first man to get a sack

(Continued on page 57)

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New... a loose-leaf method for Carrying Keys

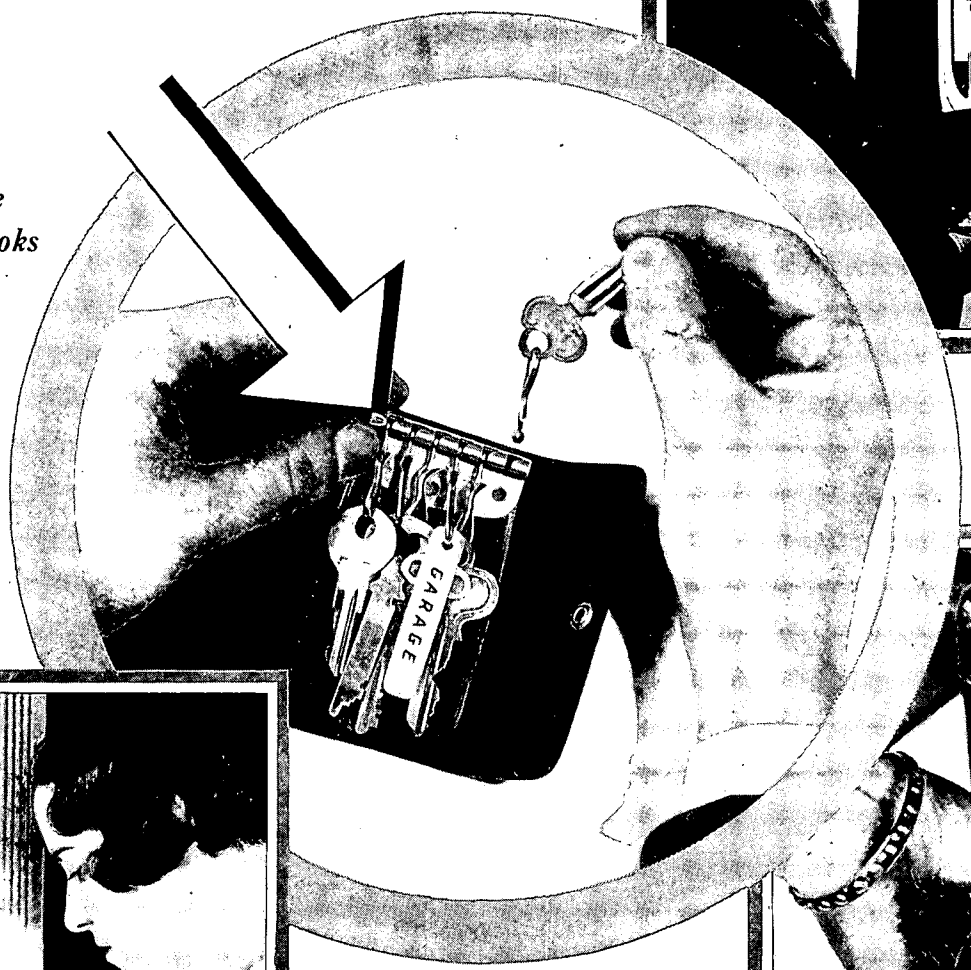
REMOVABLE HOOKS permit instant interchange of keys . . . IDENTIFICATION TAGS classify keys . . . FREE RETURN SERVICE brings back lost keys. Ask for the Key-Tainer by name . . . no other has these three time-saving features

She wants the key to the Garage . . .

so he turns down the little catch on his new Buxton Key-Tainer and slips out key and hook together. So much quicker, so much more convenient, than wrenching the key off a stubborn key hook. Only the Buxton Key-Tainer has Removable Key Hooks.

How to Operate the Removable Key Hooks

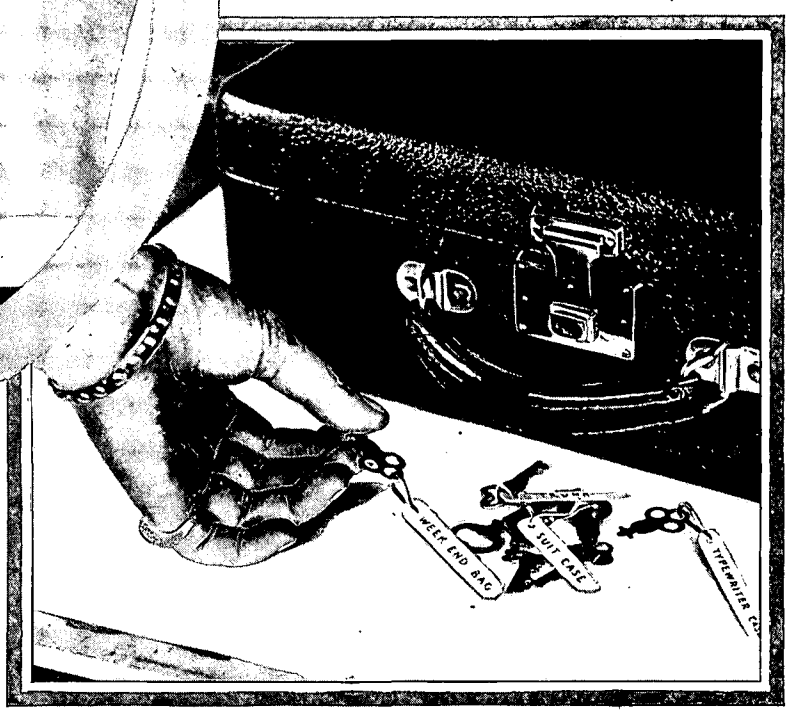
Look closely at the picture. Note the little catch at the end of the arrow. So small you can hardly see it; but it saves a lot of time. Ends struggling with stubborn key hooks. Instead of wrenching a key off its hook by main force, you simply turn down the catch, and remove key and hook together. Turn back the catch and keys are once more locked safely in.



Trade-mark identifies the new Key-Tainer. You'll find it at most dealers', $1 up, or write Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

Back Come the Lost Keys . . .

Buxton has recovered them by the Free Key Return Service. Two cards in the Key-Tainer when you buy it. Fill out one and mail to Buxton. The other without your name but bearing your number stays in the Key-Tainer and offers a reward to finder. He returns the Key-Tainer to us. We mail it to you.



A Bag to Pack . . . a Train to Catch . . . the Taxi waiting . . .

Where's that key? Right at your finger tips if you classify your important keys with the new Buxton Identification Tags. After you've locked bag or trunk, it takes only a second to slip the key into your Key-Tainer; new Buxton Removable Key Hooks permit instant interchange of keys. Ask your dealer to demonstrate this Buxton feature.

The New Buxton—KEY-TAINER *with removable hooks*

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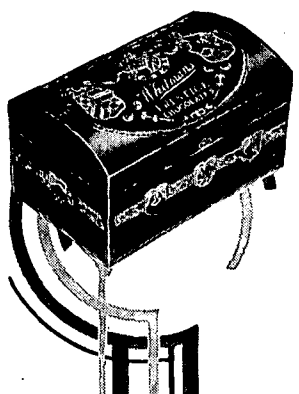
"Reaches Readers of Taste and Means"

Whitman's Candies



DESCRIBING their selection of Collier's for the advertising of their $1.50 and $2.00 quality candies, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., say:

"After closely studying Collier's, its editorial appeal, policies and its sustained and healthy growth, we have added it to our list for the national advertising of Whitman's Chocolates.

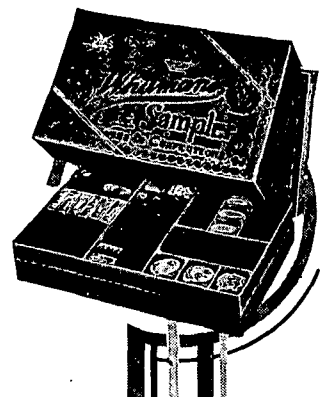
"It seems to offer us the kind of readers we want to reach, keen, progressive people of taste and with the means to gratify their liking for the good things of life.

"We believe that if we tell the true story of Whitman's Chocolates to the folks in two and a quarter million homes reached by Collier's we shall gain enough new customers to make the advertising profitable."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

Louis W. Wheelock

Vice-President and Director of Advertising



Collier's for Action!

now more than 2,250,000 paid circulation

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True Love Tracks

Continued from page 54

of sugar on his head, and he was the first man to put his foot on the stage. Arkansas, women and all, lay before him, and he wanted to overwhelm it with his strength and good humor.

As soon as the plank touched the ground, he danced up it, singing:

"Preacher in de pulpit,
Whirlin' round and round,
My mamma in de amen corner
Choppin' her sweet darlin' down!"

By the time he got to the top of the plank he knew he was in Paradise! Twenty or more women stood about the head of the stage, and only one man. The man was loading the freight on a wagon, and the women were laughing and jaw-jawing over Bugaboo's song!

"Big steamboatin' nigger hit de ground singin' about de preacher and his woman, all at de same time!" shouted one.

"And totin' a big sack er sugar, too!" another supplemented.

"ALL de sugar I'm totin' ain't in dis sack, baby," Bugaboo laughed.

"Yaaaaah! Listen *at* him!"—this from a bushy-headed little woman with a red dress on. "Sugar-totin' fool, I bet. You do a heap er tawkin' about sugar, but I don't see no sugar. Whar's yo' sugar, Big'n?"

"You too little to know," Bugaboo explained.

All the women laughed noisily. Remarks again became general, and the laughter louder: "Ole sugar boy!" "Big sugar, too." "And black."

"Aw, but so sweet," Bugaboo told them.

Before half the sugar was unloaded, Bugaboo singled out the little bushy-headed woman with the red dress for most of his smart talk. "I likes you, little ole bush-haid gal," he told her. "What's yo' name?"

The woman was not in the least surprised. She looked at him steadily for a minute and then dropped her eyes, shyly. "Milly," she said.

"You married up?"

"Not now," she said, quietly, "but I might git."

Bugaboo walked off with his sack of sugar, put it upon the pile and coonjined fancily down the plank, singing:

"Married me a gal in Natchez,
Wife in N'Awlins, too,
Now I got me a Arkansas woman—
Lawd, what kin a po' boy do?"

It took considerable courage for Bugaboo to sneak out of the line of rousterbouts and hide behind a tree while the rest of the freight was being toted ashore. And when the plank started up, he was on the verge of leaping out and racing for the boat. But he saw old Sin Splitter back of the boiler feeding Balaam a handful of roasting ears, and the sight of the preacher and the gray mule made desertion easier.

After the Grace was well around the bend and the wake from the paddle-wheel had exhausted itself against the banks, Bugaboo came out of hiding and went directly to Milly.

"Well, Milly," he said, brightly, "hyar's me."

Milly ogled him shyly and giggled. "Sho' is, ain't you?" she agreed.

Bugaboo fidgeted nervously for a minute. The bush-headed Milly was standing directly in front of him, giggling invitingly, and he knew it was time for somebody to say something very definite. He looked up the river. The Grace was gone. It wouldn't be back that way for four whole days.

"Yeah," he said, limply, "hit sho' is."

Milly became businesslike. She eyed Bugaboo from head to foot appraisingly. Then she grinned once more and said, "Big'n, you's all O. K. Now come on before de mill shut down and le's git married up."

Bugaboo hesitated. "You sho' works rapid, don't you, baby?" he observed. "How come us gits married up befo' I hardly knows yo' name?"

Milly tossed her head contemptuously. "Big stuff," she said, "I's a lady and I don't lives wid nobody I ain't married up wid. You and nobody else. I been married up to a little ole runt of a man name' Jabbo. But quick as I seed you, darlin', I divo'ced de devil out'n him. 'Cause he was de sawdust monkey, and dat's all he was good for. But when I seed big old you, struttin' around, strainin' yo' strenk, I says to myse'f, I says, 'I bet dat big ole scound'el is a natchal-bawn lumber stacker f'm away back yonder. So I'm gonter divo'ce dat Jabbo off and marry up wid dat big man. 'Cause I don't love dat Jabbo no more.'"

"Dat's what you said?" Bugaboo found some comfort in the fact that the woman liked a big man like him enough to divorce a smaller one. "Well, baby, efn dat's de way you feel about hit, well, don't let me stop you. Come on."

He was docile enough from then on. Curiosity and a very mild enthusiasm made him follow while Milly made all the arrangements. It seemed that the only thing at Fordyce's Mill was Mr. Fordyce's big sawmill, and a few shacks scattered here and there to house the workers.

Milly led Bugaboo to a shack near the mill, in which a white man was sitting at a rustic desk. "Mister Will," she said, "us wants a job stackin' lumber. I hyars you's shawt—"

The white man looked up. A glance at Bugaboo's size, and he became interested. "Ever stack lumber, boy?" he asked.

"Nawsuh," Milly said. "He a steamboatin' nigger which is takin' up sawmillin'. But he sho' is stout. You jest ought to see him sling dat sugar around."

"All right," said the white man, reaching for a card. "What's the name?" He filled in the time card and placed it in a file. "Start in the morning," he added, and turned back to his desk.

"Mister Will," Milly ventured, modestly, "hadn't you better give him a commissary ticket? Dis nigger got to eat, you know."

WITHOUT a word, the white man made out another card, initialed it, and handed it to Milly. The card merely stated that Jones, Bugaboo, was employed as a lumber stacker at a dollar and seventy-five cents a day, and would begin work the next morning.

"Come on, sweetenin'," Milly said, clutching the card in one hand and Bugaboo's paw in the other.

She led him to the commissary, which stood some distance from the mill office. "Mister Charlie," she called, "hyar come me wid my new husband, wantin' to git married up."

The commissary clerk, who also was the bookkeeper, looked up sadly from his ledger. Milly's message meant that an old account would have to be closed and a new one opened. Long before he

(*Continued on page 58*)

Lake Ellen Wilson from Gunsight Pass

Glacier Park's the finest riding country in America!

Recapture the Old West this summer in Glacier Park—thrill to the carefree camaraderie you find. Take to the mountain trails on horseback or climb a glacier, hike over the Divide, fish, golf, or camp out under Montana stars—in short, keep step with youth! For details write Great Northern Vacations, St. Paul. Ask about Escorted Tours.

The New **EMPIRE BUILDER**

GREAT NORTHERN

The Luxurious **ORIENTAL LIMITED**

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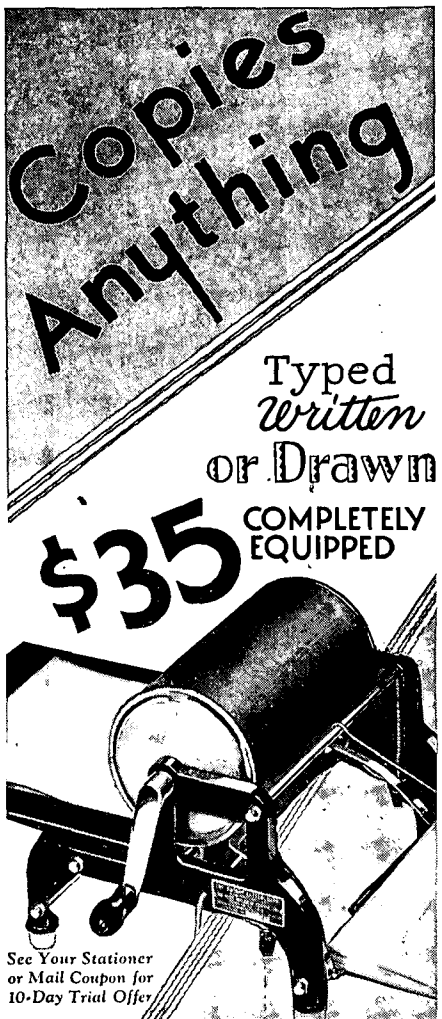

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(*Continued from page 57*)

had complained to the management about the practice of "commissary weddings," but the management explained that it was operating a sawmill and not a morality bureau. It took the trouble, however, to point out that, operating a sawmill in an isolated community where hard-working Negroes got small wages, it was necessary to allow convenient customs, such as commissary weddings, in order to hold the workers, and that pragmatic morals were comparative and built upon usage and custom rather than upon definitely fixed rules.

"All right," said the clerk, sadly. "Let me see your license." He took the card from Milly.

"You better divo'ce me away f'm Jabbo, fust," Milly insisted. "'Cause I won't marry up wid two men at once, 'cause I'm a nice lady."

THE clerk obligingly thumbed through a box of cards and made a notation on one of them. "All right," he said. "You and Jabbo are divorced and you and this nigger are married. You better go to Fifteen, I reckon."

"Make Jabbo live in Fifteen," Milly requested. "I likes whar I'm livin'. Hit brung me luck."

"All right," agreed the clerk, "stay in Number Eleven, then."

Milly squeezed Bugaboo's hand fondly. "Now we's married up, big'n," she said. "Umm," grunted Bugaboo, still somewhat bewildered. "Is we?"

"Yeah," said Milly, enthusiastically. "And now us better buy some vittles and stuff. 'Cause I'm fixin' to cook you up a supper like you ain't never et befo'."

With expertness and brevity born of long practice, Milly ordered provisions for herself and her man.

"Yeah," objected Bugaboo, "but who gonter pay for all er dat stuff? I ain't got a lick er money, baby. Not a red copper cent."

Milly laughed. "You don't need no money, sweetenin'," she told him. "Dat's how come us come hyar to git married up. When you's married up at de commissary, you ain't got to spend no money for nothin'. You jest axes for what you wants and Mister Charlie write hit down again' yo' name. And den when pay day come, he take hit outn yo' wages."

"Aw," said Bugaboo. "Dat's kind er de way us do's on de steamboat." And that point clear to him, he ventured a bit of gallantry for his brand-new bride. He saw a pair of red stockings dangling temptingly from a rack. A price tag stated they were worth twenty-five cents. He dragged them down and asked the clerk to make a note of it.

"Dese is for ol' good-lookin' you, sugar," he grinned.

Milly giggled delightedly. "Aw, darlin'," she said, "ain't you de sweetest man! But you mustn't waste we's wages like dat on me."

Bugaboo shoved the stockings down the front of her dress. "What I keer about wages, baby," he said, playfully. "I'm gonter dress you up in dem red socks."

Milly wiggled and twisted joyously. "You jest won't *do!*" she declared. "Big'n, you jest vex de devil out'n a gal! I swear! You de beatin'est man I *ever* seed!"

Before Bugaboo's first day of lumber stacking was over he had about concluded that stacking lumber was pure work. And hard work. The heavy pine planks, fresh from the carrier trucks, had to be lifted upward to the tops of the high stacks. A man couldn't get any leverage on them. There was no way he could dance with his legs and heave the planks upward with the swing of his body, like he could coonjine on the plank of a steamboat. And there was not a single woman to watch him dance, even if he could dance a plank up on the pile. Only the yard boss watched and he was a grouchy old Negro, growling and grumbling at everything a man did or did not do. There positively was no fun in stacking lumber.

That night Bugaboo learned that it was eighteen long miles to the nearest town—eighteen miles straight through the bottoms, which were infested with snakes, mosquitoes, wild hogs, panthers and other varmints and vermin that would eat a man up before he could make it.

"All a po' man kin do," Milly advised, "is jest stick hyar and work for de company."

Before the next day passed, Bugaboo began wondering if there were actually any difference between Arkansas women and the women he knew so well along the river. Milly was all right, but she was beginning to tire him. She was just like the women in New Orleans, only a heap uglier, Bugaboo decided. When you first saw them, they were fine company to have a heap of fun with. But in a short time nothing smaller than a steamboat, headed up the river, could relieve you of the boredom. Women, he liked. One woman was too specific.

After his third day's work he came to the shack, thoroughly tired and disgusted. "Milly," he said, bluntly, "don't y'all niggers never do nothin' round hyar but jest work, and den come home and eat and sleep? Don't y'all never socialize none?"

"What else you 'speck to do, sweetenin'?" Milly wanted to know. "Ain't you makin' a dollar-six-bits stackin' lumber? Ain't dat somethin'?"

"Hit ain't enough for me," Bugaboo stated defiantly. "I'm sick and tired er workin' like I been. Dat work is too stiddy to suit my taste."

"But," insisted Milly, "ain't I cookin' yo' grub good like you likes hit, darlin'? And don't you love me no more?"

"Yeah, I loves you good," Bugaboo said, hesitatingly, "but hit do seem kind er dull and tiresome round hyar. And you's about de ugliest gal I ever laid my eyes on, baby."

"Well," said Milly, "efn you don't likes to look at me, don't look at me. You jest mopes around and don't say nothin'. Me? I likes to look at big ole handsome you and I studies up sweet things to say to you 'cause I loves you so good."

BUGABOO kept his troubles to himself for a few minutes. And more to himself than to Milly he said: "I hit dis sawmill wid a song on my weary mind. But I sho' ain't sung me no song since I been hyar."

"Well," said Milly, pleasantly, "efn you wants to sing, jest crack down. Wait to I gits my ole 'cor-deen out f'm under de bunk, and I'll mash out a few cho'ds for you."

Bugaboo brightened at the suggestion. "You play de 'cor-deen, gal?" he asked, enthusiastically. "Git dat thing out and mash me a song out'n hit."

Milly brought out the accordion and presently she was making it wheeze out something in the shape of asthmatic chords.

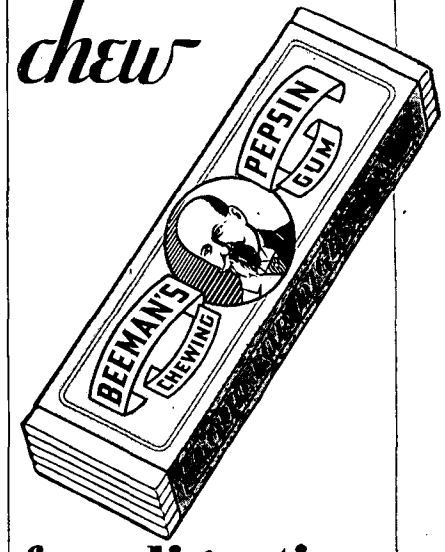
Bugaboo listened intently for a few minutes, saturating himself, not only with the tempo of the music but with the shallow dreariness of the tones. Then he opened his mouth and let his lonesome song roll out, line by line:

"Gonter tell you somethin', let hit bear down on yo' mind—"

rush!
rush!
rush!

when business makes you race through lunch

chew



for digestion

Everybody knows that eating when worried, hurried, nervous or tired is apt to put a strain on your digestion.

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BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

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"Tell hit, sweet stuff," urged Milly.

"Gonter tell you somethin', let hit bear down on yo' mind—"

"Well, go on and say hit den," Milly interpolated.

"'Cause I gits so tired er de same thing all de time."

"You sho got dem down-yonders, ain't you, son?" Milly asked brightly. "Now come on and sing me some more, sweetenin'."

Bugaboo waited until the music just suited him once more and he sang:

"Hyar me singin', baby; open up dat door."

"What kind er singin' is dat?" Milly asked, suspiciously.

"Hyar me singin', Mamma; open up dat door.
Oh, I'm leavin' you, woman, 'cause I can't use you no more."

Milly stopped suddenly and looked straight at Bugaboo. "You singin' dat song at me?" she demanded.

"I'm singin'," Bugaboo told her, "about what I got on my mind."

MILLY sat tense and glared at her big man for a minute, without a word. Then her eyes narrowed into tiny slits, her thick lips quivered, and her nostrils expanded. Her big eyes, habitually calm, sparkled fire between her almost-closed lids. "You tired er me?" she asked in the lowest, deadliest voice Bugaboo ever heard.

"Now, mind out a minute, Milly," Bugaboo said. "Don't look at me like dat."

"Is you tired er me?" There was more of a threat in her voice, and Bugaboo did not want to be threatened. It angered him.

"Yeah, I'm tired er you," he said, positively. "I'm tired er ev'ything around dis place. I don't like—"

He never finished that statement. Milly leaped up from her seat on the bunk, whipping out a razor as she came, and charged Bugaboo. The room was small and maneuvering space was scarce.

Bugaboo jumped sideways and kicked a camp stool in front of the charging woman. She stumbled over it, and he made for the door.

But he didn't get there. Milly recovered her feet quickly and was after him once more. Bugaboo worked strategically behind the small cookstove, and for several rounds he managed to keep it between him and the infuriated woman. Milly was cursing and Bugaboo was trying to soothe her with words.

"Now, mind out wid dat razor, baby," he said. "You know you don't want to cut ol' Papa wid dat thing, sugar, now, does you—?"

"I'll cut yo' gizzard out and th'ow hit at you," Milly promised. "You tired er me, and I'm gonter give you somethin' to git more tireder. I'm gonter chop you up in little bitty pieces and sweep you up wid a broom. You can't step on my heart wid dem big feets er yo'n." And she made long, desperate slashes across the top of the stove that missed Bugaboo merely by inches.

"Mind out wid dat razor, woman," he pleaded. "Dat thing is sharp—"

"'Cou'se hit's sharp, you yaller hammer!" Milly shrieked. "Hit'll shave you so close you won't never need no more barber work."

Bugaboo worked his mind almost as rapidly as he did his feet while dodging around the stove. His escape, he figured, would come by the door if it came at all. There was no window, and little chance of breaking through the wall. If he could get Milly behind the stove while he was pointed directly to the door— But it was a poor chance to sprint. There were two rustic stools, a table and a wood box directly in his path. Maybe he could quiet Milly down with some sweet talk—

"Baby," he said, "you gits around dat stove like a squirrel."

"You gonter git around like a cawpse," promised Milly, "efn I ever gits dis razor under yo' hide."

It was hopeless. Bugaboo maneuvered once more around the stove and pointed himself toward the open door. He negotiated the table and two stools, but tripped over the wood box.

Milly, hoping to cut the distance between them when he began his flight, leaped over the stove and knocked down the four joints of pipe.

"Baby, don't tear down de—" Bugaboo began, but he realized that Milly was practically upon him. He scrambled to his feet and shot out the door.

But Milly had been doing some scrambling, too. And as Bugaboo went out the door he felt the sting of the shining razor blade on his arm and shoulder.

For a hundred yards or more Bugaboo ran a heap faster than he had any idea he could run. He was vaguely conscious of the fact that Milly had stopped in the door and was hurling sizzling curses at him as he ran. Presently, however, he slowed down, and made his way to the commissary, where the clerk dressed his wound with the same boredom with which he had performed the "marriage ceremony" three days before.

The wound was a shallow gash that began at the left shoulder and ended in a mere scratch at the elbow. But it was smarting.

"You won't be able to stack lumber for a few days," predicted the clerk. "But you can pick up a light job for about four bits a day, to make expenses."

Bugaboo shook his head. "Nawsuh," he said. "I figgers dat steamboat jue in about tomorrow f'm up de river, and I better pick hit up."

BUGABOO slept on a pile of sacks that night, and the next morning early he was at the landing, waiting for the boat.

The clerk had closed his account, showing a total of five dollars and a quarter earned, and four dollars and fifteen cents spent for supplies and stockings.

Bugaboo asked for a dime's worth of sardines and told him to "th'ow de dollar away."

He began hailing the boat before it got in sight, and his excuses for having been left behind rolled glibly off his tongue. After the boat had taken him aboard and pulled out, he hunted up Iron Man.

Iron Man was lying alone in the shade of the gangplank, playing that one doleful song on his harmonica.

"Put dat thing down," Bugaboo ordered, "and tell me what kind er bad luck happened to dis boat for haulin' dat preacher and de mule?"

"You got left behind," Iron Man said, briefly, "and I had to do all de work. Dese yuther niggers ain't no 'count." And he resumed his plaintive music.

Bugaboo listened to the noise for a while, and then a grin of understanding spread itself across his face. "Hit sho' is, ain't hit?" he said, dreamily. "She pulled dat razor out'n de reddest pair er socks I ever seed! Come on, baby, and hit ole Papa one more time wid dat ole razor, cause you do's hit so purty!"

8 HOURS OF

SOUND SLEEP

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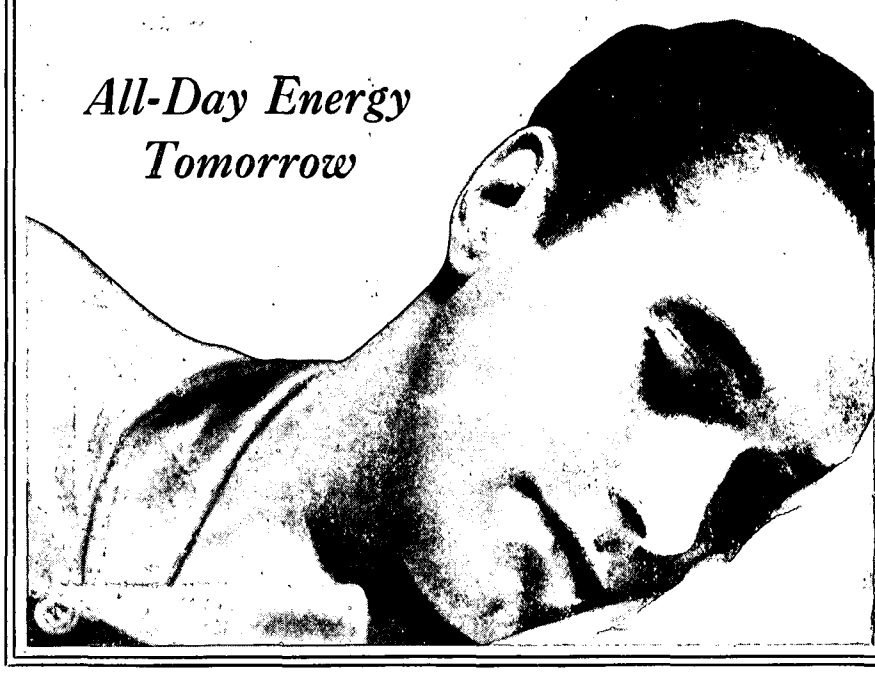

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Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "lecithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or run-down.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually helps* the cause of the trouble.

Also this is one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you. *810*

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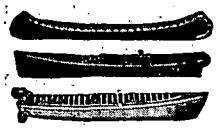

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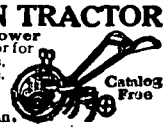

Catalog Free

Designs on Hollywood

Continued from page 21

his rosy face flushed and determined. "Women will go to our movies for two reasons: one, to see the pictures and stars; two, to see the latest in clothes."

But the doubters remain stubbornly doubting. In the movies and out, people who know fashions and movie stars—costume directors, stylists, designers in all the major studios and in New York's most important dress shops—almost all are taking bets that Chanel is going to have hard if not impossible sledding in Hollywood.

And the chief reason for this poisonous pessimism is their knowledge of movie stars themselves. The little matter of pinning bows and roses, already cited, is merely a hint of general conditions in likes and dislikes among the leading ladies. Not among one special group of them, but all stars, in all studios, on all the higher rungs of the Hollywood ladder. Laying down the law to them about what they should wear apparently is just one of the things that will not work. Getting them to give up their favorite styles, their favorite shops, their favorite notions—it is, as Chanel may soon sadly say, to laugh. For it seems that most of them have exquisite ideas of their own about how they should dress. Well, anyway, ideas.

Determined Wills and Won'ts

Take Gloria Swanson, for instance. Up to now she has been getting her clothes wherever it suited her whim. The fourteen or fifteen dresses she wears in her latest success, What a Widow, came from one of the leading dress houses in New York, whose word would be law to most humans. And yet the gardenia negligée she wears—mournfully they showed me the original of that gardenia negligée. One of their slinkiest mannequins swept in with it—black velvet molded to the body, flowing off into a train, its wicked simplicity relieved only by long bell sleeves studded closely to the elbows with white gardenias.

Perhaps you remember something like it in the picture. Changed, however. For Gloria had commanded that it be slashed down the front in wrapper effect, prominently revealing an elaborate slip—short in front but train in back—of luscious satin and lace; and further, that the reasonable ten-inch sleeve width be stretched to about twenty inches, knee-reaching, with gardenias in a double band round the edge.

Gloria likes feathers and marabou and expensive odds and ends like ermine and diamonds. For four years she has had a red-headed Scotch dressmaker, named Morgan, who travels with her and takes orders for many of her most luxurious dresses. Gloria won't wear rose color, she won't wear gowns that aren't formfitting; she won't, won't, won't.

Then there is Ina Claire, who has just signed a five-year contract with United Artists. She is generally considered one of the smartest women on the stage or in pictures. She has impeccable taste, knows clothes, knows herself. Yet nobody, it appears, could persuade her to show herself before the movie camera in a coat or wrap with tailored flat furs for the collar. Wherever fur is to frame her face, it simply has to be long-haired like fox, and that's all there is to it and please don't argue. Nor could anyone persuade her to wear an evening dress unless the back of it were practically minus; she has one of the loveliest backs in current events and quite rationally insists on keeping it with her.

Norma Talmadge likes laces and trains, and all the Camille and Du Barry kind of thing. She wants the most feminine, filmy, boudoirish creations at all possible times.

Mary Pickford is just the opposite. True, she's left the rags and tatters she used to wear in her harum-scarum rôles, but in her first "society" picture, Coquette, she would have none of the million-dollar confections that warm the very cockles of most movie stars' hearts.

Go around to the other studios and pick yourself a handful of other stars—they all have pet ideas that they are not going to give up for anything. Over at Warner Brothers and First National, where Edward Stevenson is costume director, Bebe Daniels, as implied, likes frills and trimming, with plenty of sequins and glitter. Tailored clothes bore her to death.

But Dorothy Mackaill—just let anyone try to make her wear a floppy hat or floppy earrings. She loathes gloves and pocketbooks and carries them under protest only when the picture's plot demands it. She hates large chiffon handkerchiefs with evening clothes and likes a streamline effect in all her costumes from party frocks to nighties. And this regardless of what temperamental Fashion happens to be decreeing at the moment.

Marilyn Miller insists on fragile, gauzy, ethereal things that set off her slender dancing grace.

Then take a look around at Paramount Studios, in Long Island City, where Carolyn Putnam is stylist. Nancy Carroll, you find, is a "pink and blue rosebud girl" at heart, and shakes her blond fluffy curls at the simple, untrimmed kind of thing. But Kay Francis, also considered, with Ina Claire, one of the truly smart women in pictures, would rather wear handcuffs than ruffles. She insists on clothes with individual dash, with striking contrasts of color, but always in flawless taste. And Claudette Colbert says a firm "no, thanks" to any dress that doesn't look as if she were poured into it.

One last brief peek—back in Hollywood—at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where Gilbert Adrian and René Hubert have their problem of "dressing the picture." The great Garbo prefers sport things, almost mannish. She goes in for small hats, all variations of the turban and the béret. Joan Crawford worships evening dresses of white satin or of pastel-tinted lace, and skin-tight hip lines. And Norma Shearer, who is now doing Strangers May Kiss, gets that pained look when they try to make her wear "glamorous clothes." She will have things simple. She likes scarfs and sport clothes and wrinkles her nose at red.

Reasons for Head Shaking

Nice business, movies. You meet so many interesting people. Perhaps you begin to understand why most authorities are shaking their heads about the latest Hollywood gamble. And there are two other reasons for the pessimistic sighs. One is the fear of monotony and the other is the sad lesson of experience.

How can any genius, Chanel or anyone else, be able to supply—year in and year out—all the main fashions for all the stars and all the pictures involved in this new scheme of things? They ask you that and tell you the answer: no one can. In the past the studios have found it hard enough to keep individuality in movie clothes even with all the large collections of all the largest houses

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in Paris, Hollywood and New York to choose from. Surely no single brain is fertile enough, no imagination varied enough, to replace all of them year after year. Not even if it were a Chanel, a Lanvin, a Molyneux, a Vionnet and a few other couturiers all rolled into one.

Then there is the little lesson learned by experience. This idea has been tried before in a smaller way, and has always promptly come to grief. There was the time that Erté, the famous French illustrator and designer, went in for uplift in Hollywood and went out in a terrible huff after Lillian Gish positively refused to wear such-and-such that he decreed was right. And the time that Gilbert Clarke, trained by Lady Duff Gordon, resigned from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer because of a similar set-to, with Garbo doing the refusing. Then, too, there are countless incidents of minor trench warfare that all the studio costume directors themselves have experienced.

Backbone and Vocabulary

And you really must add the general sum of experience sorrowfully gathered by all kinds of other people who have tried to do bigger and better things for the movies in other ways—the famous novelists who have come back frothing at the mouth, the famous playwrights, the famous theatrical directors—all, all tearing their mental hair and swearing that no human creature can beat Hollywood at getting what it wants instead of what it should have.

The very fact that none of Mr. Goldwyn's rivals have made any move to sign up other Paris fashion creators is proof that they really mean it when they predict that Chanel will soon come up against the same thing. The day after the news broke about Chanel's contract, Elsa Maxwell, who knows everybody—literary, artistic or just plain social—called up Walter Wanger of Paramount. "Should I get you Patou?" she asked. The answer was an impressive combination of sounds with negative overtones.

The only important dissenting opinion on this whole matter, aside from Mr. Goldwyn and his associates, comes from the Countess de Forceville of Bergdorf Goodman, in charge of dressing the more high-hat Broadway productions. So emphatic was it, that it must be included.

"Since it is Chanel, I say it will work," she told me with enthusiasm. "No one else in Paris, or in the world, could do it, but Chanel can. If they never listened to anyone before, the stars will listen to her. If she designs a dress, they will love it. She will never go stale—monotony is impossible for her. All the most important styles we have been wearing for the past ten or fifteen years were born, in their first form, in Chanel's mind. It will be a triumphant success and the movies will be the better for it."

But even this staunch supporter agreed that it will be no easy job. On these semiannual jaunts to Hollywood, it appears, the great Chanel will have to take her backbone with her—and her entire French vocabulary. For though clothes may not make the man, in the talkies they certainly make a man's size job.

Spring in the Heart

Continued from page 9

hotels with their names borrowed from Paris, and at the biggest and newest of them he stopped and was informed by a gold-braided Swiss that Mrs. Mallory was at home and would see him.

Stephen Lange owed his success as a playwright to his ability to write love scenes.

"No one writes of love with a defter, surer touch," one critic had said.

Yet, when he took the hand Sylvia Mallory held out to him, he could not remember any of the dozens of love scenes he had written; nor could he remember the half-humorous, half-serious technic of approach with which he had endowed his characters; he could only stand there like a schoolboy, gauche and choked, and say:

"Heavenly day, isn't it?"

He never talked about the weather—hadn't mentioned it in twenty years.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Sylvia Mallory. "Are you tight?"

"Not a bit. What makes you think so?"

"You're so red and solemn."

"I feel fine," he said, and felt that this was hardly the type of line for which he was famous.

"Do sit down," said Sylvia Mallory.

"Thank you."

"I rode in the Park this morning," she said.

"I tried to work," said Lange. "But I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I kept thinking of you."

"I'm so sorry."

"Why do you say that, Sylvia?"

"Because I don't want to interfere with your work. Of course, I'm extremely flattered—"

He knew, theoretically, the course their dialogue should take. He knew—who better?—that his tone, at first, should be light, playful, and then that it should, ever so gradually, deepen, grow more intense. But his chair was by the open window and a breeze stirred the mauve curtains. Awkwardly he seized her hand, like a man grabbing for a falling vase.

"Listen, Sylvia," he said, loudly, as if she were deaf, "I've got to tell you something. I'm mad about you—"

She disengaged her hand gently, and surveyed him with an amused, tolerant smile.

"Now, Steve, don't be silly," she said.

The only reply which came to him was:

"Why am I silly?"

"Because I'm not in love with you. Not the least bit," she said. "You should have felt that."

"With somebody else then?" he said, gruffly.

ALL the old, banal lines; he loathed himself.

"No," Sylvia Mallory said. "Wait, though. I'm not certain. Perhaps I am."

"Who is he?"

"An idea."

"What do you mean?"

"Steve," she said, "once—it seems a great many years ago—I was sailing down the Danube from Vienna to Budapest with my mother. It was a day like this and the spring flowers were out along the banks. There was a small orchestra on board, and the fiddler was a young Hungarian—not more than twenty, I suppose. I was eighteen. As he played, he kept his eyes on me. He could speak French—oh, I know I'm talking rot. We're solid, sensible, middle-aged people and all that. Of course Mother hustled me away from Budapest and I did the worldly-wise thing and married Rob and didn't live happily

(*Continued on page 62*)

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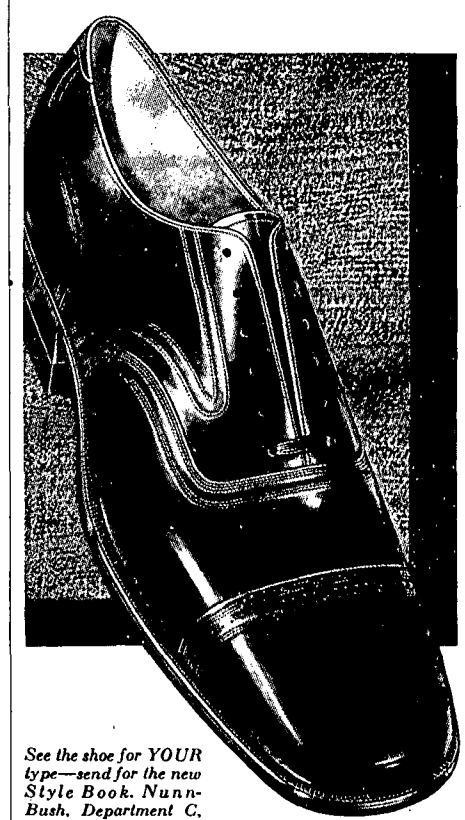

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(*Continued from page 61*)

ever after. Steve, I want to be eighteen again. I want to be able to fall in love again as I did then—"

"It can't be done," said Stephen Lange. "Every man—and every woman, too—has tried to recapture the exquisite thrill of a first romance—but we can't do it—completely. That sort of love is based on illusions—and we're too old for illusions—too sophisticated—"

"You see?" cried Sylvia Mallory. "Even on a day like this you want to dissect and analyze your feelings. I'm not interested in blue prints today, Steve."

"I'm talking sense," he said.

"Exactly. And I'm not interested in sense, either. I've been sensible all winter. Yes, for years. I'm sick of sense. I'm sick of being sophisticated and cerebral; I don't want to understand my emotions; I want to enjoy them. I want to be simple, direct and foolish—"

"With me?"

"I'm sorry, Steve; but you're not the type," she said.

"I know," he said, glumly. "It's the weather."

"Perhaps. On a somber autumn day—"

"I'll wait for that day."

She held out her hand.

"I'm glad you understand," she said. "Good-by, Steve."

Sylvia Mallory

WHEN he had gone she changed to her gayest, most frivolous dress—a costume of fawn and cream—and went out of her hotel. She walked slowly westward. She saw the lawns of Central Park, which, overnight, it seemed, had turned from dun to green, and she wandered for a time in the Park; then stopped to rest on a bench and to watch the sun slowly dissolving into a celestial strawberry mousse.

It was a narrow, out-of-the-way bit of path; and on the next bench beyond her sat a man. She saw his shoes first, and they were unshined, cracked and shapeless. His trousers were crumpled, his coat ill-fitting and shiny, and his shirt was not notably immaculate. But his face was the face of a vigorous young peasant. By the fading light she could see his lips moving, as he spelled out to himself the words in a Neapolitan paper five weeks old. She watched him.

Because he had time off and had no place else to go Tony Galento had come to the Park. He raised his dark eyes from the paper to look again at the sunset and saw the lady sitting there. She seemed part of the sunset, and as beautiful, as infinitely far away and unreal. He could not believe that she was smiling at him; it must be the way the soft pink light fell across her face. He flushed and stared down at his battered shoes.

"It is as lovely as an evening in Sorrento."

He looked up. She was speaking to him in Italian. Tony Galento was as startled as if one of the bright, distant clouds had spoken to him.

"*Si, si,*" he said.

"You know Sorrento?"

"*Si, si, signora.* I know it well. I was born near there."

"You are homesick for it?"

"Very homesick."

"I, too," she said. "On an evening like this I have driven along the bay."

He was sure, now, that she was smiling at him; and he was troubled, almost frightened. She was lovely; but she was old; at least twice his eighteen years, he thought.

"I think," he heard her say, "I'll hire a carriage and go for a drive around the Park."

"*Si, signora,*" he said.

"We could pretend we're in Sorrento," she said.

The way she looked at him confused and embarrassed him.

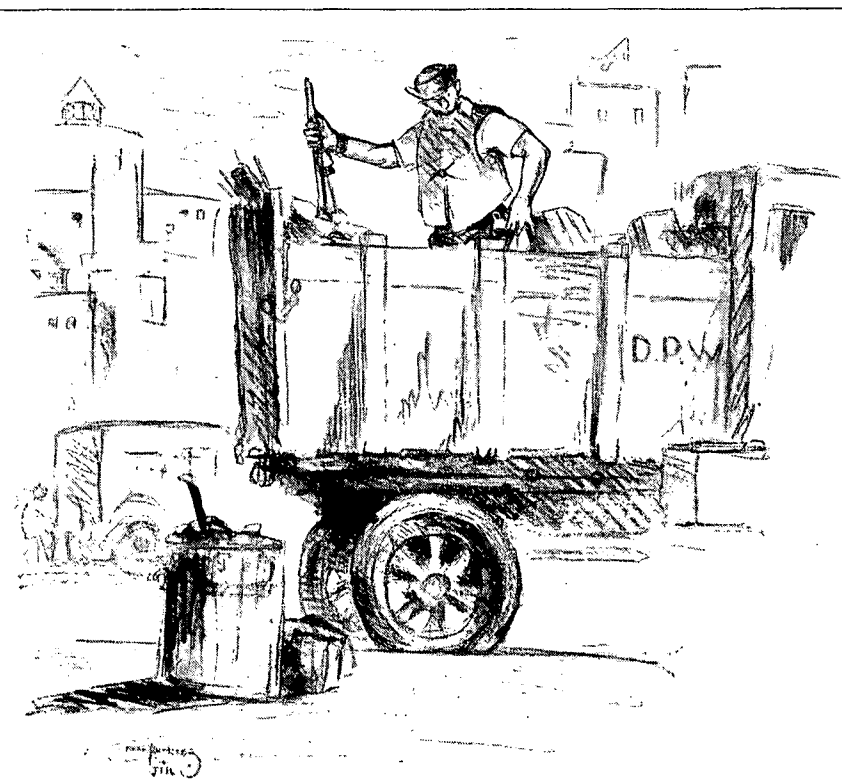
He stumbled up to his feet.

"Excuse, *signora,*" he said. "But I must go. I am late."

HE HURRIED down the path toward the exit. He had come to the Park, partly, to make a plan and his plan was to wait for Lily Korn and to speak to her again when she came off duty. He would try to tell her what was in his heart. Perhaps, his tongue failing, his eyes would make her understand. He hastened, half-running, through the twilight; but when he reached the soda fountain she had gone.

"She left just a minute ago," Leo Healy told him.

Tony Galento went out into the street. It was nearly dark now. He shivered and turned up his coat collar, for a sudden, chill rain had begun to fall. The first day of spring was over.



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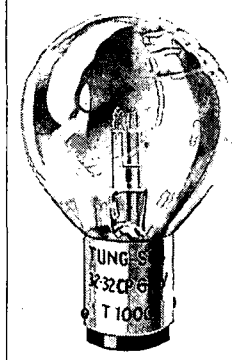

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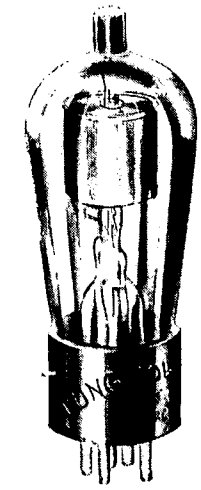

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has learned the secret of

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And yet one of these women is seldom invited to go out.

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She actually came from Podunk

Continued from page 15

Don looked at her and he realized that she did not understand. He was in a mood to be blunt—in a mood, perhaps, to hurt people. "George Wertheim," he said, "is Adele's boy friend. I met her at a party and when I showed her the script of the show she dug him for forty thousand. I wanted to open here because I thought that the reunion crowd would have the brains to understand my piece. Not many of them came, though."

"Oh," she said. "It seems a kind of funny way to produce a show."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Annabelle. Annabelle Black."

"Have you been in a show before this?"

"No."

"Well, Annabelle, by the time you're thirty and taking facials to keep abreast of the wrinkles and putting liniment on your calves every night to keep them from aching—you'll know that a great, great many shows are put on by other people than investing bankers."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude."

"It's all right. You get used to rudeness in this business." He picked up her check. She made a gesture of protest, but he paid it. "I'll take you over to the hotel. It's late for girls to be out alone."

They began to walk. "Where do you come from?" he asked, after a while.

"Podunk."

He did not laugh. "In Connecticut?"

"Yes."

"I know. I spend my summers in Madison. Or used to. It's only a few miles away. Well—you'll be close to home if we shut down, anyway."

"Mmmm."

They stood outside the half-dark lobby.

"Good night, Annabelle. I didn't mean to be so rotten."

"Oh, that's all right. I know how you feel."

GEORGE could not make up his mind—or else Adele made decision difficult. Each time he determined to let Twinkle Twinkle grow dim and go out, its leading lady fanned his loyalty by siege, stratagem or fury. At the end of a week he grudgingly consented to transfer the company to a Broadway theater. Everything might have gone well. The personnel, scenery and costumes were entrained. Rooms were hired. A theater was leased. Then George and Adele quarreled. It was not a nice quarrel. It culminated during rehearsal on the Manhattan stage. George bellowed. Adele wept. The manager swore. Don merely stood close by with aching eyes. And George walked out—taking support with him.

Annabelle heard a variety of reactions to the unhappy end of Twinkle Twinkle. The blond girl was succinct:

"That's one hell of a time to have temperament. Adele goes sour and spoils every other peach in the basket. That's a rule of life, sweetheart."

Upon the completion of that statement the blonde began to pack her travel-worn bag. Annabelle began to pack hers, also. She had sixteen dollars in her pocketbook, and she was thinking of going home to Podunk. The thought of Don Beckley gave her a despairing twinge. She remembered him on the night of the New Haven opening and she remembered seeing him on the next day—his pockets stuffed with torn-out theatrical review pages and his face at once aching and angry.

Those thoughts culminated in a reality when, descending to the wings, she saw him standing there. He grinned at her—which was, perhaps, worse than if he had not noticed her.

"Hello, Annabelle."

"Hello, Mr. Beckley."

"We took a beating, didn't we?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry—especially for you girls."

"Oh—that's all right. We can take care of ourselves."

"I suppose you can."

She was sorry that he had said that. She picked up her bag again and walked painfully toward the stage door. He was standing there—just standing and running his fingers through his hair. He had forgotten about her. He was looking at the piled scenery—wondering what good it was now, perhaps.

There was a cement alley between the theater and the next building. At its mouth stood a half dozen men. They noticed her carefully as she came toward them, walked through them with a mumbled apology, and went into the populous street. She began to look for an empty taxicab.

At that moment she had her idea.

Adele had done it—more than once. The girls in the chorus talked about their sweeties. They compared fur coats by description—Natalie had actually brought hers from cold storage to the first rehearsal to settle an argument begun in New Haven. They competed in matters of bracelets and allowances. And Adele's "heart" had produced a show. Annabelle realized that she knew the name of a very rich man and the street on which he lived. Tyler Howe, Park Avenue.

Underlying that sudden and startling thought was a memory of maternal counsel given freely and often in rustic Podunk. A girl who went bad would end in the gutter. Annabelle had often wondered if Adele would end in the gutter. She felt sure that Natalie would—and perhaps the blonde. It was, after all, only her first show. She went to the telephone and called Tyler Howe. Her act was utterly self-sacrificial—and—at least to a broad-minded person—extraordinarily heroic. She didn't know what to say. She bit her lip and recalled that Don Beckley's last words were *sympathy for the girls.* That was tonic to her courage.

TYLER HOWE had nothing to do—which for him, was by way of meaning that he could take his dinner in any of twenty restaurants where he was certain to meet acquaintances, that he could pick up a bridge game at any of three clubs and a poker game at a fourth, that he could engage the company for the evening of one of a dozen young ladies—even at that late hour—or that he could pack his things and start with his manservant for the antipodes, if he wished.

Borden summoned him to the telephone:

"Young lady desires to speak to you."

"Who, Borden?"

"A Miss Annabelle Black."

"Never heard of her. Have you?"

"No, sir."

"Good." He walked across his living-room and picked up the telephone. "Hello?"

"Mr. Howe?"

"Yes."

"This is Miss Black speaking. Miss Annabelle Black of Twinkle Twinkle."

"Oh."

"I was wondering—that is—I was thinking—or—I was hoping to have the

(*Continued on page 64*)

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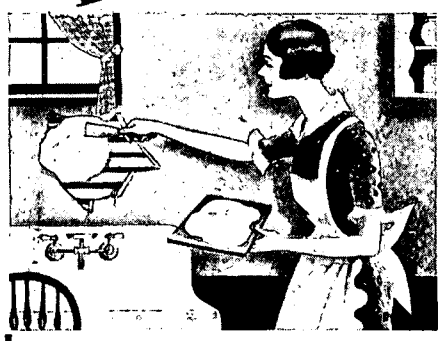

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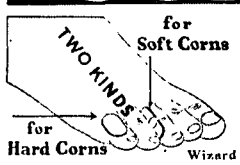

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(*Continued from page 63*)

honor of having you take me out this evening."

"What?"

"I'm alone"—the voice was desperately confused—"and I'm said to be quite attractive—and I thought—I had a proposition I wanted to discuss with you. Business."

Tyler Howe glanced at Borden. His eyes were perplexed. "Why, I'm sorry, Miss—er—"

"You mean—you won't come?"

It dawned on Howe that the girl at the other end of the wire was crying! Then he found himself saying, "Have we met?"

"No. But I have seen you. Once. In the theater in New Haven."

Howe frowned. "I'm sure—"

"Please just see me. I'll wait in the Axton lobby. Really, you won't be sorry at all."

Tyler Howe hung up the instrument. To Borden he said, "Well, I'll be damned."

"Anything amiss?"

"Not in my life. Not that I know of. A girl I never saw is going to be waiting for me at the Axton."

"Possibly a confidence game?"

Howe shook his head. "If it is, it's slick. I think I'll make a mark of myself, Borden."

"I expected you would, sir. I took the liberty of ordering your car."

Howe stared at his servant and then shrugged.

HOWE walked into the Axton and paraded himself before the line of persons seated in the lobby. Annabelle was watching him from behind a palm. Her face was wan, her eyes bright. That short vigil marked the last stand of her fears. She stepped out and plucked his sleeve abruptly.

"You're Mr. Howe, aren't you?"

He turned. "Yes."

"I'm Annabelle Black."

He looked at her. She was about as tall as the first stud beneath his collar button. She wore a tailored suit and a black hat with an eccentric brim. Her hair was as dark as the hat but that darkness was sleek and lustrous. Deep in her obsidian eyes was that infinitude of light which is so readily sacrificed to sophistication. It made him a little breathless to see the owner of the anxious voice.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "It was nice of you."

"I was glad to do it."

They stood there. The mirage of his thoughts vanished. His lips twitched.

"You suggested something about—supper—wasn't it?"

"That would be lovely."

"Any especial place?"

"No. I haven't been in New York very long—"

"Oh. Then—suppose we eat right here?"

"All right."

He understood nothing—even after the meal was ordered. Annabelle knew how to do that. Her manners were impeccable. She might have been any unconfident but stunningly attractive girl—except for the fact that she stared at him occasionally with eyes wide open, eyes that tried to be bold and seemed faintly afraid. She made brief and fidgety efforts to converse with him and he replied with an easy grace that, in this case, was entirely assumed.

It was he, ultimately, who took charge of the conversation. He tried to do it carelessly.

"What made you select me from all Manhattan's millions?"

Annabelle started and looked away. "Well—you see—you were the only person I knew about who could be any good."

"Any good? Any good for what?"

"Well—for things. You like me, don't you?"

"Why—sure. I think you're swell."

A small tide of relief crept into her consternation. "It's about the show, then."

"What show?"

"Twinkle Twinkle."

He frowned and remembered. "Sure. Of course. Saw it in New Haven. You mentioned that over the phone."

"Yes. The blonde next to me pointed you out. And then Don Beckley spoke of you."

"Beckley? Don Beckley? I used to know a Don Beckley in Yale. Friend of yours?"

"He wrote the show. Oh—I suppose I shouldn't have said that. He didn't sign his own name. But—"

"Don Beckley wrote Twinkle Twinkle?"

"I shouldn't have told you—"

"Good for Don! Swell show. Best I've seen in a long time. Too high-hat for New Haven, maybe. But it'll go big here."

Annabelle was heartened. "Well—that's just the trouble. You see—it was financed by Adele's friend. She's the leading lady. But he walked out. And now the New York opening is called off."

Tyler Howe saw the light. "So you called me up to see if I'd help!"

Annabelle's nails bit her palms. "I thought—if I could get you to see me and to like me—"

The young man across the table chuckled. "And old Don Beckley did the writing! I'm damned if I don't envy him. Wish I could knock off something like that. The Penguin act was worth the admission price. It'll be a hit."

"But it's busted."

Tyler grinned at her. "Why didn't Don look me up—if he saw me in New Haven? That reminds me—we did see each other." Howe considered the channels of memory. "I told him he looked shot. No wonder. But why didn't he come to me? God knows we knew each other well enough at college."

"He's too proud—I guess. And then"—she looked away—"I'm finding out about these things. Women have something to do with them in a good many cases."

"They certainly do!" Tyler Howe looked at the girl with a warm admiration. "I'm glad you called me up."

THE show in New York was ten days old. Metropolitan dramatic critics had ransacked the thesaurus for laudatory adjectives. Seats were on sale six weeks in advance. The "Standing room only" sign hung in the lobby each night. Everyone was happy—except Annabelle.

Don had explained it to her—personally:

"My old friend Tyler Howe came to the rescue. Found out about things somehow. He's tickled silly—has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it—and now he's making more. Says he was never so excited in his life."

"I'm glad," Annabelle answered.

"You look swell, Annabelle."

"Thanks."

"Wish I was a close relative of yours."

"Why?"

"I'd just like to give you one big, long kiss."

"Oh." She turned away. "Oh." She trudged up the stairs toward the wide, general dressing-room.

Every night after the show she expected to find him waiting for her at the stage door. Every night when she went to her hotel she looked along the curb for his car. Every time the telephone rang she thought it would be Tyler Howe, calling for her. She was

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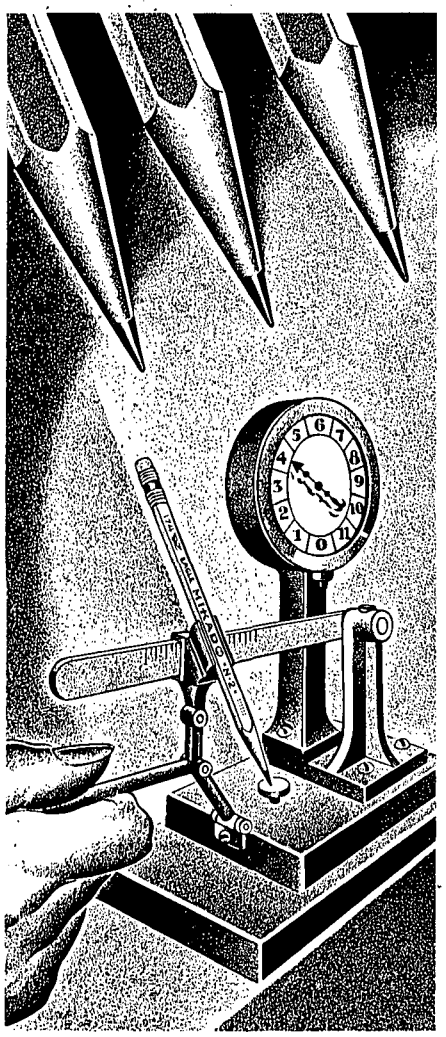

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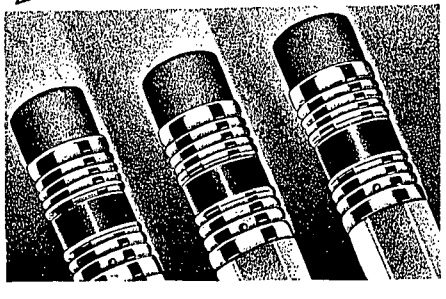

his, now. She belonged to him. The way Adele had belonged to George.

Only—Tyler Howe (whom she seldom saw, even for a moment) was slow in collecting his due. When he did, she would be ready, game, brave. . . .

Hectic days. Glittering evenings. Sleepless nights.

Then Don asked her to take dinner with him. It had started out as a friendly, pleasant dinner. He had become serious only toward the last, and he had not been serious for long.

"Would you mind my telling you, Annabelle, that I'm getting crazy about you?"

He was too concerned with his own emotions to notice that she blanched. "You ought not to be doing this," he said. "Not a girl like you. You ought to be somebody's wife. Mine, for example. Of course, I suggest myself only as an alternate in case—"

"But—"

He had shrugged. "I know it's sudden. I know it sounds silly. But every night I sit out there watching you—and when the curtain has fallen I go to my apartment and think about you. Don't share my worries, Annabelle. Just tell me we're to be friends and not sweethearts—and that'll do."

She managed to answer him: "I can't."

"Who is it?"

She blurted out the name—the name that had been burning in her mind for days—and nights. "Tyler Howe."

Don rose halfway to his feet. "You—and Ty Howe—getting married?"

"Not married."

Don sat down. He said, "Oh, I see." After that he said nothing until he looked at his watch. "Time to get to the theater."

WHEN she was alone that night, when she could cry, when she could let herself be smothered by the agony of her dilemma, Annabelle began to know the full extent of the price she would have to pay for the sacrifice of herself. Liking Don Beckley was a misty dream. Knowing that he loved her changed that. She was losing all that might mean life and happiness for herself in order to make Don happy, and the loss deprived him of happiness, too, even while it made him successful. There was irony! And above all that, Tyler Howe had not come to claim her. Annabelle suffered as very few people in this world can suffer.

She imagined that Don Beckley was hating her that night—hating her more fiercely than he had ever cared for her. She could not imagine that his hatred had been for Tyler Howe. That he had sat through the evening performance in a daze. That he had walked to his home with clenched fists and furious eyes. That long after midnight he threw off his dressing gown, donned coat and hat and took a taxicab to Park Avenue.

He found his former friend ensconced in his library, reading. Howe said, "Hello, Don," and then he added, "What the devil ails you?"

"I'll tell you what ails me. Listen, Ty. Don't you think it's pretty rotten to take a nice, innocent kid like Annabelle Black and—and—"

Tyler Howe's face had clouded. "And what?"

"You know."

"Damned if I do."

Don was beside himself. He started toward Ty with doubled fists. But Ty did not get out of his chair to meet him. The expression on his face was one of surprise and bewilderment. When he spoke to Don, his voice was so calm that it arrested him:

"Wait a minute. Who told you this?"

Don moved closer. "That isn't going to do any good. She told me herself."

"Told you herself! Good Lord! Say—"

"I don't want to hear your alibis. It just happens that I was crazy about her. And I respected her. I came up here to sock you on the jaw, and I'm going to do it. Get up!"

The man in the chair knew that his friend was beside himself. He was utterly dumfounded at first. But suddenly a ray of thought, a flash of insight, pierced his mind.

"If you'd postpone socking me in the jaw for a moment, Don—and I don't doubt that you could sock me—I'd like not to explain but to define." He spoke quietly—and so earnestly that the man standing over him was disarmed. "I've seen Annabelle alone once and that twosome occurred in the dining-room and lobby of a hotel. She called me up to get me to back your play."

"She?"

"Yeah. She did. She knew I was a friend of yours. She was scared to death." Tyler Howe frowned. "But as I remember it she did make a sort of childish effort to vamp me. Wait a minute! She didn't want to vamp me. But don't you suppose that she might have gotten the idea that it was the only way to get my assistance? That's the idea most of the girls have."

"I don't believe—"

"But you must. You just said so. It passed through my mind that your Annabelle might have thought that you cared more about the show than anything else in the world. So she saw a way to save the show—by—well—offering herself to me. It was all—the most—she could do for you. And it's possible that she thinks that because I did back you there's a bargain between us, a bargain she doesn't like." He smiled a little. "I don't know all that. It just occurred to me. It might be true. Certainly I've never said anything to her and probably she's spent some pretty unhappy hours since that interview we had."

Don sat in a chair. "It—it sounds like her. But how can I know?"

"Ask her."

"I can't ask her that."

"Well—maybe I can. Where does she live?"

"At the Barton Hotel."

Howe looked up a number, called it, asked for Miss Black.

"Hello, Annabelle? This is Tyler Howe. I—" He looked away. "I think she's fainted. No—" he turned back to the transmitter. "You expected me to call? Did you want me to? Tell the truth. I see. Well, would it make you any happier to know that I never intended to call you? What? Oh—that. You see—Don's an old friend of mine. Yes. Yes. That was the only reason I did it. Yes. Yes. Yes." He looked at Don again. "The poor child is nearly hysterical with relief." Once more he addressed the phone: "I called you up to see if you'd talk to a friend of mine. Don Beckley. You will talk to him? Good."

TYLER HOWE listened to the first five minutes of that end of the conversation that took place in his library. Then, feeling a little bit embarrassed, he went out and shut the door. It was some time later when Don joined him—or passed him.

"Where are you going?"

"Down there. She said she'd come out and have some late supper with me. You see—"

Howe nodded. He made no effort to detain his ecstatic friend. "Certainly. I see." At the door he said, "By the way. If you need a best man—"

Don nodded hastily. "Tomorrow. City Hall, at eleven."

"Right," Howe replied as he shut the door.

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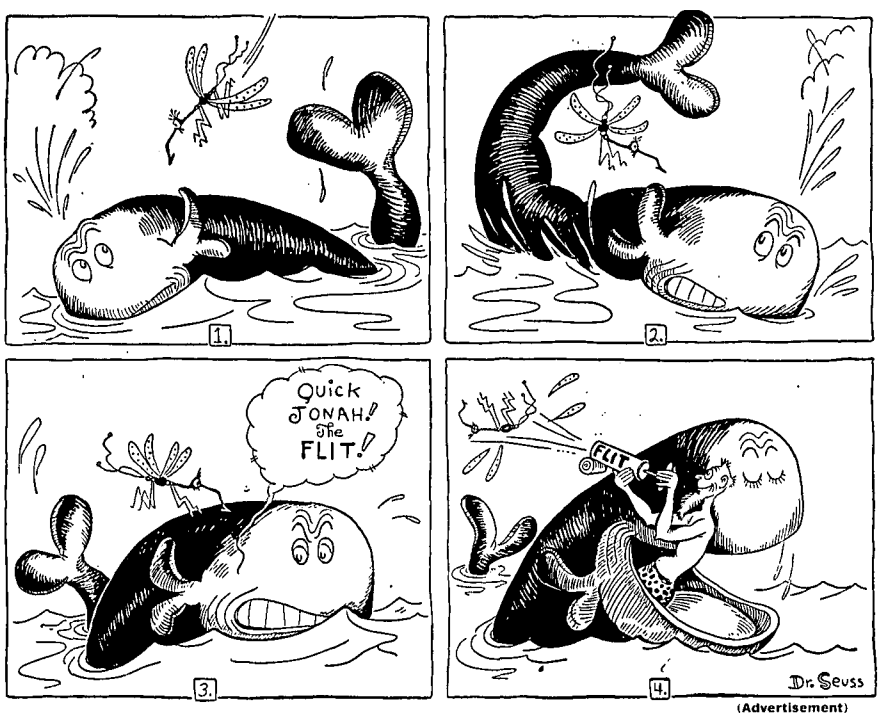

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Continued from page 11

1926 but made $41,121,000 more in profits.

All this was a gain for the railroads, of course. But it was also a gain for general business. There is indeed no way of telling just how much this meant in dollars and cents to American business. First of all, to make this possible the railroads have spent in the last eleven years more than eleven billion dollars in new road building, new locomotives, new equipment of all sorts and these huge expenditures played no small part in the general prosperity which the country enjoyed at that time. But the savings to individual businesses were even more marked and more important.

Some cost accountants figure that it costs twenty-five per cent of the first cost of raw materials to carry them when we figure interest, insurance, loss, space, handling, etc. If a manufacturer's or merchant's inventory is cut down $200,000 by an efficient railroad service it is conceivable that this will be worth $50,000 a year to that business house. Mr. Otto H. Falk of the Allis-Chalmers Company said his company formerly had to carry 11,500 tons of coal at their West Allen works. Now they carry about 7,500 tons. Here is a release of that much capital. Mr. E. W. Sinclair says that his company loaded in 1929 almost three times as much freight into cars as in 1922 but used only 18 per cent more cars. An official of the Panhandle Oil Company says his company has cut down its investment in tank cars by twenty per cent. Apply this to the business of the nation and see what it means.

Thus on the side of earnings and operating results the railroads made an extraordinary record up to the end of 1929. But now you will see why the railroad presidents have become frightened. All this time *gross railroad revenues had been decreasing.* The roads made their good showing by cutting operating costs more rapidly than gross income declined. But now the railroad managers say operating expenses cannot be cut any more. A saving can be made here and there, of course. But on the whole the process has progressed to a point where any further savings can be effected only at the expense of service.

What then is to be done? Revenues must be increased. And this must be done either by getting more business or getting higher rates. And both of these objects seem to be just about all cluttered up with almost insuperable obstacles.

What has become of all this railroad traffic which the roads have been losing? First of all, the roads blame the motor busses. They have been stealing passengers. The railroads have a way of measuring passenger traffic. They do not speak of passengers, but of passenger-miles. A hundred passengers who travel from New York to Washington do not, obviously, make up as much passenger traffic as a hundred who travel from New York to San Francisco. One passenger traveling one mile—that is called a passenger-mile. Thus if there are two passengers and one travels twenty miles and the other 500 miles the two furnish 520 passenger-miles. Now back in 1920 the roads took care of 47,250,000,000 passenger-miles. In 1929 they took care of 31,250,000,000 passenger-miles. It is clear that they have lost a third of their passenger business. Now you see why the railroads are worried.

The Onslaught of Autos

Where has this passenger traffic gone? To the motor busses? Let us see. The railroads lost 16,000,000,000 passenger-miles. The busses have not gotten, in long hauls, more than 2,500,000,000 passenger-miles. In other words, at the most, they have gained about one sixth what the railroads have lost. Some bus men insist it is not even that much. What has become of the other five sixths? There is only one answer: It is the private automobile. There are 24,000,000 private automobiles in the United States. If each car in a year traveled 520 miles with a single passenger in it outside its ordinary town driving, the loss in railroad travel could be accounted for. Allow for two passengers in a car and you double the passenger-miles lost by the roads. As a matter of fact, there is hardly a private automobile which does not in a year travel at least 500 miles in journeys which would be performed by rail if automobiles did not exist. And when we realize that many cars do three and four and ten and twenty times this much and many others travel with two and three

"Careful, lady, them strawberries ain't potatoes!"

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and five and more passengers, it is easy to make up a total of passenger-miles many times what the railroads have lost.

What can the railroads do about this? They demand that automobile busses be brought under regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission just as the railroads are. There seems to be no reason why an automobile bus engaged in interstate commerce should not be regulated just as a railroad is. And recently the representative of the Automobile Chamber of Commerce announced to the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce that his organization would make no further objection to this. The railroads want the busses to be compelled to furnish surety bonds or insurance to protect persons injured by them. They want the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix bus rates—both maximum and minimum—such rates to be published and enforced without discrimination. They want the commission to compel busses to give regular and adequate service where they operate. But above all the railroads want these two provisions:

Taxing the Bus

First, that no bus line be permitted to operate unless authorized to do so by the commission.

Second, that busses and all automobiles be taxed to pay their full share of the cost of constructing and maintaining the highways which the automobiles use.

The object of the latter regulation is obvious. The railroads suffer enough now, they insist, because of the low rates made by the busses with which they cannot compete. The more busses there are the keener will be the competition and the lower will be the rates. They hope the commission, if it has the power, will prevent motor busses from running in competition with railroads which already are suffering from inadequate passenger traffic. They hope competing lines of busses will be limited and rates will be fixed high enough to give the roads an even break in the race for passengers. The bus men reply, of course, that railroad regulation started in the first place to prevent railroads from charging extortionate fares and from practicing discrimination between different towns and cities. It was never intended to prevent the public from getting the benefit of the lowest fares.

On the question of taxes, the railroads say that a railroad has to spend from two thirds to three fourths of its whole investment to provide a roadbed on which to run its trains. The motor bus and private car run on a public highway provided for them free at public expense. The railroads argue that if the bus had to pay its fair share of highway building and maintenance cost it could not carry passengers so cheaply and hence could not compete with the railroads. The bus men reply that they do pay their share; that busses pay a larger portion of their gross revenues in taxes than any other form of business; that the average common carrier bus running between cities pays $625 a year in taxes and that while road building and maintenance cost around a billion dollars a year automobiles pay that much in license taxes, special taxes and gasoline taxes.

But it is pretty obvious that even if the railroads were to eliminate all the passenger busses which compete with them they would not have reached the real cause of their loss of traffic. Their real, effective foe is the private car. It is not a common carrier. It cannot be regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is almost no way of reaching it with regulation which will drive the motor car users off the public highways and into the passenger coaches of railroad trains. Many railroad executives realize this. One of them said to me: "Just what portion of the decline should be attributed to the competition of commercial vehicles is debatable. I charge most of it to the private automobile, with which we have no quarrel *and against the inroads of which there is no known remedy*, outside the threatened congestion of the highways themselves."

All this has to do with passenger traffic. Competition between railroads and trucks for freight traffic is something entirely different. Passenger travel in the hands of motor coaches has been developed into a highly organized business, coaches operating as common carriers all over the country in both local services and in transcontinental traffic. These coaches are common carriers. They can be regulated. Most of them are already regulated when engaged in intrastate commerce. It is now proposed to regulate them in interstate commerce and this is inevitable, whether it comes this year or next. But this is not true of trucks. There are very few common carrier trucks—trucks which run over regular routes like railroads and accept freight from anyone. Eighty-two per cent of all trucks are owned by shippers—manufacturers and merchants—who use them entirely to transport their own goods. Another eleven per cent belong to contractors—that is, individuals or companies who hire their vehicles out to shippers.

The bus is in the service of some one concern. These trucks are in the same category as the shipper-owned trucks. Thus ninety-three out of every hundred trucks cannot be considered as common carriers and cannot be regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The remaining seven per cent are common carriers. But of these only two and one third per cent are engaged in regular runs receiving goods from anyone. The others are just trucks for hire. They will take a load for you anywhere you want to send it—curbstone carriers, hunting jobs any place they can get them and bargaining as to time and rates and terms.

Vagabond Trucks

Nevertheless these privately owned and contract trucks take enormous amounts of freight away from the railroads. For forty years railroad traffic had been increasing around eighty per cent every decade. From 1920 to 1930 it increased only eight per cent. This is not because there was a smaller increase in traffic. Quite the contrary. But more than ninety per cent of the increase went to trucks and other forms of transportation. In many places local, less-than-carload-lot shippers between important shipping centers—like St. Louis and Kansas City, for instance—have almost completely abandoned the rails. At first the motor truck began taking short-haul freight from the roads. Now trucks handle freight deliveries within a radius of 300 miles and more. Shipments move several hundred miles to the Texas coast for transshipment by coastal boats. It is difficult to estimate how large this freight traffic carried by truck is.

However, the railroads have not lost all of it. First of all, the railroads have made some use of the trucks and have actually improved their service and cut operating expenses that way. The railroads have used the motor truck in four ways:

First, trucks are used in place of what are called peddler trains. For instance, Mr. George D. Ogden, vice president of the Pennsylvania road, explains that his company operated between Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware, a freight train—a peddler freight train—which

(*Continued on page 68*)

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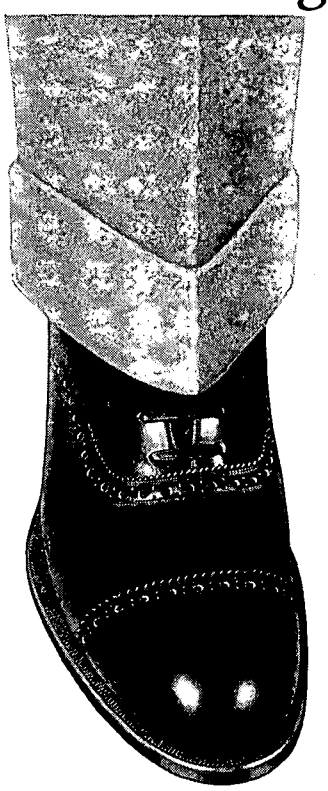
Four Things Your Feet Need



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BABE RUTH *provides for his future with an* EQUITABLE RETIREMENT ANNUITY . . .

His earnings are large today—but he knows better than to leave the future to chance. So Babe Ruth has bought a Retirement Annuity Policy with The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States, and says—

"Everyone has to look out for the future no matter what business or profession he may follow. A few years ago Christy Walsh, my business adviser, told me about the Equitable Retirement Annuity policy. He explained how it would enable a fellow to invest a few hundred or a few thousand a year with a guarantee of a life-long income when retirement age comes. So I signed up for enough to keep me comfortable when the balls and strikes and home runs will be but pleasant memories."

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Your Retirement Annuity adopted by Babe Ruth may interest me.
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(*Continued from page 67*)

started every morning from Paschall Station in Philadelphia for Wilmington, collecting and delivering less-than-carload-lot freight shipments. Another went in the opposite direction. The Pennsylvania found that trucks were taking all this business. So it simply discontinued the freight train and began using trucks, sending them along the highways instead of along its own roadbed. Now a single truck performs economically and with complete satisfaction all the less-than-carload-lot freight services between Philadelphia and Wilmington and takes the place of two freight trains with two locomotives and two crews.

Secondly, trucks are used in place of trap cars. For instance, a railroad must send less-than-carload-lot shipments from one station in a city to another. This was formerly done by trap cars, which had to be shifted and switched about. Now, in many places, trucks are used and a saving of twenty-four hours is made in shipments.

Feeders to the Line

Third, some roads have actually instituted freight routes. Thus the Burlington Railroad runs east and west through South Dakota. Obviously numerous towns and villages north and south of the road's line are left without transportation. Now trucks are run by a trucking company controlled by the road at various points along the line to these hitherto untouched places, thus largely increasing the area served by the road.

Fourth, now the roads are experimenting with store-door delivery. The Illinois Central is providing store-door pick-up and delivery service between New Orleans and Baton Rouge without extra cost.

As a result the railroads are getting to be among the largest users of motor trucks. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania have about 1,000 trucks each. All this does not include the trucks used by the Railway Express service, which alone owns and operates over 8,000 gasoline and electric trucks and tractors.

It is not easy to say what the railroads hope to accomplish with their campaign against the truck. However, there is an incessant campaign in progress in most states to regulate the trucks, to fix the maximum sizes, to limit speed to thirty-five miles an hour, to limit loads, to increase taxes and to compel truck owners and bus owners to conform to more rigid rules in the treatment of their employees. This agitation is carried on by the Merchants and Shippers Association. It is complained that truck drivers work from nine to twelve hours and are compelled to make runs as high as 250 miles and for salaries far below the level of wages paid by the roads.

However, it is possible the roads hope to accomplish more in their war upon the government-built and supported waterways.

Professor Ripley calculates that the total cost of hauling freight on waterways is 10.85 cents per ton-mile and that the government charges only 4.23 cents per ton-mile. On a railroad the shipper has to pay the whole cost of carrying his freight, plus a profit to the roads and taxes. On the waterway he pays less than one half of it; the government pays the other half. That at least is the charge.

The object of the railroads is to compel the government to include in the freight charges all the costs of operating the waterways. The roads, in the recently announced program, demand that port-to-port waterway traffic be brought under Interstate Commerce jurisdiction; that rates be published; that service be regulated; that barge lines be permitted to operate only when licensed by the Interstate Commerce Commission; that the roads themselves be permitted to enter this field.

As one follows these matters one gets the impression that economic law is swatting the railroads in many places. For instance, coal is one of the great sources of freight to the roads. For some of them it is their whole life. Now comes a new kind of fuel—not particularly new—but new in the method and means of using it—natural gas. The development of this extraordinary business would make a story in itself. Since 1927 fifty companies with assets of two and a half billion dollars have been organized to carry natural gas. In six states this is the only kind of fuel used. It constituted ninety per cent of all the gas consumed in five other states. In a big state like Pennsylvania sixty per cent of the gas used is natural.

The figures which measure its production are fantastic. For instance, in 1921 about 662,000 million cubic feet were produced. In 1929 the amount had risen to 2,000,000 million, if you know what that means. This natural gas is carried in pipes. Gas is brought in pipes from Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Louisiana to St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis, New Orleans, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and countless other towns in between. A pipe line is being built to Washington and it is hoped that ultimately lines will supply most of the cities of the Atlantic Coast. Another line is being run to Chicago. Of course these pipe lines don't take any traffic directly from the railroads. But they put an end to coal consumption where they bring gas and thus are knocking into a cocked hat one of the most important traffic divisions of the carriers. It is a serious matter which fills the soul of a rail executive with horror.

This is not the whole story. Gasoline transportation by pipes threatens to take actual freight business away from the roads. One rail executive insists that this is the most serious menace the roads face.

Interstate Commerce by Pipe

Crude oil has been shipped almost exclusively by pipes since the early days of the oil business. But gasoline, save in small quantities and over short distances, has been shipped by tank cars. If the great oil companies should now begin sending their gasoline through pipe lines the railroads would suffer a severe blow. The roads own some 285,000 tank cars and the business brings them a revenue of about $380,000,000 a year.

Now the rail executives want the pipe lines brought under interstate regulation and above all they demand that the oil companies be compelled to divest themselves of their pipe lines. The railroads were forced to give up their coal properties and are prohibited by law from owning properties in the transportation of which they are interested. They insist the same rule be applied to the pipe lines. But suppose such a law were to be passed. It would indeed force the great oil companies to part with some $400,000,000 of properties invested in pipe lines and storage facilities, but how would it help the railroads?

The situation is a difficult one. There are two sides to every one of the proposals which the railroads advance. It is a problem which affects the investments of a million people, the jobs of a million and a half men and women directly, and perhaps as many more indirectly, and the servicing of countless industries which cannot exist without the railroads. It ought to be dealt with in calmness, not passion; with the head and not with the heart and the tongue.

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AUBURN

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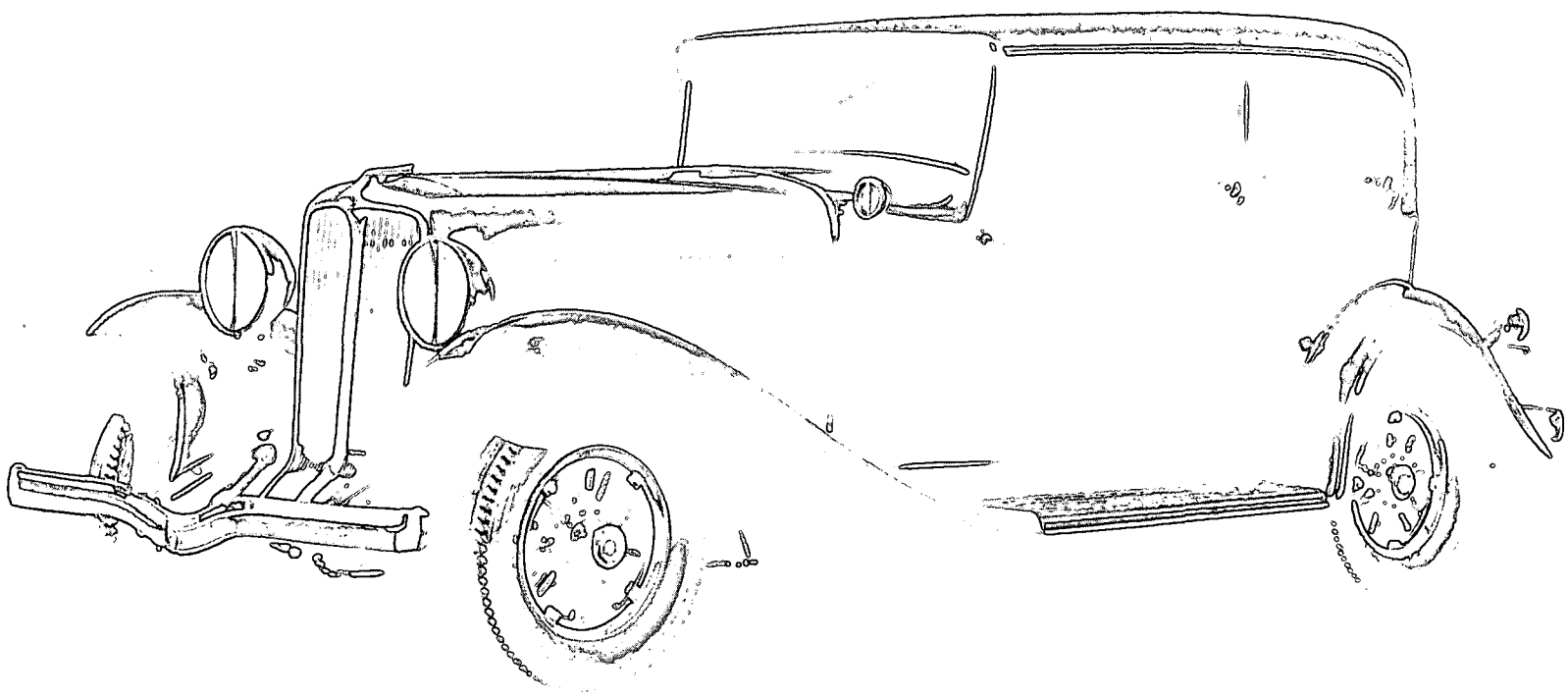
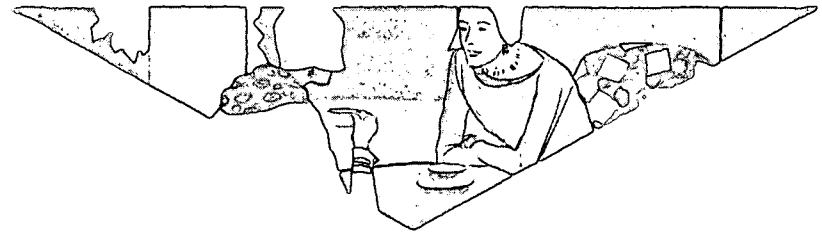


A manufacturer's success is a public trust. Each step in upward growth must solidify the foundation for even greater public service. Auburn has enjoyed a rapidly increasing car-owner acceptance during the past six years. It is our bonded obligation to make Auburn's success retroactive to the public, in the form of continually better merchandise at lower commensurate cost. The new Auburn Straight Eight models represent our utmost effort to deserve past confidence and to merit future growth.



The car illustrated above is the Five-Passenger 2-Door Brougham. Silent-Constant Mesh in Standard Models. Also Free Wheeling in Custom Models

Custom models: 8-98A 5-passenger, 2-door Brougham $1145; Business Man's Coupe $1195; Convertible Cabriolet $1245; 4-door Full Sedan $1195; Convertible Phaeton Sedan $1345. All Custom Models include Free Wheeling. *Standard models:* 8-98 5-passenger, 2-door Brougham $945; 4-door Full Sedan $995; Convertible Cabriolet $1045; Convertible Phaeton Sedan $1145; Business Man's Coupe $995. All prices f. o. b. Connersville, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, at extra cost.* AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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We Need Their Business

WE ARE traders in the markets of the world. Our investments circle the globe. No land is remote enough to lie beyond the territory traveled by our salesmen and representatives.

The prosperity and well-being of every one of us are affected by what goes on beyond our shores. No state in this Union, no group of citizens in any state, can hope in this modern time to live to itself alone.

The facts are as simple as the alphabet. We are a creditor nation. We have loaned and invested billions of dollars abroad. Our factories, our mines, our farms produce more than we can profitably use at home.

The surplus which we export makes business profitable and jobs numerous. Without our foreign trade we could never hope to continue to live as we did during the recent years of high prosperity.

We are not a hermit nation and we cannot act as hermits, disregarding the very existence of other peoples, if we expect to enjoy the goods of this productive age. Yet many Americans are now acting as though we were the only inhabitants of this earth worth considering.

In his most recent annual report, Albert H. Wiggin, head of the Chase National Bank, the largest in the country, listed five principal causes of the business depression. He put as first "the impediments to international trade through excessive tariffs and other restrictive policies."

Instead of removing these impediments to trade, important groups of citizens are trying to add to them in the vain hope that thereby they will improve their own situation. Nothing could be more foolish.

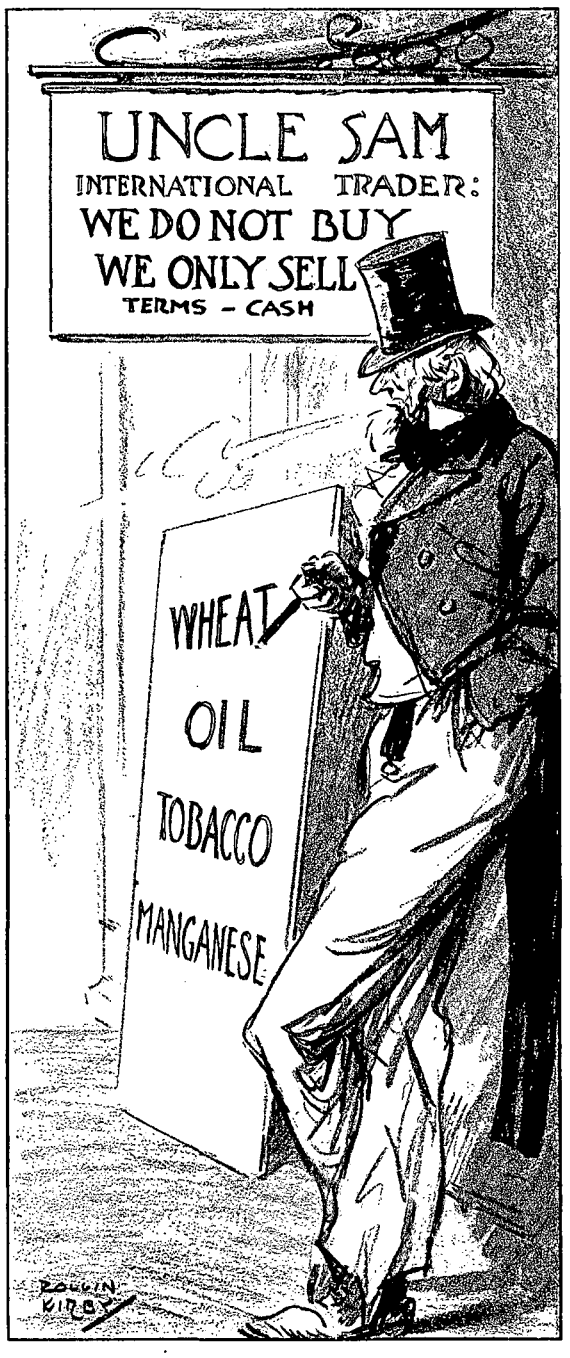
We want to sell abroad but we don't want to buy. We want our loans paid but we don't want to accept the goods which our debtors offer in payment. We seem to imagine that by some hocus-pocus trade can be made a one-sided business.

Take a quick look at the wheat quarrel. To keep prices up our government bought hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat.

We can't eat all of this wheat. We have a surplus. Warehouses are full and soon the new crops will be coming in. So the Farm Board announced its intention of selling abroad thirty-five million bushels of wheat.

European nations which also were struggling with surpluses received this news with consternation.

They said we were "dumping" wheat. A few months before we ourselves were tremendously agitated because we thought the Russians were dumping wheat upon our market.



What was criminal malice in the Russians was hard business sense in Americans. At least that was our story. Other observers could see little difference between our dumping and Russian dumping. The effect on world wheat prices certainly was much the same.

In other ways we have shown an even more drastic disregard of the interests of other peoples.

The same Kansas which is the heart of the wheat country is also the center of the mid-continental oil industry.

Kansas politicians and oil producers want an absolute embargo against the importation of foreign oil. Bills were introduced in the last Congress, one by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, to achieve this purpose. Actually, we are, of course, exporters of oil.

Our total exports of oil to the world exceeded imports by $330,000,000 in one year. The embargo advocates want to cut off imports from Latin-America, regardless of the injury which will be inflicted on South Americans.

Tobacco is an even more remarkable illustration. We are tobacco exporters. Our trade is world-wide. Yet growers of American tobacco, as well as representatives of the American Federation of Labor, have been demanding an embargo on tobacco from Sumatra and other East Indian countries. They assert that Sumatra tobacco is cultivated by convicts and therefore creates unfair competition.

We have no notion of giving up our export business but we want a law to kill off the small foreign competition which Sumatra offers.

Manganese, a metal used in steel manufacture, is the title of another pretty story.

Manganese is mined in the United States as well as in Russia. Our steel producers use both American and European manganese. The American product is protected by a high tariff rate, $11.20 a ton on ore of 50 per cent metallic content.

The American Manganese Producers Association has been demanding that an embargo be laid on Russian manganese. Patriotism is evoked to shut off foreign competition.

The demands for special embargoes reveal an extreme nationalism which we resent in others but excuse in ourselves.

Senator Oddie of Nevada went the limit and urged an embargo on all Russian products, on the ground that Soviet exports are contaminated by Communism.

The curious part of all these outbursts is the total disregard shown for the interest of the United States as a whole.

In each case efforts are made to substitute the narrow interests of a small group for the greater welfare of the entire nation.

Plainly, we cannot have our cake and eat it too. We cannot lay embargoes against foreign products and reasonably expect other countries to adjust their own laws in our favor.

We cannot export unless we import. We cannot invest abroad and adopt an embargo policy against foreign products. We cannot live well unless we are willing to concede the right of other people to work and to trade.

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